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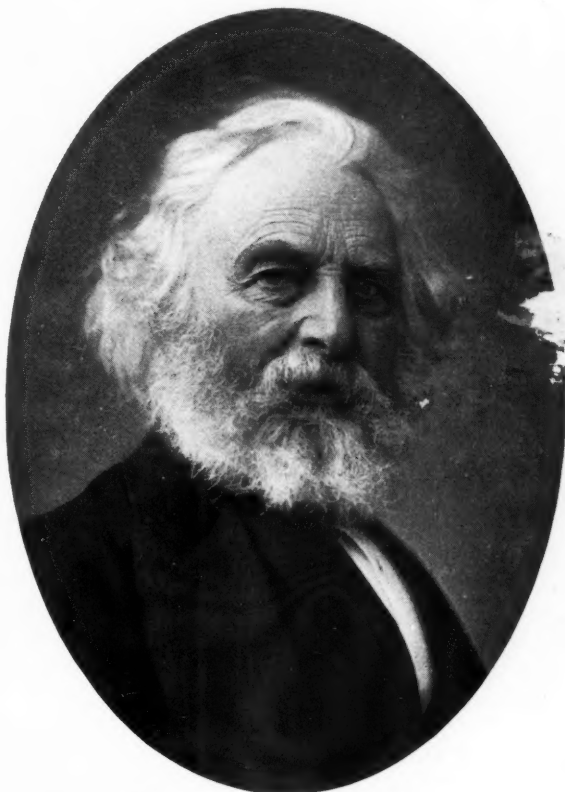
Number V

OUR AMERICAN LAUREATE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW—THE POET, BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF FEBRUARY, WHO BOTH IN WHAT HE WAS AND IN THE IDEALS HE SANG REPRESENTED THE FINEST TYPE OF REAL AMERICANISM

WHAT sort of individual is the typical American? There are Americans of the East and of the West, of the North and of the South, and they are distinguished from one another by all kinds of external traits; so that super-



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
From a photograph by Sarony, New York

ficial observers have said that there is no single American type at all. This would be true if we considered only habits of speech, local customs, and perhaps idiosyncrasies of manner. But these things are of the surface only. Is there not somewhere, deep down, a sentiment, a

soul. Very lately a comment like this was made upon us by two Russians—Maxim Gorky, the novelist, and Gregory Maxim, the sociologist. Sometimes such criticism is accepted as true even by our own countrymen, and is exaggerated with that perversely humorous instinct which

so many Americans possess. And at first sight there is much to justify it. As a people, we do undoubtedly love to see things done upon an enormous scale. We are eager for success, for material prosperity, for money, and for power. But, after all, are these the things for which Americans care most? Is there not another side more subtle, more profound, and less obvious to the casual eye than mere noise and tumult and material immensity? It is not to stock exchanges and manufacturing establishments, and to the pulsing heart of cities, that one ought to go in quest of what is most indicative of the character of any people. Of the eighty millions of our countrymen and countrywomen, only a comparatively few are dragged into the vortex of this struggle for life; and even those who are immersed in it have times and seasons in which they can be themselves, and find leisure for

what Robert Louis Stevenson called "pleasure trips into the Land of Thought," where, as Burns said, there are hours for "happy thinking."

The genuine characteristics of the nation may be tested in many ways; but the test of literature alone is very striking, and ought to bear conviction with it. If Americans were in reality a people of strident voice, of crass materialism, and of a thinly disguised brutality, their favorite poet should beyond all question be Walt Whitman. Whitman of the red shirt and unkempt hair, Whitman despising all conventionalities, Whitman



LONGFELLOW AS A YOUNG MAN
From an old engraving

mode of feeling, a temperamental likeness, which all our countrymen, taken in the mass, possess in common, and which enables us to say that, after all, there does exist a typical American and an American ideal?

Foreign critics are apt to select eccentric traits which are sometimes found among us and to call them national, instead of accidental and individual. To such as these the genuine American is a loud-mouthed braggart, worshipping bigness, glorifying materialism, and caring nothing for what pertains to beauty or for what belongs to the spirit and the



THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE

glorifying hugeness and, as he said, "sounding his barbaric yawp over the housetops"—surely here is the poet who would make an instantaneous appeal to that typical American whom foreigners believe that they have seen. He was, as Sidney Lanier admirably expressed it, "poetry's butcher," offering as food "huge raw collops cut from the rump of poetry," arguing that because a Western prairie is wide, therefore debauchery is admirable, and because the Mississippi is long, therefore every American is a god.

WHITMAN, THE EMOTIONAL CYCLOPS

But, as a matter of fact, Whitman's poetry, if it can so be called, tells of those national traits which are only on the surface. That he speaks with eloquence and power, at times, is undeniable. When he pictures a great locomotive in winter, plunging its way through the snow-storm, and apostrophizes it as

Fierce-throated beauty!

Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music,

he is superb. And, too, when in the great Platte Cañon of Colorado he describes

These tumbled rock-piles, grim and red,
These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks,
These gorges, turbulent-clear streams,

he is again superb, and undoubtedly American. In a sense, also, his lawlessness, his glorification of himself and of his physical desires, compel, at times, one's admiration. They are so unfettered, so defiant, and even so magnificently insolent.

Yet at heart the American of reality is not the American whom Whitman knows. The true American's ideal is not found in a machine of iron and brass, however powerful it may be. His love of nature is not stirred merely by gigantic and misshapen products of volcanic convulsion. His love of woman is not satisfied by purchased favors. And so, as a matter of actual fact, Whitman has never been very widely read by his own countrymen. Curiously enough, his most numerous admirers are to be found in aliens who imagine him to be American just because he is blatant and boastful and grotesque. His praises have been loudest sung by foreign poets, such as Swinburne, in whom the erratic and the erotic are ingeniously interwoven, and who look upon this transatlantic roisterer as they would look upon any freak of nature, because it is something strange and novel, and therefore interesting. But the America of Whitman is neither that of Washington with his grave dignity, nor of Franklin with his quiet humor and good sense, nor

of Lincoln, underneath whose uncouth exterior were hidden nobility and tenderness.

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

The true American laureate, the poet of our people, and in a sense of the whole English-speaking race, is Longfellow, who was born one hundred years ago this month. No one could be more utterly unlike the crude conception which has been so often entertained of the American; yet no one has written lines that have sunk so deeply down into the national consciousness, making their strong appeal to men and women of every rank and station, and of every degree of culture and refinement.

In England he has been more read than Tennyson. His bust is in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. In the United States he has, for fifty years at least, stood first, and with no rival. His lines are recited in the country school; they are read in the remote farmhouse; they are part and parcel of the intellectual equipment of every man of letters. Yet Longfellow is the very antithesis of Whitman. His verses are as smooth and as musical as the other's are rough and formless. Their beauty is as exquisite as the ugliness of much that Whitman wrote is startling and repellent. Critics sometimes say that Longfellow lacks vigor and virility; but in such poems as "The Skeleton in Armor," in his Norse ballads, and in "The Building of the Ship" one may hear the surging thunder of the sea and feel the daring spirit of the primitive man who is elemental in his emotions, yet who, nevertheless, stands far above the brutes that perish.

Much of what he wrote has been so quoted and so many times recited as to seem, it may be, trite; but his "Psalm of Life," and even the imperfect stanzas of "Excelsior," have power to stir the blood; and what is more, they point always upward to a noble and inspiring ideal of human life—of a life that is more than the life of the flesh, since it means strenuous effort and high endeavor toward truth and righteousness and justice. Indeed, here is the essential distinction between Whitman and Longfellow. The former never saw the moral

background of our daily life; the latter never failed to see it and to make his readers see it. Whitman finds in cattle a rather admirable instance of the existence which pleased him, since cattle "never have to be respectable." Longfellow, on the other hand, with high-spirited manliness, cries out:

Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife!

It is, however, in another sphere that Longfellow draws closest to the inner heart of those for whom he wrote. This is the sphere of what has lately come to be known as "the simple life." Here the poet's eye can see the fineness and the charm of what belongs to every-day experience. The village blacksmith, swart and strong beside his forge, where the flames flare out from the blown fire, and the sparks leap in coruscating cascades as his hammer smites the red-hot metal on the anvil; the wreck of the coasting vessel overwhelmed by mountainous billows while the captain's daughter prays to Christ, who stilled the sea at Galilee; the old clock chiming on the stairs; the hanging of the crane in the new-built house; the musing figure on the historic bridge—here are themes which in their usual aspect are quite commonplace, but which under Longfellow's magic touch have become instinct with an exquisite beauty to which he has opened every reader's eyes.

More than all, it is Longfellow's sympathy with children and with women that gives him the firmest hold upon his countrymen. There are the quietly playful verses of "The Children's Hour," when the poet is made a willing prisoner by the laughing little elves who swarm into his study and take him captive. There are the blind girl of Castel-Cuillé, and the sleeping child for whose waking smile the father watches, fearful lest it may be dead and not asleep. There are the happy children who play upon the stairs about the ancient clock, and there are the village urchins who, coming home from school, look in at the door and watch the blacksmith at his task.

When Longfellow thinks of women he thinks of them as the native-born American always thinks of them—whether he be a clergyman or a cowboy—with rev-

erence and respect. One sees the poet smile with quiet amusement at the charmingly coquettish girl of whom he writes, almost as Horace wrote of Pyrrha, "Trust her not, she's fooling thee"; and again he makes us feel and see the grace and glory of that moment when

Miles Standish" and "Hiawatha," he would still have rightly won the laurel crown. Through these poems he peopled the waste places of our prosaic land with the creations of his fancy.

In "Hiawatha" he stretched out his hand and set the seal of his genius upon



"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS" IN THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE

she who is no longer girl nor yet wholly woman is

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet.

And we cannot turn many pages without coming upon lines both tender and impassioned, written to the wife who fills the home with a radiant gentleness which makes of it an earthly paradise.

In a larger sense is Longfellow to be regarded as the American laureate. Had he written only his three poems of "Evangeline" and "The Courtship of

the West, giving us in it a poem which is not far from being an epic, sprung from the soil and from the forest of aboriginal America. He had, indeed, the epic poet's gift of true constructiveness. As Mr. Horace Scudder said of him, "He was first of all a composer, and he saw his subjects in their relation rather than in their essence," though he saw them in their essence, too. What could be nobler, and what could sound more perfectly the motif of his story of "Evangeline," than the wonderful poem in which the forest primeval, with its

murmuring trees, its long, dim vistas, and the far-off disconsolate accent of the ocean, attunes our minds, as it were, to a symphony in which unsophisticated nature and the sorrow of love are curiously and poignantly intermingled? Here he is certainly American in theme and thought alike; nor is there any trace of that bastard Americanism which is sordid, or boastful, or ignoble.

One finds the same type of Americanism—the highest and therefore the most representative of all—in Longfellow's own personality, in the urbanity of his tone, the perfection of his breeding, and the fineness of his manner. To me, one of the most striking traits of Longfellow has always been the innate gentility, which must have come first of all from nature, and which was merely fostered and ripened by the circumstances of his life. Born in what was then a parochial country settlement, educated at a provincial college, and finally transferred to Cambridge, which was still only a small, self-conscious, and somewhat pedantic community, Longfellow was from the very first not only a man of refinement, but one who had that indescribable tone and feeling which come to most men only from long contact with the world. His early letters make this plain. His correspondence with old Josiah Quincy, then president of Harvard College, shows a striking contrast between two types of men. Quincy is upright, just, and, in his narrow way, benignant; yet he is after all a sublimated sort of schoolmaster; while Longfellow, in what he writes, reveals in every line the courtesy and taste and breeding of an accomplished gentleman whose scholarship is but one of his claims to distinction.

LONGFELLOW'S BEAUTIFUL LIFE

His life was like his poetry, simple, yet beautifully true. His hospitality was gracious and unvarying; and his historic home at Cambridge was the literary Mecca of our country. Yet he was not aloof from public interests. It is noted by one of his biographers that he always voted at elections, that he took a keen interest in local affairs—that he was, in fact, a good citizen as well as a great poet.

With all this he preserved "that in-

tegrity of nature which never abdicates," and because of the power of his personality "he dwelt in a charmed circle beyond the lines of which men could not penetrate." The thought of money-making never came into his mind; and though, toward the end of his life, he had a comfortable income, he made no change in the manner of his living. For many years he was what most men to-day would call quite poor; and it was related by a friend of his that he felt himself exceedingly well off when he had in the bank so large a sum as eight hundred dollars.

In all this he seems to be the type of the American citizen—American not merely in his poetic themes, but in the homelike qualities of his existence. His personal dignity, his quiet humor—of which he possessed an abundant store—his love of what is sane and wholesome, his cordial friendships, and his united household—all these together sum up the things which, as we like to think, belong to the American ideal of what life means. When his bust was placed within the consecrated walls of Westminster Abbey his friend and fellow poet spoke of him some words that should not be forgotten. Lowell said: "Never have I known a more beautiful character. I was familiar with it daily—with the constant charity of his hand and of his mind. His nature was consecrated ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter."

Hence, it is not wrong to say that in Longfellow we are to find the traits which, notwithstanding an assumed indifference or bravado, Americans at heart most value. It is not a personal ideal, but an ideal that is national. And rightly so, for when we grasp the highest possible conception of our republic it is not found in a sordid herding together of the uncouth and the avaricious, since of all forms of government a republic must depend—to quote Lanier once more—upon the self-control and the fitness for rule of its every member. "You cannot make a republic out of muscles and prairies and rocky mountains. Republics are made of the spirit." And of our American republic the essential, vivifying spirit speaks with clear, unerring tones in all the lines and through the voice of Longfellow.



*From a photograph
by Marceau, New York*

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, IMPRESARIO

BY ACTON DAVIES

THE VARIED CAREER OF A RUNAWAY GERMAN BOY WHO BEGAN
HIS LIFE IN AMERICA AS A CIGAR-MAKER AND IS NOW IN THE
PUBLIC EYE AS FOUNDER OF THE NEW MANHATTAN OPERA-HOUSE

NO matter from what point of view one regards Oscar Hammerstein—whether as a builder of theaters, an operatic impresario, a composer of comic operas, an inventor of cigar-machines, or merely as a fighting man, always willing and ready to stand up for his rights

—the sheer force of his personality and the innate sense of humor in the man are the two points that make the greatest impression.

On a recent night, late in November, when I climbed to the very top of the Victoria Theater, where he has a hall

bedroom, reserved for himself even on those crowded nights when the "Standing-Room Only" sign is in evidence down-stairs, I found him gathering his household gods together preparatory to taking flight to his new domicile in the Manhattan Opera-House.

"You see," said Mr. Hammerstein, "I always make it a point to live in the

"I am not joking when I say that I always live in one of my theaters. Why shouldn't I, after all? All my boys are married and settled, my unmarried daughter is studying music in England, and my wife lives with her there, and as I have always made it a practise to be Johnny-on-the-spot in all my business ventures, here I am *planté là*, always



THE NEW MANHATTAN OPERA-HOUSE, WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

theaters I build; then, whatever my losses may be, I save room-rent, anyway. One of my main ideas in building theaters was to get a place where I could be absolutely alone, far away from the madding crowd, where I could write a comic opera or invent a new cigar-cutting machine just on the spur of the moment, as the spirit moved me. And when I built this particular theater, the Victoria, and produced that comic opera, 'The Jersey Lily,' there, I assure you," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I was never so much alone in my life. Our audiences were never larger than an augmented orchestra. But that's all changed, of course, since I let the educated dogs and trained monkeys come in.

maintaining the *entente cordiale* with my janitor.

"Since you want to interview me, I am perfectly willing to talk about anything except grand opera. You see grand opera is rather a tender subject in my family just now. My boy Willie, who has made such a huge success of the Victoria, here, feels that I am breaking faith with his erudite elephants and trained gorillas by rushing into the impresario business, as I now intend to do.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

"However, time well tell us more about that. My motto in life has always been, 'The only road to success is to make every preparation for failure,'

so if I fail this time—well, it won't be a new experience. My experience in building theaters has made me immune to that sort of thing.

"Don't ask me too much about my ancestors. If I went back far enough, I am sure I should find that they were very humble persons, who sold shoe-strings, or something like that. All I know is that my father was a very rich man, a Berlin produce-merchant, with an awful temper, which, I fear, in a modified form his son has inherited from him.

"One great thing my father taught me, and that was how not to bring up children. I was one of the awful examples. He had great ambitions for me, and from the time I was eight years old I was in the hands of tutors and teachers from morning till night. At eight o'clock, it was algebra; at nine, Latin; at ten, Greek, until by two o'clock poor little Oscar's head was all of a muddle. At two o'clock a special teacher came to teach me to play the flute. My father knew nothing about that; it was my mother's wish that I should learn this instrument of torture, and I shall never forget how I earned the first real spanking in my young career—the morning when, at my mother's request, I crept into my father's bedroom and awakened him with the strains of 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly.'

"I have never appreciated the flute from that day to this; and subsequent proceedings also turned me against the violin. Nowadays, I can never look a violin in the face without blushing. I stole a violin once, and this is how it happened: I was very nearly sixteen years old. As we grew older, my brothers and I became more and more afraid of our father. His temper was frightful. The only real service he ever did us as children was always to blow his nose violently when he entered the front door. This was our signal to run to cover.

AN UNUSUAL USE FOR SKATE-STRAPS

"One Christmas I was given a pair of skates, one of those old-fashioned pairs with long straps to them. I slipped out one afternoon and went skating. On my return, my father was waiting for me at the door. He didn't say a word, but

took the skates out of my hand, wrenched the straps away from them, and after he had conveyed me to his bedroom, beat me so unmercifully with the straps that I swore then and there not to stay in his house another day. My mother was my only banker, and under the circumstances I did not dare go to her for money. In the drawing-room, where I was subsequently locked up, there were only a grand piano, some valuable pictures, and my father's violin. I picked up the violin and crawled out of the window. I went to a pawn-shop, and received thirty dollars for it. That thirty dollars of stolen money was really the foundation of my fortune, although in justice to myself I should say that years later, before my father died, I sent him from America the finest violin that money could buy. I never saw him again, though, and I fear that to his dying day he looked on me as a hopeless young scoundrel.

"With the thirty dollars in my pocket, I made my way to Antwerp, and there took passage on a sailing vessel—the old Isaac Webb—for America. I shall never forget that trip. After what to me seemed to be about six weeks, we suddenly sighted land, and I prepared to disembark on American soil. To my dismay, however, I found that we were only off the coast of Ireland. From that day to this I have always had a grudge against the Irish, as you may have noticed in some of my fights with the police.

A FRESH START IN AMERICA

"It was the autumn of 1865 when I landed in New York, and three hours after I put foot on American soil I was standing in front of M. W. Mendel Brothers' factory, on Pearl Street, reading a sign which read: 'Cigar-Makers Wanted. Paid While You Learn.' I applied for a position, and was told that until I had learned my business I could draw on the firm for the amount of two dollars a week.

"On that amount of money I lived in New York for nearly a year. Then my salary was suddenly raised. You see I was a restless sort of boy, and was never quite content to do my work exactly as the other men did. Although my

hands might be busy, I couldn't keep my brain still. During those first six months I made an invention of my own which has since practically revolutionized the method of making cigars. The members of the firm were quick to realize my usefulness, and in a comparatively short time I was earning a fine salary. As soon as I left the factory at night I started writing articles on tobacco and the making of cigars. These articles were snapped up readily by several trade-journals, and in 1870, just five years after my landing, I found myself the editor of the *United States Tobacco Journal*. Meanwhile, I had been turning out new processes for cigar-making. I was the first man to hit on the compressed-air process, and it was through my efforts that the cigar industry was carried from the tenement-houses into open-air factories.

HE PLEADS GUILTY TO WRITING MUSIC

"All this time the musical bee was still buzzing in my bonnet. You see, that's one of my failings; I have to write music whether they convict me or not. Through my musical atrocities, I was thrown into contact with a number of theatrical and musical personages. They did not seem to be crazy about my music, but they all liked me. Late in the seventies, I took a lease of the old Windsor Theater, on the Bowery. There I produced a German farce with an unpronounceable name.

"I don't remember a great deal about it, except that there was in it a knight errant who was supposed to die of hunger on the stage. I was just beginning to get 'onto' the American methods of advertising, so, as the play was not drawing as well as I had expected, I went out on the Bowery one night and hired the hungriest-looking little boy that I could find to come and sit in one of the boxes. In the box with the little boy I put a dozen apples, some crullers, and a custard pie, and I informed him that, as soon as the knight errant began to die of hunger, if he would only throw these victuals on the stage I would give him fifty cents after the performance. Then I went behind the scenes to await developments.

"Finally the scene came, but no apples,

no crullers, no custard pie! I rushed furiously into the box for an explanation, and there in one corner, curled up in a chair, was the little rat, fast asleep. He had eaten them all and succumbed!

"While at the Windsor, I became a great friend of Mr. Adolph Neuendorff, who was then the manager of the Thalia. He and I went into partnership, and took the Germania Theater, which is now Tony Pastor's, on Fourteenth Street.

"About this time, in the Berlin papers, I read a good deal about a young stage-manager, named Heinrich Conried, who was also said to be a very fair tragedian. On my advice, Mr. Neuendorff imported him to this country, and he appeared with great success in "Der Meineidsbauer"—'The Perjured Farmer.' Mr. Conried and I had our quarrels even in those days, but I have always said he was a great tragedian. Then Mr. Conried left us and went into the opposition business. He rented the theater which is now Keith's, and brought over Possart. This venture was not so very successful; but a short time later, when Wallack's Theater moved up-town, Mr. Conried took the Star, and made a good deal of money there, presenting Baumann's Monkey Circus. So, you see," added Mr. Hammerstein, with another droll smile, "honors are easy between us when it comes to the variety business.

HOW HE LEARNED GRAND OPERA

"All through these years I was an ardent lover of grand opera. Even before I made money, I used to be one of the regular gallery-gods in the Academy of Music. Although few people may believe it, I really am an encyclopedia of grand opera. I then built the Harlem Opera-House, and opened it with grand opera. My chief stars were Lilli Lehman and Perotti, and Walter Damrosch was my conductor. Then came the Columbus Theater, which I built on the same street. Emma Juch was one of my chief attractions there.

"Then 'Cavalleria Rusticana' made its great furor in Europe, and as nearly every American manager announced that he had the sole rights for America, I decided to produce it at the Lenox Lyceum. After that came the Deluge, or, in other

words, the Manhattan Opera-House, which was later known as Koster & Bial's. Within a short time I had as attractions there Meyerbeer, Mrs. Beere, and lager-beer; for, beginning with grand opera, I followed with Mrs. Bernard Beere's first engagement, and then came down to common beer and skittles when Koster & Bial took the lease.

"After that," said Mr. Hammerstein, with a portentous sigh, "I built Olympia. But we all have our sorrows. Don't let us talk about that. Then in due course came the Victoria, the Republic—since rebuilt, rechristened, and made an immense success by Mr. David Belasco—and now my greatest venture of them all, the new Manhattan Opera-House. What I shall do next I don't know. Probably my opera-singers will keep me busy for a few months, anyway.

"You see, I'm rather a curious man. I don't know the sensation of satisfaction, any more than I know the sensation of regret. I don't live for yesterday, but only for to-morrow. I don't drink, I have never played a game of cards in my life, I have no automobile—although I have several horses that my coachman tells me he gets a great deal of satisfaction out of. When I find that I have no money in my pocket I go to the box-office and draw three dollars, and it lasts me so long that it really makes me feel ashamed of myself. I couldn't possibly tell you how many fortunes I have made and gone through in my building ventures, and if I were to assure you of how many more I am going to make before I die it would merely sound ostentatious. So, there you are! That's Oscar Hammerstein."

THE NEW HOUSE

Now are the builders gone;
Waiting the new house stands,
For the last, last touch is on
From the last, last workman's hands;
Spotless and clean and sweet
From rafter to tiniest thole—
But a structure still incomplete,
Waiting the birth of a soul!

Straight are its walls, without;
True are its rooms, enclosed,
Plastered and planed about
As the craftful plans disposed.
That its body may perfect be,
Long have its builders toiled;
You, who will enter, see
That a soul be its unsoiled!

You, whose faces will peer
Out from its casements wide;
You, who partake of, here,
What the arm and brain provide;
You, who will slumbers know,
Who will tread each floor and stair,
Whose children shall upward grow,
Take care of this house—take care!

Yours to awake, inspire,
From cellar to roof above,
With lamplight and warmth and fire,
Laughter, and tears, and love;
With labor and aims afar,
With cheer when the day is through;
Yours is to make, or mar—
For the soul of the house is *you*!

Edwin L. Sabin

THE PIANO

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE RESCUE," "THE STORY OF RALPH MILLER," ETC.

IT was characteristic of Frederika's relentlessly keen self-analysis that one of the most intolerable elements of her misery was the banality of the situation. Following every step of the wretchedly familiar mental pilgrimage came the conviction of the total lack of novelty in her sensation. It was as though the aridity of her outward life penetrated to the center of her being, and she could not even suffer but in a worn-out and threadbare fashion.

The very setting of the scene was platinously appropriate, she reflected, as she looked about the little room, bare but for the grand piano, and noted that the fire at her husband's feet had smoldered out into white ashes. Her thin, handsome face did not move from its expression of lassitude as this detail claimed her attention, although her unspoken comment was acrid: "Just the thing a second-rate French novelist would put in as a cheap and trivial bit of symbolism."

Her eyes rested long on her husband after this, in a distastefully minute survey of his figure, relaxed in his armchair, his neck bulging out in a red roll in spite of the unloosened collar of his uniform. She noticed how the straight, severe lines of his officer's tunic brought out the ugly lines of a too large waist, and she remembered, still with no outward change in her spiritless face, that ten years ago she had thought a uniform a becoming garment, which gave color and character to military life, alone in a commercial age.

And yet she had not been a young girl, ignorant and inexperienced, when she married. She had thought that she recognized unmistakably the call of love as stronger than the rights of her art, that the humanity in her was more vital

than music. She had fancied that she knew life and that she could weigh what she was going to give up, definitely, against what she was getting. The dry, commercial aspect of her phrase suddenly came to her, and her inexorable sense of justice, even to herself, made her retract. It was not only what she was to get from Dick that had influenced her, it was what she could give the rough, silent giant; it was the great and joyous sacrifice of a brilliant musical career to his interests; it was the rare and romantic chance to prove herself worthy of a mighty love and capable of returning it by giving up all that meaner folk hold precious—ease, variety, money, reputation, success, her name golden for all music-loving souls. She had thought all that of little avail beside the inextinguishable fire of affection and devotion she felt within her for Richard Farrington. At this for the first time her mouth twisted into a wry smile, and she looked again at the heap of white and gray between the andirons.

And how equally insignificant was the extinguishing of either fire to the sleeping man! Another, even if he slept, would awake, shivering, and feel the chilly desolation of the room and of her heart, but Dick would rouse himself only to go to bed so that he could be fresh for reveille in the morning, that hateful call to action in the bald light of dawn which had grown so unbearable to her. And then he would be out all day on the drill-ground, blustering paternally over his recruits, and filling in vacant moments with the childishly detailed accounts of every breath drawn on the little remote Western post which the government at Washington exacted and Dick delighted to make out. And in the evening he would come back to the ill-

constructed officers' quarters, eat his dinner with a robust disregard for what it was, drop heavily into his armchair in front of the fire, dutifully ask his wife to play to him, and doze off as he had to-night, not noticing that she sat in silence.

For herself, as though in an ingenious contrivance of many-angled mirrors, she saw her drooping figure wherever she looked, sitting as she now sat, before a cold hearth, her long musician's fingers idle in her lap and her self-contemptuous thoughts busy behind her impassive face. She told herself impatiently that she envied unreasonable women who could get a perverse satisfaction out of blaming conditions for what they themselves were responsible for. That would be a variation from the hopelessly clear sight which turned her thoughts inexorably back upon herself.

She could not blame Dick for being exactly what he was. When she married him, he had steadily and honestly told her that he was a rough, inert, half-complete creature, all soldier and but half-man, his heart going out in a foolishly recurrent impulse to one after another of the groups of sodden, fumbling animals who were given him to make soldiers of. She remembered how he had been moved to a blind fear by her passion and the greatness of her sacrifice to marry him, and had striven inarticulately to tell her that she was mistaken in him; that, although his love for her was all of his personality outside his profession, still it was not worthy of her love for him—her love made up of such fine, subtle insight and clear, bright confidence.

II

SHE stirred restlessly in her chair, pricked through her apathetic disgust with herself and the world by a sudden stab of mortification. How foolishly they had talked when they were engaged! She could not tell how it had happened. It seemed like a fantastic dream; and now she was awake and yawning in a deadly and eternal ennui, and Dick—She looked at him again. His head hung more heavily toward his shoulder than before, and his breathing was louder. With each outward respiration

his lips puffed out with a faint, unpleasant whistling sound. In about five minutes he would begin to snore. She would wake him, he would look up, nod, perhaps pat her hand, and settle down in a new position to snore again. Nor could she blame him for it. A day of active exercise out of doors in that ever-sweeping wind—what could she expect?

That was not the point. What had she expected? What *could* she have expected? With a qualm of self-suspicion she wondered if she was so paltry as to be disappointed because Dick was too good an officer with recruits and common soldiers ever to be advanced to more spectacular positions.

Had she perhaps dreamed of being a general's wife, of having social rank and prestige in some metropolitan society? Remembering her incongruous school-girl admiration for Dick's uniform, she searched her mind for traces of another vein of cheapness in her discontent. There was even a cessation of the dull ache of dejection as she drove this new inquiry home to the innermost fastnesses of her heart; but in a moment she drew a long breath and again shifted her position.

No, she was not so low as that. There was no such positive element as disappointed ambition in the flat negation of her depression. She had married Dick because she loved him, and because that love meant more to her than her art; and now she did not love him, and her art was lost to her. She held her hand up to shield her eyes from the lamp, and noticed how steadily it stood as she admitted that she no longer loved her husband. The most terrifying cataclysm of a woman's life was upon her, and she acknowledged it to herself so languidly that her hand did not quiver.

There were, in fact, no positive aspects of her condition to make her quiver. She said dryly to herself that in one respect at least she differed from the unpleasant and familiar heroine of the well-worn French novel. She did not crave any other love, having lost her first. She had lost not only her love for her husband but her love for love. She shuddered at the thought of ever again putting herself in that maze of self-illusion, of ever again feeling that

feverish insanity of emotion. She was cured once and for all—"a burned child."

She recalled without a tremor, so unmoved did it leave her, the sudden outburst of passion of a young lieutenant at the post where they had been last stationed, and remembered with a half smile how his fervor had been frozen into a sort of terror of her unearthly remoteness. Not even his sudden shame had made him mistake her attitude for conscious virtue. He had called her inhuman—an epithet, she reflected, which was truer than most of those of amorous and disappointed youth, and probably a great deal truer than he at all realized. His ardent, impudent love-making had not moved her; the recollection of it did not move her. She settled a ring on a long, strong finger with the reflection that nothing could move her.

And yet as the next gust of wind brought a sudden patter of autumn rain upon the tin roof, she sprang to her feet, and ran across the room like a girl, to close the window above the piano, passing an anxious hand across the polished surface to detect dampness. There *was* something that could move her, and she gave a little gasp of thankfulness to feel her heart beating high. She was still alive, although imprisoned in a tomb. But the thing that kept her alive was an emotion forever unsatisfied. She looked at the great piano, sprawling its ungainly bulk across most of the tiny room, with unreasoning, half-hysterical devotion. It had saved the life of her soul, she thought to herself, and a knot came in her throat at the cool, smooth touch of the keys. The piles of music on the little table by its side were like so many tongues, calling out to her that beauty still lived in the world. But they also cried out that she was lost to it, and it to her.

In the passionate lament over her realization that she was missing all that life meant for her she exonerated herself proudly from much personal vanity and selfish disappointment. She was not thinking of the brilliant future her teachers had promised her, of the international reputation which had been within her grasp. She was not so poor a thing as to regret her name in large letters on posters. What rent her with

an intolerable sense of rebellion against fate was the thought of all the lovely realm of joy which she might have made for herself and a thousand thousand hearers; the inspiriting consciousness of the actuality, the power, the invincible might of beauty she might have given them.

And it was still hers, in blessed moments, thanks to the ugly black monster before her. Even in her rising emotion she gave an honest thought to the man before the hearth—how he had always toiled and contrived and mastered circumstance so that she might have her genie with her; and always with so vacant and good-natured an incapacity to understand one tittle of what it meant to her, that his sacrifice was of no avail—was even hateful to her—a profanation!

She sat down before the piano, shivering with a prescience of emotion to come, and laid her hands fondly upon the keys. As she swung into the first movement of the Beethoven sonata in F minor, she felt her listless weariness break and fade away. The last scudding wisp of it, which for a moment blinded her to the glorious ether whither the music swept her, was the sardonic reflection that the only outward value of her talent now was that she would wake her husband, so that he could shift to an easier position, by the crash of chords instead of a hand on his shoulder.

And then, while the sonata lasted, she was transfigured—translated by a happy magic into a world all joy, where even pain is beautiful. Like a viewless column the music rose up solemnly and shut her into a fairy tower of safety from herself.

The last movement ended, the last chord was struck, the last echo died away, and down from about her melted the fleeting bulwarks of her soul. She sat shivering on the stool, waiting for her husband's never-failing, cheerful, ignorant admiration. She did not look up at him, but she knew precisely the aspect of his face, vacuous with fatigue and faintly colored with an absent and conscientious interest in her art. He did not speak. She turned sharply about to have the incident over with, and saw him

sitting as she had last noticed him, but with his head now hanging completely on his shoulder. It made him look like a man who has been hanged.

"Dick!" she called peremptorily.

He did not stir. Something about the look of his hand, fallen from the chair-arm and hanging heavily— She held her breath, and heard stertorous gasps that turned her faint. She flung herself toward the chair, and dropped back appalled at the blue-lipped mask of horror which hung upon her husband's shoulder.

III

AFTER the last desperate expedient had been tried, it seemed to Frederika that an hour of agonized suspense passed before the doctor lifted his white head from the sick man's breast. In answer to the haggard question in her eyes he nodded and drew a long breath.

"He'll pull through—this time! He'll probably be conscious in a few minutes. Get around to this side. He'll want to see you first."

Still with his eyes bent on the face of the prostrate man, with one hand on the heart and one on the pulse, he went on: "I've been afraid of something of this sort ever since he came to the post. I warned him about his heart only a few months ago, and told him to keep as quiet as he could, but he——"

The woman interrupted him, a keen edge of apprehension in her voice. "Oh, doctor, it won't mean his having to give up and go back to Washington or New York? It would break his heart to give up his active life! He's all soldier, you know!"

She spoke with an accent of pride which broke into a yearning quiver as she continued: "But, oh, what does it matter now that he's safe! Now that I have him again! Oh, doctor, don't let him die! He's all that I have in the world."

This last she said in a tone of such simple and heartfelt conviction that the doctor found no answer to make, and they sat silent, one on each side of the sick man.

The fire blazing high at his feet threw a strong flickering light into every corner of the disordered room, littered with sick-room appliances assembled in the

most frenzied haste. The piano, as almost the only article of furniture besides the chairs, was laden with a strange array. Basins of hot water with cloths hanging over the side, a heap of broken ice, an overturned bottle from whose open mouth a thick black liquid was dripping slowly upon the keys, a pile of wet flannel rags still sending up faint wisps of steam, and a broken flask of ammonia whose contents had left a white trail across the polished wood.

Frederika's hair hung in a disordered maze about her shoulders. Her hands, swollen and red with manipulating hot cloths, were clasped across her breast as though to keep her heart in her bosom, and her deep eyes never for a moment left her husband's face.

The bluish tinge was gradually fading from his lips. As his countenance relaxed into lines of peace she bent over him in a frenzy of attention, but when he opened his eyes and looked at her recognizingly, she began to cry quietly, like a little child.

He put out his hand weakly, his first impulse being to comfort her.

"Don't cry, Freddie, dear," he whispered. "I won't do it if you don't like to have me——"

He stopped, his voice failing him, suddenly realizing his situation and trying vainly to lift his head. His wife caught up his hand and held it to her lips, as the doctor came briskly to the explanation.

"Don't stir, old man. We've had trouble enough with you as it is. You've had one of those attacks I prophesied to you. It's come, but you're none the worse for it, thanks to about the hardest two hours I ever put in—but mostly thanks to your wife. She's missed her vocation. She should have been a trained nurse."

The sick man smiled, his swollen lips twisting in a grotesque and pathetic grimace.

"There's nothing she can't do, doctor." And then with a sudden accent of horror, "Oh, Freddie, darling, what have you done to your piano? It'll be ruined!"

He tried to raise himself, a distracted anxiety in his voice.

The fire blazed high and in a flicker-

ing leap brought the wild confusion of the instrument close to them. The musician surveyed it for a moment with unseeing eyes—blank and inattentive. Then she turned back impatiently to her husband, put her arms about him, and still sobbing a little, laid her head on his shoulder. A moment later she sought blindly for his lips and kissed his feverish, swollen mouth with so profound a fervor that the doctor turned away.

"Come, Mrs. Farrington," he said as he came back to the hearth, "pleasurable emotions won't hurt our patient, but we mustn't let him worry. The piano's all right, captain; and now, my dear lady, if I may have a glass of just plain cold water I guarantee to have him ready for bed in half an hour. These attacks pass as quickly as they come."

The woman rose alertly from her knees and went to the door. As she passed the piano her skirt caught on a pail of water standing near the stool, and stooping to free herself she brushed one hand against the keys. At the touch she stood suddenly erect, electrified, looking at the piano as though she saw it for the first time.

"Oh!" she said in a low tone, with a sharp indrawn breath, and she gazed at it with a fierce attention. Her voice went up an octave. "Oh!" she cried with an enigmatic intonation, and turning, she fixed her eyes on her husband with a strange and ambiguous expression of wonder. She looked at the piano again, and then going swiftly to the fire, she knelt by the sick man and taking his large square hand in hers she kissed it.

The doctor followed her out of the room with his eyes. "Captain Farrington, heart failure or not, I envy you. Through all the excitement of the last two hours the thought which has been uppermost in my mind has been that you are a very lucky man. It's positive cruelty to show a loveless old bachelor such depths of affection! It makes me feel as though I were dying of cold in sight of a blazing fire."

The soldier smiled humbly. "What she ever saw in me——"

"It's not only what she saw in you then, it's what she continues to see in you now. You don't begin to deserve it—and yet somehow you must! I'd never dare to marry a woman like that. I'd be sure I never could keep her affection. Good God! To see her look at you as you were coming to—after ten years of married life!"

Captain Farrington spoke with a grave and boyish solemnity. "You can't know what it is—no man who is not married can! It's not just the passion of a moment of anxiety. It's the never-wavering, never-faltering quality of a true woman's love. A man who is married to a good woman who loves him is in a haven of peace which heaven can't better. The surety of it—the blessed certainty!"

The doctor rose to his feet and began dropping the bottles in his medicine-case back to their sockets.

"Yes, I know," he quoted sententiously in the tone of one who utters a self-evident axiomatic truth. "'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence!'"

COME BACK

COME back, and bring the summer in your eyes,
The peace of evening in your quiet ways;
Come back, and lead again toward Paradise
The errant days.

Of old I saw the sunlight on the corn,
The wind-blown ripple running on the wheat;
But now the ways are shabby and forlorn
That knew your feet.

Forget the words meant only by my lips!
Could you not understand
The language of my fevered finger-tips
When last you took my hand?

John G. Neihardt

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SUN

BY PROFESSOR T. J. J. SEE

OF THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY, MARE ISLAND

WHAT THE MOST RECENT OBSERVATIONS AND DISCOVERIES
HAVE REVEALED AS TO THE NATURE OF THE GREAT CELESTIAL
BODY ON WHOSE LIGHT AND HEAT LIFE ON OUR EARTH
DEPENDS—HOW LONG WILL THE SUN LAST?

IT probably does not occur to a child, or even to the average man or woman, that every star which we behold in the firmament on a clear night is a flaming globe of the same order of size and mass as our sun. Yet this extraordinary result has been established by astronomical measurement, and is proved beyond doubt by several independent lines of investigation, all of which are based on exact methods.

To know the intrinsic brightness or light-giving power of a star, we have to measure its parallax, which gives the number of times its distance exceeds that of our sun. The great German astronomer, Bessel, of Königsberg, first measured the parallax of a star in the year 1838, choosing for this purpose the double star known as 61 Cygni, one of our nearest neighbors in the sidereal universe.

The intensity of light varies inversely as the square of the distance. Accordingly, when the distance of a star is known it is easy to compare its light to that of our sun, if the relative amounts of light given by the sun and star have been found by exact photometric measurement. So far as our knowledge goes at present, the nearest of the fixed stars is Alpha Centauri, a double body in the southern hemisphere, with two equal deep-yellow components, each of about the same brightness and mass as our own sun. The distance of Alpha Centauri is two hundred and seventy-five thousand times the sun's distance, and its mass has been calculated from the

time of revolution of the companion, which moves in an orbit larger than that of the planet Uranus, and completes a revolution in eighty-one years.

OUR STUDY OF THE DOUBLE STARS

It is only in the case of binary systems that we know the mass of any star. When the parallax is known, and we can find the dimensions of the orbit compared to those of our planets, the time of revolution, according to Kepler's law, gives the attraction exerted by one body on the other, and hence the mass of the system compared to that of the sun and earth.

Another neighboring star of great interest is Sirius, the great dog-star, which the Greeks and Romans described as red in ancient times, but which has since changed its color to a brilliant white. It is half a million times farther away than our sun, and gives about sixty times as much light. This star is also a binary system, the principal component having twice the mass of our sun. The companion is extraordinarily dark, being half as large as the chief star, but giving only one-ten-thousandth part as much light.

The star of greatest intrinsic brightness yet known is the great southern star, Canopus, which is estimated to outshine a thousand suns as bright as ours. It is just visible in our Southern States.

THE LORD OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

From these illustrations it will be seen that our sun is not a conspicuous

star in the Milky Way; yet it is of respectable mass and brightness, perhaps about an average of all the stars so far investigated. For us, however, the sun is the all-important body, the center of the solar system, which it lights and dominates with more than autocratic sway. It has seven hundred and forty-six times the mass of all the planets combined, and three hundred and thirty thousand times the mass of the earth.

The distance of the sun is about ninety-two million miles—as much as a rapid train, traveling day and night, could traverse in about two hundred and fifty years. Its diameter is about eight hundred and sixty thousand miles, so that the train might run a whole year without traversing the distance from the sun's surface to its center. These figures give us some idea of the great luminary's amazing size, and yet it is so far away that it appears small when we behold it in the sky.

Since the sun is so immense, and all heat, light, life, and motion upon the earth depend upon its radiation, is it any wonder that many nations of antiquity worshiped the glorious orb of day as a god?

Though our sun is the center of the planetary system, it is not fixed, but moves like other stars, the path of the entire system being directed toward the constellation Hercules. This motion of the solar system was discovered by Sir William Herschel, more than a century ago, and has since been confirmed by a number of astronomers working by various methods. At present, Professor Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, is reinvestigating the solar motion by means of spectroscopic observations of stars taken in both hemispheres. A branch observatory at Santiago, Chile, is generously maintained for this purpose by D. O. Mills, of New York. The work promises to be of great importance to astronomical science.

THE CAUSE OF THE SUN'S HEAT

The ancients considered the universe to be made up of four elements—water, air, fire, and earth; and the sun was regarded as a globe of fire. It was not till the year 1854 that the theory of the sun's heat was established on a correct

basis. At that date Helmholtz showed that the energy radiated away must be derived mainly from the potential energy given up by particles in falling toward the sun's center under the force of gravity. The sun's attraction is twenty-eight times that of terrestrial gravity, and this powerful force acts upon a mass three hundred and thirty thousand times that of the earth. The result is the development of correspondingly enormous mechanical power in the condensing mass of the sun.

On the earth, one pound of water has to fall through seven hundred and seventy-two feet in order to produce enough heat to raise the temperature one degree Fahrenheit. On the sun, the same heat would be developed by a fall through only about twenty-eight feet. The cause of the development of so much heat in the sun is therefore obvious.

HELMHOLTZ AND HIS SUCCESSORS

Helmholtz showed that if the sun be of uniform density throughout, the condensation under gravity would produce enough heat to raise the temperature of an equal mass of water about twenty-seven million degrees centigrade. As it was shown by Pouillet's experiments on the sun's radiation that enough heat is lost in a year to cool an equivalent aqueous globe one and one-quarter degrees centigrade, it follows that all the heat produced in the condensation of the sun would only last some twenty million years if the radiation continued at the present rate throughout that period.

Helmholtz's theory of the sun has since been materially extended by Lane, Ritter, Lord Kelvin, Perry, and the writer, all of whom treat the sun's body as entirely gaseous. Lane first suggested that the intense heat operating in this flaming globe might split up the solar molecules into single atoms; and the resulting monatomic theory has recently been extended by the writer. The present state of our knowledge of the subject may be summed up as follows:

On the basis of known laws and exact mathematical methods, it is proved that the density at the sun's center is exactly six times the mean density, which is one and two-fifths times that of water, ma-

king the central density about eight and a half—slightly exceeding that of iron. In the outer part of the sun's mass the density is so slight as to be almost imperceptible. At the surface of the photosphere the gas is much rarer than atmospheric air, so that the radiation from below is driven bodily through the overlying layers with no more loss than the sun's rays suffer in passing through the earth's atmosphere on a clear day. Even at a depth of one-tenth of the distance to the center, the sun's density is only one hundred and fifty times that of atmospheric air, and the intense heat and dazzling glare of light would pass through such a medium almost unobstructed. Hence, we see that the heat is supplied by direct radiation, like the sunlight in passing through our own atmosphere, and not by "convection currents," as was formerly stated in numerous text-books.

THE THEORY OF CONVECTION CURRENTS

In the older theory of convection currents, it was supposed that a current made up of gases which had been chilled by exposure to the cold of space sank down into the sun's globe, while hot currents came up side by side to bring forth the new supply of heat required to maintain the dazzling brilliancy of that body's surface. This would imply that the sun's mass is everywhere divided into a system of double tubes, as it were, with hot matter ascending in one and cold matter descending in the other. But the pressure throughout the sun is enormous, and the friction of these supposed antagonistic currents would be so great that we now believe no such artificial convective system to be possible. Direct radiation does away with all this complicated machinery.

I have calculated by rigorous processes the average rigidity of all the layers of the sun, and have shown that the mean rigidity exceeds that of nickel-steel more than two thousand times. The interior of the sun, it may be inferred, is undisturbed by the explosions of its outer layers. The immense tongues and sheets of flame which astronomers see rising above the sun's surface are carried upward, partly by ex-

plosive forces, and partly by the repulsion of the sun's light acting on the small particles of which these prominences, as they are called, are composed.

The repulsion of small particles by waves of light was predicted by Clerk Maxwell from mathematical considerations about 1873, but it was not till a few years ago that the prediction could be actually verified by laboratory experiments with a radiometer. The effect of this light repulsion is seen in the rays of the corona during a total eclipse; and the same cause is always powerfully active at the sun's surface, where much fine matter is suspended, as it were, the repulsion of the sun's light just balancing the enormous force of gravity tending to draw the particles back into the flaming globe beneath. These effects have been especially studied by the famous Swedish physicist, Arrhenius, whose work ought to be of great value to us in the future study of the sun.

WILL THE SUN DIE OUT?

Returning now to Helmholtz's theory of the sun's heat, we may remark that it has recently been shown that the increasing density toward the center of the body increases the total production of heat throughout all past ages by forty-three per cent above the figure calculated for the simple case of uniform density. This would raise an equal mass of water to forty million degrees centigrade, instead of twenty-seven million, as estimated by Helmholtz in 1854.

Moreover, extending a theorem first derived by Ritter, I have proved that more than half of the sun's heat from the beginning is still stored up in its flaming globe, and thus made available for radiation through future ages. This accumulated heat, in connection with that yet to be produced by future contraction, assures us a future supply of energy three times as great as that required for the whole past activity of the sun. So far from approaching extinction, therefore, our sun is still in its youth, with the zenith of its glory far in the future. We need have no fear that it will soon die out and leave our world cold and wrapped in the darkness of everlasting night.

From the known rate of the sun's ra-

diation, as measured by Langley, we seem absolutely assured of a future duration of at least thirty million years; and if the radiation be at a smaller rate, it may amount to no less than three hundred million years. In any case, the sun's future is to be estimated only in periods representing immeasurable ages, and we may confidently conclude that the end of the progress of mundane development is not in sight.

THE VAST OUTFLOW OF LIGHT AND HEAT

Assuming that the sun is made up of single atoms, I have calculated that the annual shrinkage of the radius is seventy-one meters, or two hundred and sixteen feet; at this rate, the alteration in the sun's diameter would just become sensible to the naked eye in a million years. This small descent of the sun's matter toward the center keeps up all the enormous outflow of light and heat which warms the earth and other members of the planetary system. It would melt a layer of solid ice all over the sun's globe about fifty feet thick per minute.

The energy given out each minute by each square meter of the sun's surface would be capable, upon our earth, of lifting a ton to a height of about three hundred and thirty miles; which affords us an idea of the enormous work done by the sun each day that he illuminates the earth. And such are the wonderful laws of the sun's activity that his glorious light will shine throughout the coming millions of years with undiminished splendor, and with the steadiness and uniformity required for the preservation of life upon our planet. An interruption of the sun's radiation for a few days would give the earth an arctic aspect; in a few weeks our lakes and rivers would freeze over, and before many years had elapsed even the oceans would have frozen solid, and all life upon our globe would be at an end.

THE RADIUM HYPOTHESIS

Since the discovery of radium, many physicists have supposed that it might exist in the sun and stars, and might add greatly to the radiative vitality of these luminous masses. But this now seems more than doubtful. Radium is not yet

understood, though it appears to be a temporary form of matter, decaying in some twenty thousand years. In a recent letter to the London *Times*, Lord Kelvin reiterated his belief in the gravitational theory of solar energy. A similar conclusion had been previously reached by the writer. So far as we can now see, there is no evidence that radium is an important cosmical agency. It is proved to exist in the earth's crust in large quantities, yet it does not produce eruptions of volcanoes, nor any similar phenomena, and seems generally to be in a dormant state. We must, therefore, explain the light and heat of the stars by the force of gravitation acting upon gaseous matter reduced by intense heat to the state of single atoms.

It is the storage of heat in the sun and stars that gives them their intense brilliancy. If there were not a secular process of accumulation the temperature of the heavenly bodies would not rise, and the unspeakable glory of the starlit firmament on a clear night would be replaced by the monotony of impenetrable blackness.

THE PHENOMENA OF SUN-SPOTS

Let us now consider the sun's surface. The spots that are so prominent a feature of it were first discovered by Galileo, in the year 1610, soon after the invention of the telescope. They have been diligently studied by many astronomers of the past three centuries, but are not yet fully understood. Galileo noticed that they appear to revolve in about twenty-eight days, and correctly inferred that the sun rotates on its axis in that period. Others have since studied their movement much more in detail, and have found that the equatorial region of the sun's surface rotates more rapidly than the regions about the poles. The swifter motion of the equatorial zones gives rise to whirlpools, or vortices, in higher solar latitudes, and no doubt the spots depend in some way on these differences in velocity of rotation.

Dr. W. E. Wilson, in Ireland, seems to have proved that the spots are hotter than the average of the solar surface. As seen against the bright background of the photosphere, they look dark, and they were formerly supposed to be

cooler than their surroundings, but this view is now abandoned.

We often hear prophecies of the baleful influences exerted by great sun-spots, which are supposed to portend all sorts of disasters, from the failure of crops to the production of earthquakes. Of course, there is not the slightest foundation for any such alarms. The regions about the spots are proved by the researches of Mr. Maunder, of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, to disturb the magnetism of the earth, as if some electric charge was being driven from certain regions of the sun to our globe; but beyond slight tremors of the magnetic needle, no ill effects can be ascribed to sun-spots. The disturbance of the earth's magnetism is probably due to electrically charged streams of fine particles of matter expelled from the sun through which the earth passes at certain times.

About 1840, the spots were found, by Schwabe, of Dessau, to be periodic, and their period has since been fixed at about eleven years. At one time they become so numerous that there is a maximum, at another they fall off till there is a minimum; but the cause of their changes remains unknown. Nor have

we yet been able to trace to these variations any climatic disturbances of measurable magnitude.

THE WATCHERS OF THE SUN

The greatest mechanical aid in studying the surface of the sun is photography, which enables the investigator to record solar phenomena with accuracy and rapidity. The sun is now photographed on every clear day at many observatories—Greenwich, South Kensington, Potsdam, Meudon, Washington, the Yerkes Observatory, Mount Wilson (California), Madras, and other places. Some of the pictures are six inches in diameter, so that all the spots and other irregularities on the solar surface are clearly shown.

From the foregoing brief account it will be seen that steady progress has been made in the study of the sun, and that the discoveries of our time compare with those of any former age. Yet much more remains to be done, and it is gratifying to find that many earnest investigators are devoting their energies to those solar phenomena which are so intimately connected with the conditions required by the life of men, animals, and plants upon our globe.

THE LIGHT BEYOND

SWEETHEART, good night!
The day's long hours are past,
And twilight shades, at last
Closing around us fast,
Shut out the light.

Sweetheart, good night!
The winds of autumn sigh,
And from her throne on high
Through cloud-rifts in the sky
The moon shines bright.

Sweetheart, good-by!
The summer days are dead,
The trees their foliage shed,
And where our footsteps tread
The red leaves lie.

Good-by awhile!
The light will dawn at last
On hearts in love bound fast,
And o'er the buried past
Heaven yet may smile!

Eugene C. Dolson

R A T

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

SEEING the reward of his tireless patience, Gidman gave a grunt of satisfaction. Long, bristling hairs that had trembled at the mouth of unguessed labyrinths in the corner were being followed by a sensitive nose and a pair of beady eyes as a drab shadow stole across the floor.

"Come here, Rat!" he called.

His voice, stiff from disuse, was gruff, and even the hollow response of the cell seemed lethargic and unwilling. It was at least a year since man had spoken there.

The rat, exhausting its last atom of courage in a dash for the outstretched palm, was gone before the echo. The unwonted sound had startled it like a closing trap, but even fright could not snatch the bit of cheese it lugged valiantly away.

Left alone, Gidman finished his morning's platter of food—a quarter-loaf of bread, some curd, and a tin of tepid coffee—eating with surly haste. Yet, as he thought of the tiny thief that had risked its neck for a titbit, a smile struggled with his heavy lips. Such greed and enterprise insured a return.

Breakfast over, he began to watch the sun-disks which the window-bars multiplied in vague symmetry upon the wall. What ailed the man? Years ago he had learned to turn his back to the light when brooding upon his plans. Now, it was an hour before the brain took up the thread, to weave and unravel and weave again its terrible web.

Gidman's musings were interrupted when he became aware of something forgotten. Shuffling to the wall, he carefully counted a series of short upright lines that had been scratched upon

the moldy planks. Then he counted a much longer series of crosses, extending to the left and half-way round the cell. There could be no mistake. He had neglected the first duty of the day—which was to convert one of the straight lines into a cross. This work hastily performed with an uncut thumb-nail, thirty uncrossed lines remained. They were his calendar, marking the approach of coming release.

When new to the cell, he had found absorbing occupation in making this measurer of his punishment. He had counted and recounted, so as to preclude error. Eight times he drew three hundred and sixty-five straight lines upon the planks, and though he could not multiply, he was certain of the result. In the friendless darkness he had determined what would happen when the final cross was drawn. First would come the long walk to Chilquias, taking his first day of liberty. There he would make inquiries—would find Rosenthal. And then—?

For twenty years—from the day his mother had turned him from the hovel where he had caught his first unblessed glimpse of the light to the time that a misguided judge had saddled him with another's crime—the material had been gathering for the answer. In the loneliness of a Mexican frontier prison the answer had been articulated.

Crossing out the line which Rat had so nearly led him to forget, Gidman resumed his routine. He caught hold of the grating of the narrow window and crept time after time up the side of the cell, his bare feet clinging to the planks, giving him the semblance of a monstrous spider, his biceps knotting, his hands—

above all, his hands—gaining an abnormal prehensile strength.

The remembrance of his own innocence and of the perjury of the guilty man continually fanned a primitive sense of wrong. The scales of justice hung uneven. The world had done more harm to him than he had been able to do to the world; he was the serpent's head beneath the heel of the seed of woman. Only a sense of personal outrage clearly penetrated his consciousness.

When first incarcerated, he had retained sufficient sensibility to wince at some of the punishments meted to his fellow convicts; and once, when a poor native was led to the open space before the window, Gidman saw a blot upon the sunshine. The garrote is a collar from the devil's wardrobe; but it had been a sign; it had decided a vexed question—had led to the devising of the unholy system of gymnastics. Afterward, he fell to examining his hands from time to time, wondering if they would be competent when at last he should encounter Rosenthal, man to man, face to face; for he had decided what should be meted in reprisal.

Beyond was an end, a void which the sodden intellect could not people. All that he had mapped out was the release from jail, the walk to the town, the inquiries which would unearth the enemy, the thing to be done—then back and over the round again. It was a tethered circle which his brain traversed day after day, a thousand times a day, gathering bitterness as a snowball gathers snow—by being rolled upon the substance of itself.

II

WHEN Rat next dared the murky enclosure in quest of delicacies, Gidman fed him the best part of his supper.

"Yeh little rogue! What'd yeh live on when yeh're alone?" he demanded. And then he thought—here was a living thing poorer than himself. So he gulped down his tepid coffee and forgot to grumble.

Rat appeared tame, but as Gidman's eyes emerged from the inverted cup he vanished. Evidently, his maw once crammed, panic made an easy prey of his heels. The prisoner gazed ruefully

at the hole into which his only companion had disappeared. After the years of solitude, even the buzzing of a fly would have been welcome.

There was craft behind the slow doling out of the morsels when the hungry guest paid another visit; but Rat was no longer afraid. When Gidman teased him with a closed fist in which was hidden a crumb, he poked his cold nose between the hoarding fingers and patiently wedged his way to the loosely guarded treasure.

Gidman laughed outright, and Rat was startled into a short retreat. Cautiously, the man put out his hand. He touched the soft fur, seeking to grasp the delicate being in his rough, steel-like fingers. Alarmed, the rat flung his head to one side and nipped with his ever-ready teeth.

It was but a scratch, and the pain Gidman experienced was not of the flesh. His best intentions had been misunderstood. Yet for once he harbored no resentment. Rat, returning in apparent remorse, allowed himself to be handled like a kitten.

There were days when Gidman had little or nothing to divide with his pet, and days when the best he could offer was a crust of bread. But Rat never showed disappointment—nibbling philosophically at whatever the thieving peon who shoved the meals through the wicket was minded to leave. In his sober cowl of fur, the little stoic would sit for hours, meditating with all the gravity of a monk.

Once, Gidman saved a scrap of beef from dinner and hid it in his pocket, intending it as a surprise. The rodent, nosing the feast, at once plunged recklessly after it. This mark of growing intimacy touched the other, who wore a half-shamed smile the rest of the day. The animal soon became as familiar with coat-pockets as with the underground labyrinths from which he had debouched, and it was a favorite pastime to test his intelligence and patience—to put prizes in unexpected places, pitting man's against the animal's ingenuity.

For a long time Rat was worsted by the window-sill, and whenever the food-platter was put there the cell shortly resounded with guffaws. Rat would

leap his best—which was considerably short of the necessary five feet—and would cling to the siding planks in a vain endeavor to scale them. But, the surface being too smooth, he invariably tumbled in a disconcerted heap before achieving the goal. This delighted Gidman, for he knew there was a way—he had prepared it before beginning the game.

Finally, Rat discovered it. The table stood near the window. Its legs were as smooth as the wall, and harder—but one leg Gidman had notched laboriously with a sharp stone picked from the concrete floor. The table-top projected, forming an impossible barrier. But Gidman had driven a knot out of one of the boards, and Rat had no difficulty in shouldering through. There was still the window-sill, reachable only by a leap from the top of the water-jug. Here Rat balked. The jug looked like a trap.

"Go on, you!" encouraged Gidman. "Can't yeh see it's covered?"

He took the creature in his hand and let him nose about the lid till satisfied. After that, the window-sill was Rat's favorite spot. He would hurry to it on sultry evenings and sniff the cool air through the bars.

"God! If I was only as small as you, they wouldn't keep me here!" sighed Gidman, thinking of the cruel hedge that bristled about the jail-yard, shutting out even hope. "Why, yeh could crawl through the cactus, an' it 'u'd take a crack shot teh bring yeh down, if they did see yeh." With a puzzled expression, he stared long at this creature that could remain in the foul enclosure from choice.

But there was one thing that Rat could never be taught to endure, and when the man began to exercise—to crawl, spiderlike, up and down the wall by the window—the animal would run in sudden fright. Can instinct read a purpose in the human face?

III

THE day dawned which covered the last thumb-nail mark with a cross. The prisoner pocketed his pet and sat down confidently to wait. This was to be the end of days, but he had no thought of facing it alone.

Called to the office of the head jailer, he was ordered to lay aside his prison clothes and to put on the suit that had been taken from him with his liberty. This was a surprise—during the five years he had forgotten that he was wearing stripes—and, embarrassed out of his purpose, he took off his coat and laid it gingerly on the floor.

"*Dios!* What have you there that you so afraid of breaking? Eggs?"

The jailer was in the act of picking up the coat to examine it, when a rat slipped out from a pocket.

"*Cierto!*" cried the jailer. "The rats are enough to eat the place."

He made a pass at Rat with his club. Gidman flared. Rat was tame and unwary; he had grown clumsy and fat. The jailer would find an easy target.

"See here! Don't do that!" Gidman snarled.

The other was absorbed in the chase. He had Rat near a corner and was again raising his club. In another instant, if nothing were done—

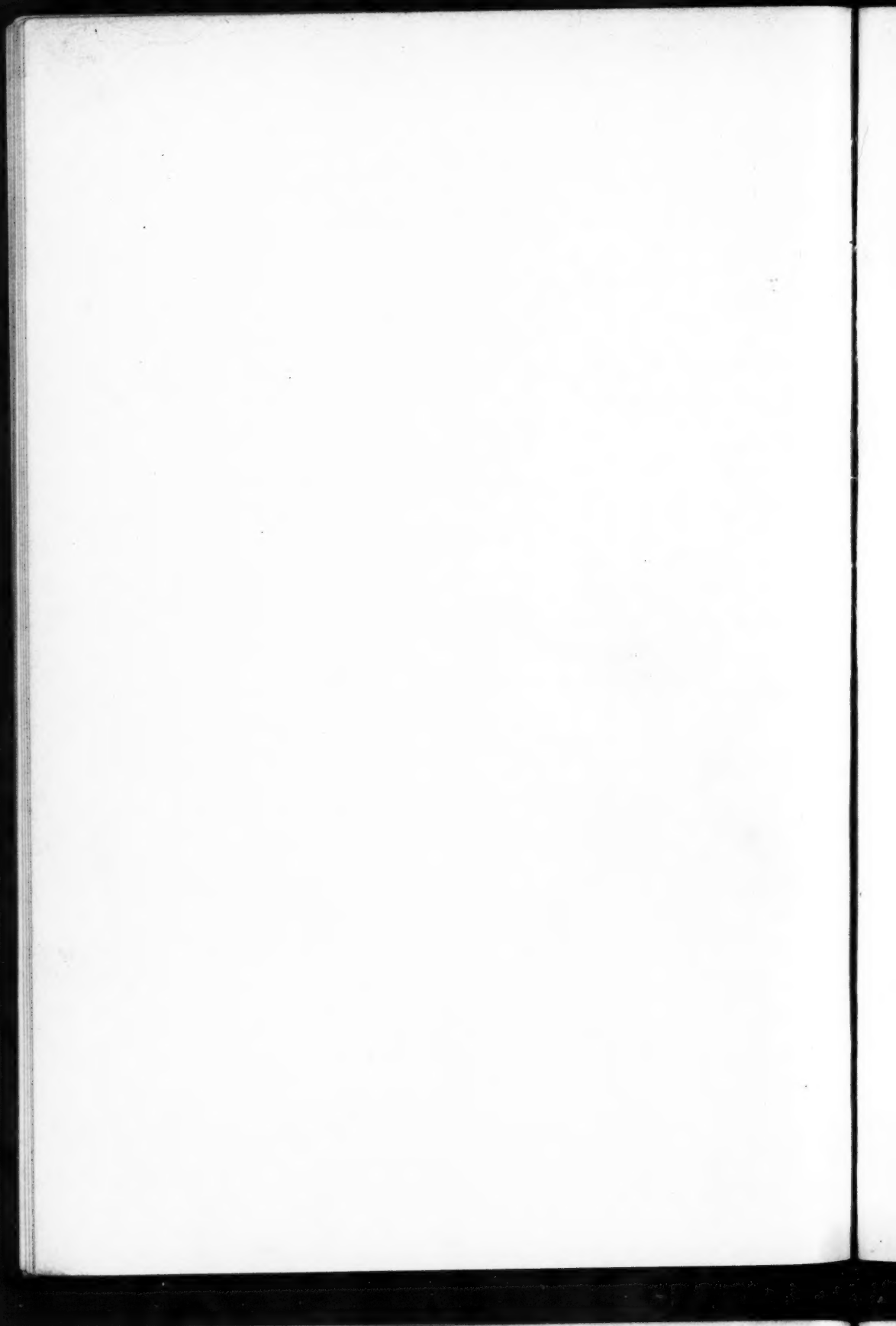
But before the thought clearly formulated itself, something had been done. A vast maelstrom of rage whirled the prisoner's muscles to action. He struck blindly. The jailer reeled as he fell, and the bullet from his pistol caught Gidman in the leg. When the sound of the shot had brought assistants, the two were lying on the floor, one very still, the other writhing and groaning.

Gidman was dragged to a strange cell and left to meditate without hope. No use now to make another calendar on the partition planks. The burden of the unknown lay upon him. But he neither hoped nor feared. There was a void in his thoughts more distressing than his wound, and nothing remained to come between the millstones of his heart, which ground themselves to dust. With not so much as a rat to keep him company, his fortitude gave way, and his soul descended to hell. Any morning might bring the garrote—or he might be kept *incomunicado* for life. Who would inquire after him or search him out?

As he lay on a confused heap of straw, unable to move without a groan, uncertain whether it was night or day, alive only to the wakefulness of his



TWO BEADY EYES WERE REGARDING HIM APPROVINGLY FROM
A CRANNY UNDER THE PORCH



misery, he was at length startled by an intermittent sawing sound, as if some fellow prisoner were trying to cut his way out, or as if something—

Gidman suddenly sat up. His chain clanked dismally. The sound ceased. He crawled to his feet and inspected the cell. A plate on which lay a half-eaten meal—he had little craving now for food—had been pushed near a crack in the partition planks. It was a point not lost, and he was careful to leave a fragment there.

For two nights he listened to the grateful rasping, which at intervals renewed itself. The progress of the hole could be calculated by the increasing distinctness of the sound. Though thick and of cypress, the planks were rotting—even during Gidman's term the damp had made a perceptible impression—and their crumbling edges assisted a velvety figure as it squeezed through the widened crack. Its eyes shone like sparks across the darkness, and it crept noiselessly forward and began to nibble at a morsel of bread.

Gidman swept the cell with a glance and turned his face hastily to the wall, carrying a confused impression of a tin platter, showing white and silvery in the moonlight, and of a restless shadow that had stolen over it. He closed his eyes, as if to shut out the memory. His ears caught the faint stir of the dry crust, and a fear which all the terrors of the jail had spared him was driven through his heart. Moisture softened his callous palms. His tongue tasted bitter. The suspense of the minutes tortured him.

The last sound ceased in the cell. Would it be followed by the approaching caper of familiar little feet, or by the stealthy going—audible only to prison-trained ears—of a wild creature appeased of its famine? He shut his ears with his fingers, lest he should know that he was alone.

When he opened them, there was nothing. The cell showed empty. Gidman fell on his face. Then a soft body of fur brushed his cheek, and it was as if he had been dazed by a sudden light.

"Oh, you, Rat!" he stammered. There was a poignant sensation at his eyes, and triumphant tears struggled through the drought-hardened ducts.

He laughed in childish hysteria. He crooned like a foolish woman over a babe: "Oh, you, Rat! You poor hungry devil! Why didn't yeh come to me first?"

Rat's return awakened the torpid brain, and the prisoner began to reason. He had been thrown only into an adjoining cell, and not into the eternal pit. The head jailer could not have died. Release would come at last. Once more there was hope, and when, instead of the silent opening of the wicket for the passing in of breakfast, the lock clanged and a guard entered, Gidman was hardly surprised. But then—the coming of a guard may mean too much. What if after all—

Lacking Spanish, the prisoner had never been able to communicate with the peon who ordinarily attended to the feeding of the bodies whereby the souls of convicts were kept in durance. Now he was afraid to speak.

"You needn't look so worried—you ain't going to get your deserts this time," said a voice unmistakably American. "They're going to give you the pass."

The hearer's brain surged as he thought of Rosenthal. No longer a convict, he was passing his cell-window on his way out before he thought of Rat; then he stopped and peered into the dim interior.

There was no way here for Rat to reach the sill. In despair, Gidman passed on to his former cell.

"Here, Rat! Here!" he called softly.

Would Rat remember the lesson? Would he follow the old path, up the table-leg, through the knot-hole, leaping from the covered water-jug to the sill? There was a soft scamper across the straw, the sound of claws clinging to wood. Beadlike eyes and uneasy whiskers bristling from a sensitive nose appeared at the window. Gidman chuckled, and slipped Rat into his pocket. He resumed his way toward the guard, who, having received orders to let him pass, was no longer of importance to Gidman's mind.

But there came a challenge: "Hold on, there!"

"Why, I was released this mornin'—you brought the news yerself!" Gid-

man found his words awkwardly, but feeling a bayonet at his breast, realized the necessity for a civil answer.

"That's all right! But what were you doing at that window? I saw you take something. Turn your pockets out!"

Gidman blushed, shamed by the uncovering of his weakness.

"It's only a rat," he stammered, exhibiting the pet. Before the guard could respond, he broke out: "Say, why can't yeh let me keep it? It's the only thing I've got!"

The other hid a look of sympathy under a rasping laugh.

"Go on, then, birdie—you and your rat!"

This guard knew something of prisoners' freaks and the odd effects of solitary confinement.

IV

ONCE at the tavern which terminated the long tramp, Gidman was betrayed by his pallor and by the disreputable luxuriance of his hair and beard. But to the group of border-land ruffians with which he sought to fraternize Mexican law was not the voice of God, nor the brand of an expired sentence altogether unforgivable. They were quite willing to assist in the depletion of the restored purse, from which the jailer had already taken toll.

Yet the lowest kept a certain distance between himself and the pale intruder. Such an opportunity for asserting superiority was not to be lost. Gidman's stooped shoulders, shuffling gait, and sallow skin might have been ignored, but the unkempt shag of hair and the ungoverned tangle of beard were too eloquently disgraceful for the full acceptance even of the habitués—mostly expatriated Americans—of an ill-reputed road-house. Gidman saw that it would be foolish to excite unfriendly curiosity by inquiring too closely after the man he sought. He was helpless in his blind, empty strength. Rosenthal might have flown already to the ends of the earth.

And then he remembered Rat.

The impression produced by the tame creature at the tavern was that of a juggler at a circus. Like a juggler,

Rat showed a familiar thing behaving strangely. Instead of scampering for a hiding-place, he perched upon his haunches and fed from his master's fingers. The crowd applauded. They listened eagerly to the explanation of this mysterious fearlessness.

"How'd you come to get into trouble?" inquired a bystander.

Gidman took the hint to recount his wrongs, and casually let fall the name of Rosenthal. He felt sure of sympathy now. The circle had opened and admitted him.

"So, 'twas Rosenthal that did you up, eh?" sniffed the bartender.

"Naw, not exactly." The discharged prisoner lied shrewdly. He was not minded to give confidences.

"He lives only a few miles beyond here," volunteered an interested listener. "He's married now. He's got a little girl."

Gidman feigned a loss of interest.

"What I want is to get shaved an' have my hair cut," he said. "You've all seen Rat perform. Can't some of yeh help me out?"

He passed his hat around, and was rewarded by a thin sprinkling of coin—a grudging repayment of part of his spendings on the crowd.

Shaven and shorn, Gidman no longer looked ferocious, and when he set out the next morning he had no difficulty in finding the house he sought. A little girl came to the door.

"Tell yer father I want teh see him," he demanded.

"Papa isn't at home. He's gone to Los Rios."

Gidman was taken aback. "I'm a friend of his. I've had a long walk. Can't yeh give me somethin' to eat?"

A woman with the good looks of Spanish blood came to the door and eyed the man suspiciously. He was showing his pet rat to the child and did not realize what increased facilities for revenge were being put into his hands, being absorbed in Rat's impersonation of a horse—a stick for a bit and a string for reins. But not having eaten since the morning before, he ravenously devoured the food which the woman brought. She withdrew, yet she kept a watchful eye, and smiled from

behind a door when he began to teach Rat to be fearless of the child. Rat learned his lesson and scampered playfully to the threshold, and then crept heedlessly out upon the veranda.

There was the crack of a revolver. Rosenthal, returning unexpectedly, was making for the door, laughing.

"I didn't know that the rats were eating us out of house and home, *mi querida!*" he called.

The shot had entered Gidman's soul. He ran forward. Seizing Rosenthal's weapon, he wrenched it from him. Not for nothing had he exercised his hands upon the prison bars.

"It's Sam Gidman! Sam Gidman!" he heard the other's horrified chatter. The child gave a little cry, and the mother appeared, defenseless save for him whom Gidman held at mercy. Rosenthal looked death in the face.

"Shoot, and have it over with," he said, his voice trembling a little. "It'll

only clear the slate, I suppose. But don't you touch her or the little girl! Unless you've no fear of hell, don't you touch 'em. If you do—" He broke down, and began almost to pray. "Let it stop with me, Sam, for God's sake! We were partners once. Don't touch 'em! Don't you touch 'em!"

Gidman paid no attention to the words. When he spoke, he seemed to be talking to himself. "I meant teh come here an' strangle yeh. I didn't reckon on havin' a pistol—just my hands." He glanced doubtfully at his begging foe. "I got over it after a while, an' wanted yeh to know it hadn't done any harm teh send me teh jail." Pausing, he looked Rosenthal squarely in the eyes. "Now, yeh've killed Rat, but——"

His own joyful cry interrupted him. Two beady eyes were regarding him approvingly from a cranny under the porch.

TO ISABEL—A VALENTINE

ISABEL! Ah, might I tell
The charm that these six letters spell!—
A heart attuned to harmonies;
A cosmic spirit, swift to seize
Each winged thought, and teach its wing
To soar, its fluty throat to sing.
Queen of all seasons and all days!
Sweet mistress of all usual ways
And common things the soul doth choose
As ministers to her high use.
Starry adventuress, whose eyes
Are lights to vistas of emprise—
Are torches in the roseate air,
The scented breeze, the gardens fair
And castled steeps of old romance;
Or where the moonlit pixies glance
Their green and gold—and yet the free
High priestess of modernity;
Glad champion of the cause of man
And woman over caste and clan.
Ah, if the years in onward flight
Make new each day my olden right
At thy right hand to find my place,
My old, sweet welcome in thy face,
Then down along the cosmic ways,
Past life, past death, shall wend our days;
And summer still, with rose-in-bloom,
And spring's forget-me-nots have room,
And winter's diamonds on the pane,
And autumn's garner'd fruit and grain—
Joy brimming o'er our cups with wine—
And I, through all, thy Valentine!

John Henry Brown

TO HIM THAT HATH*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

THE Rev. Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission, in New York, is found dead. His friend, David Aldrich, discovers that Morton, to silence a blackmailing woman, Lillian Drew, has taken five thousand dollars from a charity fund, and that his death was probably a case of suicide.

Since a revelation of Morton's weakness would undo his work in building the mission into a power for good, David determines to keep the defalcation secret at any cost. So, when it is discovered that the five thousand dollars is missing—Helen Chambers, daughter of Alexander Chambers, a rich banker, being present—David declares that he himself took the money.

Released, after four years in prison, David rents a room near St. Christopher's. He finds that his sacrifice has not been in vain so far as Morton's memory is concerned; also he discovers that Helen Chambers is still unmarried. He meets strange neighbors—drunken old Jimmy Morgan and his daughter Kate, who calls on him and worms out of him the fact that he has been in prison.

Later Kate Morgan reveals to David that she is herself a professional thief. She laughs at his protestations that he intends to live honestly, and even invites him to join her in a "job." She accepts his refusal as a well-meant but futile postponement of a necessary return to crime as the only means of supporting himself. Her sinister point of view seems the stronger because of the discouragements he meets in hunting for employment.

One evening David surprises a young thief in his room. The youngster, whose name is Tom, was taking David's overcoat with the intention of pawning it. Together they pawn the coat and buy food. David takes Tom in as a comrade.

Soon afterward David falls ill. Tom, who has promised to be honest, returns to the room one evening with the announcement that he has secured a job, and thereafter he keeps David supplied with comforts. But Tom has merely gone back to his stealing, and one afternoon he is caught trying to snatch a young woman's money. The young woman, who proves to be Helen Chambers, forces him to take her to his home and show her the sick brother whom, he said, he was caring for. She recognizes in the sick man David Aldrich, who awakens from a feverish sleep and whispers her name in wonderment. After a brief conventional talk it becomes evident that she thinks he has put Tom up to stealing. She is about to go, when Kate Morgan enters. David introduces the two women and they leave together.

Recovering from his sickness, David renews the search for work, but always his record presses him down, and on New Year's eve he is in the depths of despair. At this crisis he accepts Kate Morgan's final invitation to join her in a burglary. They enter a house in which she has worked as a maid. At the last moment, however, David shrinks from the crime of theft, and Kate berates him for his timidity and goes to another part of the house. While he broods, the owner of the house, who proves to be a man he has seen with Helen Chambers, appears suddenly and covers him with a revolver. There is talk between them, and Kate, coming back, turns the situation and enables David to knock the man senseless and escape. Bitterness and despair surge through him as he wanders homeward. Coming to the mission, he revolts at sight of an illuminated memorial window to Philip Morton. He hurls a brick through the beautiful glass.

XV

IT was the next night. A good-natured crowd was turning from the crisp air of Avenue A into a gilded entrance over which incandescent lights pricked

the words "Liberty Assembly Hall."

There were broad husbands and broad wives; children led by hand, babies carried in arms; young people in couples, and hilarious groups; solitary and furtive men and women. Most were in their

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finest, but many were dressed in shabbiness—though they, too, possibly wore their best.

David, who had wandered into Avenue A, as he often did in his aimless night-walks, paused momentarily and listlessly watched the ingoing crowd. A New Year's ball, he decided; but he heard "Mayor" from so many lips that his inert curiosity prompted him to draw near a friendly looking man who stood without the entrance.

"What's going on in there?" he asked.

"Installing the Mayor of Avenue A," the man returned.

David had vaguely heard of the "mayors" who exercise an unofficial authority in certain districts of New York. "How's the mayor chosen?" he asked. "By election?"

"No. Carl Hoffman's the most popular man on the avenue; he's got coin and influence; we all want him. That's how it is."

"What does he do?"

"If you need a dollar, and ain't got it, you go to Carl. If a poor woman ain't got any coal, she lets Carl know and she's got it. If you're dispossessed, or in trouble with the police, Carl fixes you up. If you can't get work, you go see Carl. He's the poor man's friend—everybody's friend."

For several moments David was silent. Then he asked abruptly: "Is this a private ceremony?"

"Oh, no; go on in, if you want to."

David joined the entering crowd, mounted one flight of stairs, passed through a short hallway, and came into a large hall. Every chair was taken; people stood in the aisles and along the sides. The walls were maroon, relieved by gold-and-white scrollwork, and by mirrors set into the plastering at regular intervals and alternating with Tyrolean scenes, cascades, and sail-patched seas. At the farther end of the hall was a stage, and at its back sat a band, and at its front sat four rotund men in a row.

David slipped into a corner at the rear where his shabbiness saw more of its own kind; and a moment later "Die Wacht am Rhein" thundered from the stage and rolled among the Alps and the cascades and over the moonlit seas.

Then "The Star-Spangled Banner" sent forth its reverberations, and when its last echo had been lost far down an Alpine valley the most rotund of the four rotund men—they were the Mayor of Avenue A, the Mayor of Avenue B, the Mayor of Avenue C, and the Mayor of Avenue D, so a neighbor told David—stepped to a table, rapped for order, assumed an impressive attitude, drew a deep breath, and began:

"It is not within the power of human speech to express how much I, as Mayor of Avenue B, feel the great honor of acting as master of ceremonies on this brilliant and distinguished occasion, graced by so much fairness of the softer sex, when your honorable mayor is installed to serve his eleventh successive and successful term."

But, despite the impotence of speech, the Mayor of Avenue B filled ten minutes with his best words in an attempt to suggest faintly the contents of his breast, and then swept onward into a eulogy of the Mayor of Avenue A, ending with:

"And now, Carl Hoffman, rise and receive the oath of office."

Cheers and hand-clapping echoed through the Alps as the tallest of the four mayors stepped forward, and suddenly the band thundered into "Hail the Conquering Hero." The mayor bowed and smiled, and smiled and bowed, and swept his arm now to this side and now to that in magnificent gestures. His face was inflated with fat, and was as free of wrinkles as a child's balloon; a few hairs were drawn in pencil lines across his shiny head; athwart his white waistcoat swung a heavy gold chain—in lieu of a hoop, one could fancy, to hold fast the swinging flesh. It was well that his face was broad; a thin face would have cramped the wide, shining smile he held upon his uproaring constituency.

When the tumult subsided the master of ceremonies caught the mayor's arm.

"Here he is, ladies and gents!" he cried. "Look at him! The champion heavyweight, catch-as-catch-can philanthropist of New York. I am authorized to challenge any other philanthropist of his class in the city for a match, the gate receipts to the winner, and a thousand-dollar side bet!"

The crowd again broke loose. A deep, gruff, joyous voice rose from the mayor's interior. "Moxie, get your wife to sew a button on your mouth!"

The hall was one gleeful roar at this sally.

"Raise your right hand," said the Mayor of Avenue B when there was partial quiet. "Now repeat after me: I, Carl Hoffman, do hereby promise to the best of my ability——"

"Why, sure!" approved the deep voice.

"To be a friend to any man, woman, or child that needs a friend. So help me God!"

"Sure thing!" responded a hearty rumble; and the crowd once more applauded.

The Mayor of Avenue A beamed upon the audience. "That's me," he said, with a grand upward sweep of his right arm. "I don't need to tell you what I'm goin' to do. I been doin' it for ten years. I guess my record'll do all the talkin' that's needed. But this much I'll say for myself: if anybody durin' this new year needs a friend and he don't chase himself around to the Pan-American Café and ask for Carl Hoffman—well, he deserves more troubles than he's got!"

He went on and told how glad he was to see his friends, and how proud he was to be their mayor, but through it all David heard only the oath of office and the mayor's first few sentences; and when, later, the ushers began to clear away the chairs for dancing, and David slipped down to the street and walked homeward, he still thought only of the mayor's offer to the man that needed a friend.

At eleven o'clock the next morning—he had figured that the morning rush would be over by that time—David paused before the red front of the Pan-American Café. Doubts and fears that had been rising now stampeded him: the mayor's talk was only platform talk; the mayor was doubtless like all the others that had refused him, insulted him. He walked up and down the avenue, passing and repassing the café and the narrow little shops that lined the sidewalk. Then he told himself that he had nothing to lose; another refusal

would be merely another refusal. He summoned back his courage, delivered himself into its hands, and entered.

He found himself in a wide, long room, whose green walls were hung with signs of breweries and with placards announcing the balls of "The Lady Orchids," "The Twin Brothers," "The Carl Hoffman Association," and a dozen other social organizations of the neighborhood. Six rows of tables, some marble-topped, some linen-covered, with chairs stacked upon them, stretched the length of the room, and black-jacketed waiters were mopping the linoleum-covered floors.

One of the waiters came forward to meet David and cleared the chairs from a table. "Nothing to eat, thank you," said David. "I want to see Mr. Hoffman."

"Sorry—he's out. But he's likely to be in any minute. Just sit down. No, wait—there he is now."

David looked about. Coming in from the street was the ample form of the Mayor of Avenue A. "Got four discharged and paid two fines," the mayor announced to the waiters, who had all looked up expectantly. "And when I got 'em out of the court-room I lined 'em up and gave 'em gentle fits. They'll keep sober for a while."

He turned to David. "Why some decent men ain't never sure the New Year's really begun till they've poured themselves neck-full of whisky—mebbe the God that made 'em understands, but Carl Hoffman certainly don't."

David admitted that no more did he, and then asked for a few minutes' talk—in private.

"Hey, John, take these things," and the mayor burdened David's waiter with overcoat, muffler, and hat; and David saw that a gorgeous silk waistcoat had replaced the white one of last night. "And, say, boys," he shouted to the others, "suppose you let this scrubbin' go for a while and get busy at somethin' out in the kitchen."

He led David to a table in one corner, beside a platform where a ladies' orchestra played at night, and after lifting off the chairs, they sat down facing each other. "Well, now, what can I do for you?" the mayor asked.

David did not give his courage time to escape. "I was at your inauguration last night," he began quickly, "and I heard you say that if any man needed help——"

"The poor man's friend—that's me," broke in the mayor, with a quick nod, folding his plump hands—on one of which burned a great diamond—before him on the table.

"And the poor man—that's me," said David.

"Well, you've come to the right doctor. What's ailing you?" The mayor's eyes became sharp, and his face became as stern as its pink fulness would permit. "But one word first. Some people think I'm an easy mark. I ain't. I've got two rules: never to give a nickel to a man that don't deserve it, and never to give the icy mitt to the man who deserves the warm hand. I guess I ain't never broke either rule. A grafter ain't got no more chance with me than a chunk of butter in a fryin'-pan. I ain't sayin' these things to hurt your feelin's, friend, but just to let you know that if you ain't on the level you're wastin' your precious time here. If you are on the level—fire away. I'm your man."

This was rather disconcerting. "I can only tell you the truth," said David, choking within.

"It wouldn't do you no good to tell anything else," the mayor said dryly. "I can generally tell when the chicken in a chicken pie is corned beef."

David gathered his strength. "I shall tell you everything. To begin with, I've been a thief——"

"A thief!" the mayor ejaculated. He stared. "Tales of wo always begin with the best thing a fellow can say about himself. If you start off with bein' a thief, Lord! man, what'll you be when you get through?"

"I'm beginning with the worst. I'm out of prison about four months. I was sent up for—for stealing money from a mission—from St. Christopher's Mission—four or five years ago."

Again the mayor stared, and again his face took on its stern look. "So you're that man!" he said slowly. "I remember about it. The mission ain't far from here. Well, friend, one of my waiters'd fire me out of here for disorderly conduct

if I told you in plain English what I think of that trick. But it was a dirty, low-down piece of business, and you deserve a lot more than came to you."

David rose, very white. It was as he had expected—another refusal. "From what you say, then, I judge you care to do nothing for me. Good morning."

"Did I say so? Set down. You're talkin' the truth—that's somethin'. At least, it don't sound much like one of them pleasant little lies a fellow makes up to make a good impression. Well, what d'you want from me?"

David sat down. He spoke quickly, desperately, his white face held tensely upon the mayor's. "I came back from prison determined to live honestly. I've been trying for four months to get work. No one will have me. I won't tell you what I've been through. I must have work, if I'm to live at all. I've come to you because I thought you might help me get work—any kind of work."

For a minute or more the mayor silently studied David's thin features. Then he said abruptly:

"Excuse me for leavin' your troubles, but I been out in this cold air and I'm as empty as my hat. I've got to have a bite to eat, and you'll have some with me. I don't like to eat alone. Oh, John!" the deep voice roared out. "Say, John, fetch us some eggs. How'll you have your eggs? Scrambled? Scrambled eggs, John, bacon, rolls, and coffee for two."

"Now, back to your troubles, friend." He shook his head slowly. "You're up against a stiff proposition. There ain't much of a demand for ex-crooks right now."

He once more began to scrutinize David's face. "Don't let this bother you, friend; I'm just seein' what's inside of you," he said, and continued his stare.

One minute passed, two minutes, and that fixed gaze did not move. David grew weak with suspense; he knew he was on trial, and that the next second would hear his sentence. Suddenly the mayor thrust a big hand across the table and grasped David's. "It ain't the icy mitt for you; it's the warm hand. Jobs are scarce, but let's see what I can do for you. What kind of work have you done? I remember readin' about

you; wasn't you a professor, or somethin' in that line of business?"

David swam in a vertigo of vast relief; his hand instinctively clutched the edge of the table; the mayor's face looked blurred, far away. "I was a writer—for magazines."

"My pull wouldn't help you much in that line." The mayor's eyes again became keen. "And I suppose you want somethin' of the same sort—somethin' fancy?"

The dizziness was subsiding. "Anything—so it's work!"

The mayor meditated a moment. "Well, I only know of one job just now, and you wouldn't have it."

"What is it?" demanded David tensely.

"The agent of the house where I live told me a couple of days ago he wanted a new janitor."

"I'll take it!"

"Sweepin'—scrubbin'—sortin' rubbish—everybody swearin' at you—twelve dollars a month."

The wages made David hesitate. He calculated. "I'll take it—if the agent will have me."

"He'll have you. Rogers takes a special interest in men that're makin' the fight you're makin'."

David half rose. "Hadn't I better see him at once?" he asked anxiously. "The job may be taken any minute."

"Set down, young man. That job ain't goin' to run away. Here comes breakfast. I'll go with you when we're through. Gee! I could eat a house."

David made no boasts, but when he rose from his first meal since the midnight supper with Kate Morgan, thirty-three hours before, he had effaced his share of the breakfast. He noted that the mayor's share had hardly been touched, and the mayor saw he observed this. "I had a sudden turn of the stomach," the mayor explained. "I never know when it's goin' to let me eat or when it's goin' to say there's nothin' doin'."

As they walked away together David was agitated with dread that he might find the position had been filled. He wanted to run. But despite his suspense, he had to notice that the mayor was smiling at all the women on both

sides of the street, and that every pretty one that passed was followed by a look over the mayor's shoulder.

At the end of three minutes' walking they turned into a tenement of the better sort, on the large front windows of whose first floor David read in gilt letters, "John Rogers—Real Estate."

"Here's where I live—on the floor above," said the mayor. "You just wait here in the hall a minute or two while I have a chat with Rogers."

The mayor entered the office, and David paced the narrow hallway. Would he get the job? No; this Rogers would never hire a thief. Anyhow, even if Rogers would, some one else had the job already. It couldn't be true that he was at last to gain a foothold—even such a poor foothold. No; this was to be merely one more rejection.

At length the mayor came out, carefully smoothing the few hairs that lined the top of his head like a sheet of music-paper. "Rogers is waitin' for you; go right in. I'll see you soon. Good-by." He shook hands and went out, cautiously replacing his hat.

David entered, palpitant. The room was bare, save for real-estate maps on the walls, a few chairs, and a desk. Mr. Rogers turned in his swivel-chair and motioned David to a seat beside him. "Mr. Hoffman has told me about you," he said briefly, and for a moment he silently looked David over; and David, for his part, did the same by the man whose "yes" or "no" was about to recreate or destroy him.

Mr. Rogers was a slight, spectacled man with dingy brown hair and a reddish pointed beard; and if his plain clothes had any characteristic, that characteristic was obscurity. His face had the yellowish pallor of old ivory, and its apparent immobility would have given the impression that his was a pulseless, graven nature, had there not gleamed behind his spectacles a pair of quick, watchful eyes.

"Do you mind if I ask you about yourself?" Mr. Rogers said with quietness, which David vaguely felt was the key-note of his character.

"Ask anything you please."

"Mr. Hoffman has told me of your—unfortunate experience of the last four

or five years. Since coming out you have made a real effort at finding work?"

David outlined the struggles of the past four months. Mr. Rogers heard him through without show of emotion other than an increased brightness of the eyes, then asked:

"Have you not, under such hard circumstances, been tempted to steal again?"

David paled, and hesitated. A reformed thief who had attempted theft no later than yesterday would certainly not be employed. He saw his chance, so near, fade suddenly away.

"Yes—once," he admitted in a low tone. Then his voice became tremulous with appeal. "But only once! I was in the act of stealing—but I stopped myself; I could not. I took nothing!—not a thing!"

David expected to see the face harden, but it did not change. "You know the character of the work," the even voice resumed. "It is not pleasant."

David's hopes rushed back. "That makes no difference to me," he said eagerly.

"And the pay is small—only twelve dollars a month and your rent."

"Yes! Yes! That's all right!"

"Then," concluded the low, even voice, "if it's convenient to you I should like to have you begin at once."

XVI

DAVID, an hour later, started for his old home to begin the removal, armload at a time, of his belongings. As he walked among the school-hurrying children, over the dingy packed snow, he felt a dazed fear that this world of hope he had entered might suddenly vanish. Failure had been so constantly his that this beginning of success seemed unreal. He dared feel only a tentative exultation.

At the entrance to his old tenement he met Kate Morgan coming out. He had not seen her since she glided past him through Mr. Allen's hall, suit-case in hand. There rushed into him a wonderment as to how she would receive him.

He stopped. "Good afternoon," he said.

She paled, looked him squarely in the face, and passed without a word. With

a pang of loss, he watched her walk stiffly away. Her friendship, save for Tom's, was the only friendship he had known since leaving prison. Now it was over.

Two hours later, as he was leaving with his last armload, he met her in the hall. She sneered in his face, and snapped out "Coward!" and brushed by. He called after her, but she marched on and into her door without looking back.

At the time he was hired David had thought his "rent" would be a single room, but his "rent" had proved to be a five-room flat in the basement. In the front room, during the odd moments his afternoon's work allowed him, he arranged his belongings, to which Mr. Rogers had added a bed and a few pieces of furniture. When all was in order he found the room still looked bare. After all, his "rent" might as well have been a single room. Little good the four rooms behind, locked and vacant, would do him.

Darkness had fallen, and he was sitting alone, telling himself that this having a position that assured him a salary at the end of a month was all very fine, but how was he to live till that salary was due, when Mr. Rogers came in.

"It has occurred to me that perhaps you could use a little ready money," Mr. Rogers said, in his low voice, and he laid several bills upon David's table. "There's one month's wages in advance." And before David had recovered from his surprise Mr. Rogers was out of the room.

While David was still staring at this money, there was another knock. He opened the door upon the Mayor of Avenue A. The mayor walked in and lowered himself heavily into the one rocking-chair.

"Well, I see you've landed with Rogers," he called out as though David were a block away. "You'll find Rogers quiet, but the real thing. He's got a heart that really beats."

He looked about. "Just usin' this one room, I see. What're you doin' with the others?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you rent 'em?"

"D'you think I can?"

"Can? You can't help it. Why, only yesterday a family was askin' me to help 'em find a cheap flat. Let's see how much them four rooms would be worth. I pay thirty a month up on the second floor; this might fetch sixteen or eighteen, or mebbe twenty. You've got the best room; take that off and say—well, say twelve a month. How'd that suit you?"

"If I could only get it!"

The mayor drew out a fat wallet. "That fixes my family up, then. Here's your twelve."

"You're in earnest?" David asked slowly.

"Sure. The family'll be in to-morrow."

"But I can't take the money in advance—and from you."

"It ain't my money. It's theirs. And advance—nothin'! Rent's always in advance. And if I don't cinch the bargain now somebody'll come along and offer you thirteen, and then where'll I be? Here, stick this in your pants and shut up!"

David took the money. "Mr. Hoffman, I don't know how I can ever thank you for your favors—"

"Oh, this ain't no favor. This is business. But if you think it's a favor—well, some day I may be on my uppers. Remember it then." A pillowy hand drew forth his watch, lit up with diamonds. "Well, by George! if I don't chase right over to my joint I won't even have any uppers. Them blamed waiters of mine is always forgettin' to water the soup."

When he was alone, David sat with eyes looking at his fortune, which he had heaped upon the table, and with mind looking at the situation in which he now found himself. Eight years before, he would have regarded this janitor's position much as a man on a green sunlit bank of a cliff-walled, tumultuous river would regard a little bare ledge below against which the water frothed in anger—as something not worth even a casual thought. But he had been in that stream which sweeps its prey on to destruction; his hands had slipped from its smooth walls; and just as he was going down he had caught the little ledge and dragged himself upon it—and

now this bare rock to him was the world. He did not think of the green fields and the sun above, toward which he must begin to climb; he could only, as it were, lie gasping upon his back and marvel at the miracle of his escape.

He was still sitting so, surrounded by his thoughts, when he was roused by yet another knock. He had asked his landlady to send Tom over when the boy returned, and as he crossed the room he hoped he would find Tom at the door. Sure enough, there stood the boy. He came in quietly, with a certain hesitancy, for during the past week the two had hardly spoken—they had merely been aware of each other's existence.

"What's all dis mean?" he asked slowly, looking around in amazement.

David clapped his hands on Tom's shoulders in a rush of spirits. "It means, my boy, that we're going to begin to live! See this room? The rent's paid for as long as we stay here. And look at the table!"

Tom looked, instead, at David's face. "Gee, pard, if you ain't got a grin!" he cried. Forthwith a grin appeared on his own face. He turned to the table—and stared. "Say, look at de bank!" he gasped.

"That's something to eat, Tom. And new clothes. There's twenty-four dollars in that pile, and twenty-four coming in every month, with no rent to pay."

"Don't say nuttin', pard. If dis is a dream, don't wake me up. But what's de graft? How did you get next to all dis?"

David related his day's experience. When he had ended, Tom did a few steps of a vaudeville dance, then seized David's hand. "Well, ain't dis luck! It's like God woke up. But what you goin' to do wid all de coin?"

"Oh, buy railroads and such things."

David held on to the hand the boy had given him and took the other. "Tom," he said, looking down into the boy's face, "I've got an idea neither of us is very proud of all the things he's done lately. D'you think so?"

The boy's eyes fell to the floor.

"I shouldn't care to tell you all I've done." Should you care to tell me?"

The tangled head shook.

"Well, from now on we're going to

be straight—all on the level. Aren't we?"

Tom looked up. "I guess we are, pard," he said, in a low voice.

They looked steadily into each other's eyes for an instant. Then David gave him a quick push. "On with your hat, there, my boy! Let's see if the grocery-man won't take some of this money."

After their dinner, David began to tack up prints. Tom meditatively watched his back, then suddenly announced, "I seen her to-day."

David turned sharply. He knew the answer, but he asked, "Saw who?"

"You know—de lady what I fetched up. I seen her on de street."

David tried to appear unconcerned. "Did she say anything?"

"She asked how you was."

"What did you tell her?"

"I didn't know what to say. I was afraid o' queerin' somet'ing you might 'a' told her. I just said you was better."

David tacked up another print, while Tom again watched him thoughtfully. Then Tom asked abruptly:

"She's a friend o' yourn, ain't she?"

"No."

"I t'ought she was!" His voice had a tone of disappointment. "Why ain't she?"

"Well—I guess she doesn't like me."

"Don't like you!" cried Tom indignantly. "Den she's had a bum steer," he said decidedly. He thought for a moment. "I wonder what's queered her agin you?"

"Oh, several things," David answered vaguely. Then, obeying an impulse born of the universal craving for sympathy, he went on: "For one thing, she believes I put you up to stealing."

"She t'inks you knew anyt'ing about dat!" Tom sprang up in his excitement.

"She believes you were stealing regularly, and that it was all done under my direction."

"Is dat de way she sizes up de facts? Well, ain't dat just like a woman! Wouldn't it freeze your eyeballs, de way goils do t'ings! But see here, pard; swell friends can do a guy a lot o' good. Why don't you hang on to her? Why don't you put her wise?"

"She wouldn't believe me. My boy"—the tone tried to be light—"when the

world is certain to regard your truth as a lie it's just as well to keep still."

David went on with his tacking, and a minute or more passed before Tom asked quietly: "But wouldn't you like her to know de facts?—wouldn't you like her to be your friend?"

"Oh, yes—why not?" David responded, in his voice of affected unconcern.

Tom gazed steadily at David's back, his thin face wrinkled with thought. At length he said to himself, in a whisper: "So she t'inks he put me up to it, does she?"

XVII

At the end of the afternoon, a few days later, a fierce battle was being waged in the basement room that was the Aldrich home, when a knock made David lower his defensive fists.

"Ah, don't stop, pard," Tom begged of his cornered enemy. "Let 'em pound. It's just somebody else kickin' about de heat."

"We'll only stop a second. Ask 'em what they want, and say I'll attend to it at once."

Tom, grumbling fiercely, opened the door. "What's de matter?" he demanded. "Ain't you got no heat?"

But it was not an angry tenant who stepped in from the darkness of the hall. It was Helen Chambers. She was flushed, and excitement quivered beneath her manner. She looked from one pillow-fisted belligerent to the other, and said, with a tremulous smile:

"I had thought there was no heat, but after looking at you I've decided there's plenty. Is this the way you always receive complaints?"

Tom glanced guiltily at David, then darted behind her and through the door. David gazed at her. Suddenly he remembered his shirt-sleeves. "I beg your pardon," he said, and in his bewilderment he tried to thrust his huge fists into his coat.

"Perhaps you can do that"—again the tremulous smile—"but I really don't think you can."

"I should take the gloves off, of course," he stammered. He frantically unlaced them, slipped into his coat, and then looked at her, throbbing with won-

der as to why she had come, as to how she was going to greet him.

She did not leave him in an instant's doubt. She stepped toward him with outstretched hand, the smile gone, and tears shining in her eyes. "I have come to you to apologize," she said, in her low, vibrant voice.

"Apologize!" gasped David, weakly taking her hand.

"A thousand times. I believed you were directing the boy in his thefts—that you were both profiting by them. I judged you upon mere appearances. I despise myself for it. This afternoon the boy came to me at St. Christopher's and told me the real story. I could hardly wait till I was free, so I could hurry to you and ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you!" David said slowly.

"Forgive me for my unjust judgment," she went on, with a quaver in her voice that thrilled David. "Forgive my hardness to one who was bravely making what is perhaps the most difficult struggle in life. Instead of encouraging you, I thrust you down. I am ashamed. Forgive me."

Her coming, when he had never expected to face her again; her kindness, when he had expected scorn; her begging forgiveness, when he was the guilt-branded one—all this was so sudden that he was speechless before the marvel.

"You do not forgive me?"

Again David thrilled at the tremulous note in her voice. "I am not worthy to forgive you," he said huskily.

"You are innocent—therefore worthy." Her eyes, looking straight into his face, continued the appeal.

"I forgive you," he said, in a low voice.

"Thank you." She said this with vibrant simplicity, pressing his hand. "And I came for something else. I came to tell you how glad I am to learn you are making the brave, bitter upward struggle. And I came to say that if there is any way my friendship can help you, that help is yours."

"You want to help me!" was all he could say.

"Yes. Won't you let me—please? Why should I not be of service, if I can, to one I've known for years, one who has proved his worthiness?"

"Proved my worthiness?"

"By your kindness to the boy, and by your honesty."

He throbbed with exultation. "Then you believe I am now honest?"

"You have proved that—proved it by the way you have stood the test of the last four months, by the way you have resisted temptation."

His eyes suddenly sank from hers to the floor. Her words had brought back New Year's night. She had come to him with friendship because she was certain of his unfallen honesty. If she knew of New Year's night, would she be giving him this praise, these offers? Likely not. The temptation to say nothing rose, but he could not requite frankness and sincerity such as hers with the lie of silence; he could not accept her friendship under false pretenses.

When he looked up her face became tense and white to match his own. He gazed at her steadily. "I am innocent where you thought me guilty, but"—he paused; the truth was hard—"but I am guilty where you think me innocent."

She gave a little shiver, and took a step toward him. "What do you mean?" she asked, in a voice that betrayed disquietude.

"I have not resisted temptation as you thought."

He saw that his words had hurt her, and there was a flash of wonder that a lapse of his should give her pain. An appeal, full of color, of feeling, that would justify him to her was rising to his lips, but before it passed them he suddenly felt himself so much the wronged that his confession came forth an abrupt outline of his acts, spoken with no shame, only with a fear of how she would take it.

"I had been starved, rebuffed, for over three months. Temptation came. I entered a house—entered it to steal. But when I tried to steal, I could not. I came away with nothing."

He paused. His guilt was out. He awaited her judgment, fearful of her condemnation, and with resentment ready for it if it came.

Her face cleared. "Is that all?" she cried.

A vast relief quivered through him.

"You mean, then, that——" He hesitated.

"That you have been fiercely tempted, but you are not guilty."

"You see it so?"

"Yes. Had you conquered temptation on the outer side of the door, you would certainly have been guiltless. We are all being constantly led to the very door of wrong. Since you conquered temptation on the inner side of the door, I cannot see that those few more steps are the difference between guilt and innocence."

For a moment his conscience impelled him to complete his confession by telling whose house he had entered. But at once he saw that, since she knew him to be a friend of Kate's, and since she knew where Kate had worked, to name the house might direct suspicion toward Kate. He had the right to confess, but not the right to betray Kate Morgan. Anyhow, his guilt was that he had entered a house—not a particular one.

"Then you do not despise me for my weakness?" he asked.

"I honor you for your strength," she said simply.

He could hardly believe he was hearing these words. Ah, she had a great heart!

"I am glad you had the strength," she went on, "but even had temptation been the stronger, I think the man driven by supreme desperation to commit a theft is to be forgiven. Who knows?—under such severe circumstances, I am sure I should steal."

She was silent a moment. "But don't you want to tell me something about yourself—about your plans?"

She asked this last with a warm smile of appeal that thrilled David's hungry heart. "There is little to tell—but——" He now became aware that all the while they had been standing. "Pardon my rudeness," he said, and set a chair for her beside the table, and himself took a chair opposite her. Sitting thus, face to face, the yellow gaslight falling between them, he saw as though it were something entirely new the fineness, the nobility, the thoughtful beauty of her face. And that he should be sitting near her as a friend struck him afresh as a miracle.

"There is little to tell," he repeated.

"I am what you see—the janitor of this house." As he spoke the word "janitor" it flashed upon him that there had been a time when, in his wild visions, he had thought of winning this woman to be his wife. He flushed.

"Yes, I know that. But you have other plans—other ambitions?"

"A week ago my ambition was to find work that would keep me alive," he returned, smiling. "I have just attained that ambition. I have hardly had time to dream new dreams."

"But you will dream them again," she said confidently.

"I had them when—when I came back, and I suppose they will return."

"Yes. Go on!"

He had thought in his most hopeful moments that some day she might regard him with a distant friendliness, but he had never expected such an interest as was shown in her eager, peremptory tone. "There were two dreams. One was this: I wondered, if I were honest, if I worked hard, if I were of service to those about me, could I, after several years, win back the respect of the world, or its semi-respect? You know, the world is so thoughtless, so careless, so slow to forgive. And I wondered if perhaps, after several years, I could win back the respect of—of some of my old friends?"

"I knew that was one dream, one plan," she said quietly. "For myself—you have already won my respect."

"Thank you!" he said, his voice threaded with a quaver.

"But I will be frank about the world," she went on. "It is, as you said, thoughtless and slow to forgive. You have a struggle there. But you are going to enter upon this plan, just the same."

"I am."

"Ah, I knew it," she said, in the same quiet voice. "I am glad. You will win in the end. And the other dream?"

"It is presumptuous for me to speak of the other dream, for to work for its fulfilment would require all the things I have lost and many things I never had—a fair name, influence, money, a personality, ability of the right sort. Besides, the dream is vague, unshaped—only a dream. It is not new, and it is

not even my own dream. Thousands have dreamed it, and many are striving to turn it into a fact—a condition. It would be presumptuous for me to speak of it."

"But surely you are going to tell me?"

"Even though it will sound absurd from me? Well, if you wish me to."

He paused a moment to gather his thoughts. "One thing the last four months have taught me," he began, "is that the discharged criminal has little chance ever to be anything but a criminal. Many come out hardened; perhaps the prison hardened them—I have seen many a young fellow who had his good points when he entered hardened irreclaimably by his prison associates and prison methods. These have no desire to live useful lives. Some come out with moderately strong resolutions to live honestly, and some come out with a fierce determination. If these last two classes could find work a large proportion of them would develop into useful men. But instead of a world willing to hold out a helping hand they find a world that refuses them the slightest chance.

"What can they do? They persist as long as their resolution lasts. If it is weak, they may give up in a few days. Then, since the upward road is closed against them, they turn into the road that is always open, always calling—the road of their old ways, of their old friends. They are lost.

"A week ago I was all bitterness, all rebellion, against the world for its destruction of these men. I said the world pushed these men back into crime—destroyed their souls—because it feared to risk its worshiped dollars. I feel bitter still, but I think I can see the world's excuse. The world says, 'For any vacancy there are, as a rule, at least two applicants; I choose the better and refuse the other.' It is a natural rule. So long as man thinks first of his own interest, that rule will stand. Against such a rule that closes the road of honesty what chance does the discharged convict have? He has none—absolutely none!

"Since the world will not receive back the thief, since there is no saving the

thief once he has become a thief, the only chance whatever for him is to save him before he has turned to thievery—while he is a child.

"Have you ever thought how saving we are of all material things, and what squanderers—oh, what criminal squanderers!—we are of human lives? How much more rapidly the handling of iron and hogs and cotton has developed than the handling of men!

"What can we say about the important business of producing citizens? Look at the men in our prisons. Wasted material. Had they been treated, when they were the raw material of childhood, with a thousandth part of the intelligence and care that is devoted to turning every part of the pig into use, into profit, they would have been manufactured into good citizens. And these men in prisons are but a small fraction of the great human waste. Think of the uncaught criminals, of the stunted children, of the human wreckage floating about the city!—all wasted human material. And all the time more children are growing up to take the places of these when they are gone. Why, if any business man should run his factory as we conduct our business of producing citizens he'd be bankrupt in a year!

"This waste can be saved. Not the men now in prison, nor the women in the street, nor those on whom ill conditions have fastened disease. Most of them are forever lost. But their successors, the growing children, can be saved. If the production of citizens were a business run for profit—which in a sense it is, for each good citizen is worth thousands of dollars to the country—and were placed in the hands of a modern business man, then you would see! Had he been packer, steel-manufacturer, goldsmith, not a drop of blood, not an ounce of steel, not the infinitesimal filings of gold, escaped him. Do you think that he would let millions of human beings, worth, to put a sordid money value upon their heads, ten thousand dollars apiece, be wasted? Never! He would find the great business leak and stop it. He would save all.

"And how save? I am a believer in heredity—yes; but I believe far more in the influence of surroundings. Let a

child be cradled in the gutter and nursed by wickedness; let wickedness be its bedfellow, playfellow, workfellow, its teacher and its friend—and what do you get? The prisons tell you. Let the same child grow up surrounded by decency, and you have a decent child, and later a decent man. Could the thousands and thousands of children who are developing toward criminality, toward profligacy, toward a stunted maturity, be set amid good conditions, the leak would be stopped, or almost—the great human waste would be brought to an end. They would be saved to themselves and saved to their country.

"Nothing of all this is new to you. But the world is so indifferent, so negligent. I should like to do my little part toward rousing the world to the awfulness of this waste—toward making it as economical of its people as it is of its pigs and pig iron. And that is my dream."

He had spoken vibrantly, leaning toward her with his hands tightly interlocked on the table, his eyes aglow, a flush on his white cheeks. Color had risen to her own face. For several moments after he had stopped they sat looking at each other; then she said, barely above a whisper:

"Ah! There is greatness in you!"

"No, no," David returned quickly. "I have merely builded out of words the shape of an impossible dream." A little smile came to his face, but its whimsicality could not hide its pain. "I told you it was all a preposterous dream. Look at what I dream; look at me—my record. You may smile."

"I feel more like doing the other," she said, with a quaver. "You are going to grow above your record, and above this position."

Her praise, her sympathy, her belief, thrilled him; and his purpose, set free in words, had given him courage, had lifted him up. As from a swift, dizzy growth, he felt strong, big.

A burning impulse swept into him to tell her his innocence. For a moment his innocence trembled on his lips. But the old compelling reasons for silence rushed forward and joined battle with the desire of his love. His hands clenched, his body tightened.

"May the prophecy come true!" his dry lips said.

"It will."

She began absently to draw off her glove. David casually noted the action. He was wrenched from his thoughts and whizzed away to a new one—what was on her third finger? The glove came off slowly. Every little pull at it was a tug at his heart.

After an epoch the hand was bare. There was no ring!

He caught in so sharp a breath that Helen came out of her absorption with a start. "You have a new idea?" she asked.

"Yes—no," he stammered. "It doesn't amount to anything."

"I'm sure it does."

"It—it wouldn't interest you. It's of no importance." By an effort he controlled himself. "But you were thinking of something."

"Yes. And I want to tell you of it." She rose. "But I must be going. Won't you walk with me to the car, and let me talk on the way?"

A minute later they were in the street, from which the day had all but faded, and into which the shop-windows, and above them the tier on tier of tenement-windows, were stretching their meager substitute. David offered her his arm with trepidation, trembling when she took it, and they set themselves against the stream of home-coming workers. Her generous words to him, her ringless finger, the hand upon his arm, combined to send the blood leaping through him, to put into him the lightness and the all-conquering strength of youth; and the crisp winter air that thrust its sting into many of the huddling passers-by tinglingly pricked him with the joy of living.

"Have you thought again of writing?" she asked.

"About as much as a man who has leaped from a housetop to try his wings thinks again of flying."

"I am speaking seriously," she persisted. "If the impulse to write should return, would you be able to find time for writing?"

"I think I could manage three or four hours a day—perhaps five."

"Then why not try?"

"The ground where one alights is so hard, Miss Chambers."

"But perhaps you did not soar the other time because you had not learned how to use your wings. Perhaps they have grown strong and developed during their rest. Many of us used to believe they would carry you far up into the heaven of fame. Why not try? You have nothing to lose. You may succeed. If you do, you are lifted out of your present work; your record will begin to clear—the dream you have told me of will then begin to be possible."

For several paces David was silent. "I, too, have thought of this. As you say, there is nothing to lose. I will try."

"Why not take an idea in the field of your dreams?" she pursued eagerly. "Why not write a story illustrating how the criminal is to be saved?—a story to show that the thousands that are wasted, their lives lost to themselves and their country, and their souls lost to God, should not, need not, be merely waste."

"I'll think of it," said David. "Perhaps that idea may be just the one."

A little farther on, as they were coming out upon the Bowery, the Mayor of

Avenue A swayed into view. Astonishment leaped into his face when he saw who David's companion was, and his silk hat performed a wide circle; and David had a sense that backward glances over the mayor's shoulders were following them.

"And you really believe in me?" David asked, as they waited for an approaching car to stop.

"I do—and I believe all the other things I have said." She gave the answer with a firm pressure of her hand.

"God helping, you'll not be disappointed!" he breathed fiercely, exultantly.

He retreated to the sidewalk, and, standing there, the clanging of the Elevated trains beating his ears, he watched the slow passage of her car through the press of jostling, vituperating trucks till it disappeared beyond Cooper Union. Then he turned away, and strode the streets—chin up, shoulders back, eyes straightforward—powered with such a hope, such a determination to do as he had not known since his first post-college days. Perhaps he would conquer the future. He would try.

Yes—he *would* conquer it!

(To be continued)

MY OWN COUNTREE

'Tis a weary way to my own countree—

'Tis many a mile and far,
And the trackless moors and the shifting sea
Forever between us are.

But at night, when I lie in the strangers' land,
And the daily task is done;
When the sky with a starry web is spanned
For the feet of angels spun;

Quick as a dream may bear me, then,
I cross the leagues of foam
And come to my own countree again—
The dear land of my home!

In my own countree love waits for me,
And through the changing year
My name is spoken tenderly
By lips forever dear.

And there my spirit doth abide,
And there I fain would stand;
Nor shore nor tide can e'er divide
My heart from that loved land!

David H. Morehead



THE WOOD NYMPH

*From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company, New York,
after the painting by Burne-Jones.*

EDWARD BURNE-JONES

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE ENGLISH PRERAPHAELITE PAINTER AND HIS DREAMS—
A MAKER OF POETIC AND ROMANTIC PICTURES WHO NEVER
GRASPED SOME OF THE ELEMENTS OF GOOD ART, YET
CREATED IN HIS WORK A COMPELLING SPECIAL GLAMOUR

THIRTY years ago, when the famous case of Whistler *versus* Ruskin was tried in England, the late Edward Burne-Jones appeared in court as a witness for the defense. Ruskin had been moved by one of Whistler's "nocturnes" to accuse him in print of "flinging a

pot of paint in the public's face," and though in after years Burne-Jones came to wish that he had never meddled in the business, at the time of the trial he ranged himself with those who thought Ruskin was right. The incident throws a flood of light upon the English ar-



MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE

From a photograph by Hollyer, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones

tist's attitude toward painting as the modern schools understand it. Any one hearing of it would naturally surmise that Burne-Jones was not one of the great technicians of his time, that he sought in art for something quite apart from those beauties of pure form and color, those qualities of pigment manipulated for its own sake, which most painters to-day make the principal objects of their ambition.

What was it that he sought? In the "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," which his widow published in 1904, there is a description by him of two pictures he was commissioned to paint early in his career. In one of them, he says, "I shall make lovely heaven." That it was that took his imagination captive. He strove all his life long to paint a lovely heaven, a dim world, a strange No Man's Land, peopled with the figures of romance and poetry.

Of course, Burne-Jones could not side with Whistler. While Whistler was putting his whole soul into the creation of an exquisite harmony of tone upon his canvas, and giving not a moment's thought to his subject as a subject, Burne-Jones was, with equal devotion, endeavoring to body forth his dreams of Merlin and Vivien, of Circe and her panthers, of the Garden of the Hesperides, or of Galatea stepping down

from her pedestal to make Pygmalion happy.

A SINCERE DREAMER

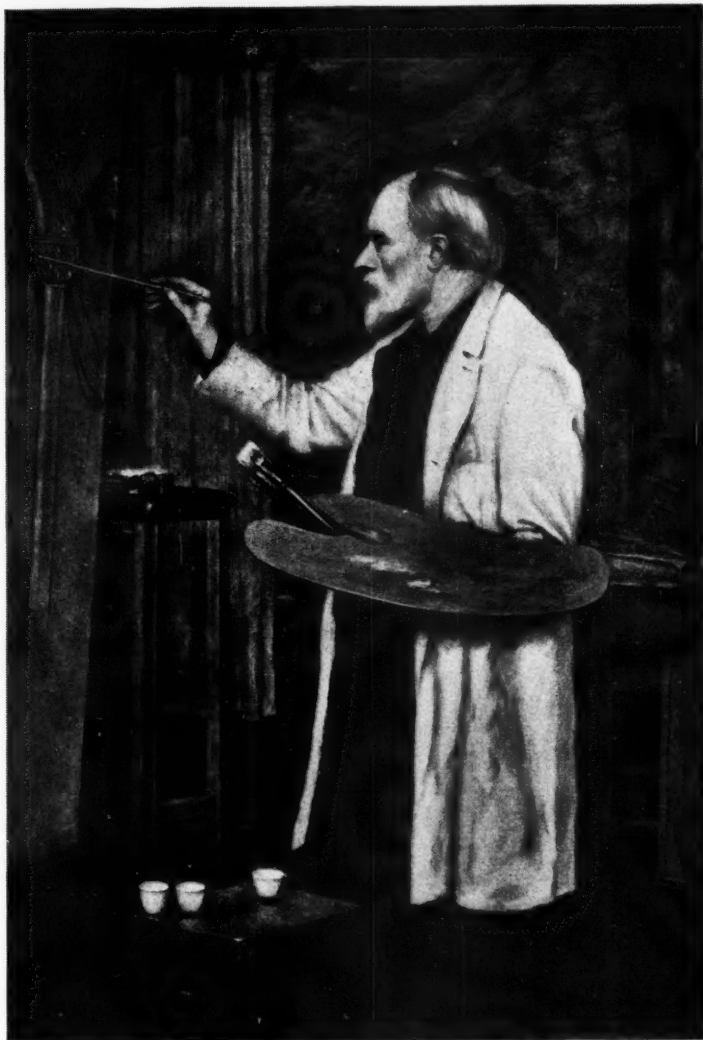
The influence of literature has been greater than the influence of art upon modern British painting. The school has been addicted to the "painted anecdote," that kind of picture in which the appeal to sentiment is everything and the appeal to our strictly esthetic emotions secondary, if not actually nonexistent. There is a distinction to be observed here, however, of which Burne-Jones gets the benefit. It may happen to one painter to be so constituted that, whatever his technical resources may be, he deliberately adopts the painted anecdote as his stalking-horse. He is conscious of a choice in the matter, and may be said to be flying in the face of what he knows to be a better law. To some other artist it may happen that the painted anecdote is as natural an expression of his whole character as was with Whistler the production of "symphonies" of tone. Thus it was with Burne-Jones. He was sincere in his dreaming, and in approaching his works it is well to remember that the literature in them is the main thing, that questions of technique in one latter-day sense fall necessarily into the background.

It seems a little odd that with so ro-

mantic a soul as he possessed Burne-Jones should have first seen the light in the utilitarian city of Birmingham. He was born there in 1833. When, in his

banish from his mind all thought of taking holy orders.

The two young men were born hero-worshippers, and just at the moment



SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company, New York, after the painting by the great artist's son, Sir Philip Burne-Jones

twentieth year, he went up to Oxford, he seemed destined for the church, but already he had developed artistic aptitudes, and in the companionship of William Morris he found a stimulus for them which was in the long run to

when they were most bubbling over with enthusiasm for art they fell in with Rossetti, and under the spell of his dominating personality were swept into the Pre-Raphaelite movement. There is a boyish glow about the records of



TEMPERANCE

*From a photograph by Hollier, London, after
the painting by Burne-Jones*

this period in Burne-Jones's life which is very ingratiating. He wrote a letter to Ruskin, and when he received the reply he sent this outburst to one of his intimates:

I'm not Ted any longer, I'm not E. C. B. Jones now—I've dropped my personality—I'm a correspondent with **RUSKIN**, and my future title is "the man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return." I can better draw my feelings than describe them, and better symbolize them than either.

Underneath, he sketched himself prostrate at the feet of Ruskin, whom he piously dowered with nimbus and aureole.

BURNE-JONES'S WEAKNESS OF TECHNICAL RESOURCE

It was at about this time that some of his drawings were shown to Rossetti, who, with the generosity for which he was noted, said to his young friend: "There are not three men in England, Ned, that could have done these things." Is it any wonder that, being what he was, a devotee hanging upon the lips of an adored oracle, Burne-Jones should have turned professional artist on the spot? But it was unfortunate for him that he had not another master. Rossetti did little to set him in the right path as regards technique—he was himself, indeed, sadly to seek in that direction—and though we hear of the eager aspirant joining a life class, the impression that he leaves upon us thenceforth is of an ambitious designer doing everything to foster his imaginative powers and leaving the training of his hand to take care of itself. Rossetti thought that early study of the antique was apt to crush out a man's individuality. Accordingly, Burne-Jones neglected the antique, where he might have learned lessons of inestimable advantage to the formation of his style.

That style, as he laboriously built it up for good or ill, was, by a kind of paradox, in great

measure realistic. This painter of visions set out to paint the things that he saw with the inner eye with a zealous care for detail. That was an important point with the English Preraphaelites. They executed their compositions piece by piece. Sometimes Burne-Jones saw the unwisdom of this. Writing about his efforts to complete one of his pictures, he says:

"You see, I began to play with it, and filled it with little houses and fields and roads, and walled gardens and mills, and bushes and winding shores and islands, and one day the veil was lifted and I saw how every pretty incident helped to ruin the thing, and I had three days of havoc at it and took them all out."

Too often the veil remained unlifted, which is to say that the art of Burne-Jones did not mean the broad realization of a definite impression, but the elaboration, little by little, of a scheme which might or might not be characterized, when all was done, by unity of design. We must see how this mood of his, a mood of poetic reverie, reacted upon the foundations of his art, upon the drawing and modeling, which do more than anything else to reveal a figure painter's individuality.

AN UNREAL TYPE OF BEAUTY

Burne-Jones, like Rossetti, seems from the beginning to have made his technique the slave of a type of corporeal beauty. Form as he dreamed of it was an affair of slender grace, a wistfully lovely and almost unreal thing, which, I suppose, he felt it would have been positively blasphemous to express in the direct, accurate terms beloved of Parisian studios. So he drew and modeled his nymphs and goddesses and allegorical personages with a delicate, and even timid, touch. He did not inquire too curiously into the secrets of anatomical construction. Outline meant more to him than those subtle undulations of surface in



FAITH

From a photograph by Hollier, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones



THE HEART OF THE ROSE

From a photograph by Hollzer, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones

the handling of which you need not only a sense of beauty, but scientific knowledge of truth.

At the Ruskin trial he expressed the opinion that Whistler "evaded the difficulties of his art." A fellow feeling ought to have made him wondrous kind, for, whether he knew it himself or not, it is the testimony of his works that the evasion of difficulties was his constant practise. You would never guess from his nudes that the beauty of the human body lies, not in its contours alone, but in the complexity of planes, in the magic of light and shade which can be traced to the character of bone and to the play of muscle. Slowly following the silhouette of a form with a feeling for linear effect rather than for effect of mass, Burne-Jones forgot the solidity of flesh and the energizing influence of blood, and, instead of portraying men and women, created images peculiar to himself, images drawn from "a lovely heaven."

The loveliness of that heaven, the thing that gave this painter his celebrity, making him one of the most conspicuous individuals in Victorian art, is well hit off in a letter written to him by George

du Maurier years after they had been youths together. He speaks of "your special glamour (the Burne-Jonesiness of Burne-Jones, if I may coin such a word), the gift you always had among others of so strangely impressing the imagination and ever after haunting the memory." It is, indeed, a glamour by itself, and potent enough to win admiration despite technical limitations in the artist which practically always make themselves felt.

THE APPEAL OF BURNE-JONES'S SPECIAL GLAMOUR

It seems to me to amount to a great deal that Puvis de Chavannes had a high regard for the work of Burne-Jones, and upon one occasion himself took pains to obtain an example of the English artist for exhibition at the Salon of the Champ de Mars. That master of the grand style must have known perfectly well that Burne-Jones wanted heroic elements in his technique to match the often heroic elevation of his themes, but he saw equally well that there was virtue in his contemporary's "special glamour," in that "Burne-Jonesiness of Burne-Jones." To put it to the test, look at



THE PRIORESS'S TALE—SHOWING THE RESTORATION TO LIFE OF THE MARTYRED
CHRISTIAN CHILD, AS RELATED BY CHAUCER

From a photograph by Holfver London after the painting by Burne-Jones

one of the most famous of his pictures, the "Aurora." As a study of form it is flatly indefensible. The height of the figure is exaggerated almost to absurdity,

suggests anything save a transcript from life.

Burne-Jones must have worked from a lay-figure, you say, when he painted



CUPID AND PSYCHE

From a photograph by Hollver, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones

and in length of limb this personification of the Dawn inclines the beholder to reflect, in a state of acute bewilderment, upon the painter's indifference to proportion as it is studied in the schools. The arrangement of the drapery, too,

this picture—a lay-figure especially elongated to suit his conception of female beauty. He must have arranged the drapery, you add, in the still air of the studio and with absolutely no thought of what movement would do to the light



THE PILGRIM AT THE GATE OF IDLENESS

From a photograph by Hollyer, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones

folds of a woman's garment as she walked rapidly before us. Yet the glamour is there, the sense of something poetic and beguiling, the sense of a figure and a scene created with true imaginative instinct. We criticize, but we value, a work of art like this.

GOODNESS AND ART

There is in it, too, a quality which it is necessary to touch upon with some discretion, for it is a quality to give a handle to the irreverent if not clearly stated. To say bluntly that an artist is a good man is to risk the retort of the scoffer that his private virtues have nothing to do with his art. "It is no comfort to me, if a man paints bad pictures," says the critic, "to be told that he is kind to his mother." No; but it sometimes occurs that the sweetness of a man's nature will be so constant a force in his life that it will color everything he does. It is impossible to study the life and work of Burne-Jones without perceiving that the traits developed in the one had their influence in the other. Lady Burne-Jones has told us that when she first shared in the talks of her hus-

band and his friends they made her feel that their love of beauty "included the whole world and raised the point from which they regarded everything." After the painter's death, she talked of the subject with a lady who, in her youth, had excited the frantic admiration of Burne-Jones, Morris, and Rossetti. She describes the episode in this wise:

She and I sat and talked for an hour about them and the days when we were all young, and I found that she kept the same feeling that I do about that time—that the men were as good as they were gifted, and unlike any others that we knew. She had lost sight of them long ago and lived abroad and seen many people since then, but her regard for the young artists she remembered was still fresh, and she loved to dwell on their memory. "I never saw such men," she said; "it was being in a new world to be with them, and they were different from every one else I ever saw. And I was a holy thing to them—I was a holy thing to them."

Does not this little passage illuminate for us, not only the "Aurora," but all of the pictures that Burne-Jones painted? It is true that his refinement passes into weakness, looked at from one point of

view. His draftsmanship is so excessively delicate that it is sometimes feeble. But Burne-Jones, to be enjoyed, must be met half-way, and must be granted the rather nerveless technique which he chose to use. Where the impact of his refinement upon the substance and the spirit of his work is concerned, we can only rejoice that he possessed the character

unwholesome hothouse languors that you find in Rossetti. His morbidity is rather that of the temperament which is happy enough and healthy enough in its own world, but takes on a certain effeminate and slightly feverish tone from lack of occasional contact with the world at large.

When Burne-Jones paints a figure or



WINE OF CIRCE—THE SORCERESS PREPARING IN HER PALACE ON THE ISLAND OF AEA THE DRAFT WITH WHICH TO TRANSFORM THE COMPANIONS OF ULYSSES INTO BEASTS

From a photograph by Hollyer, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones

which is disclosed in the anecdote I have quoted.

NO GLOOMINESS IN BURNE-JONES

The faintest hint of materialism would, to be sure, have been fatal to the integrity of his designs. There were no dark places in his imagination. If he had ideas at all gloomy to express, he brought them out by the simple process of giving his figure a wan, attenuated visage and a drooping attitude, vaguely akin to that which we find so often in Botticelli. I think he had in him a streak of the morbidity which is, in fact, characteristic of the whole Pre-raphaelite group in England, but it was comparatively a faint streak. You do not find in Burne-Jones quite the dark,

a group of figures set amid flowers he casts a kind of enchantment over the scene; he makes you think of some devotional recluse dreaming dreams in an old-world garden and lovingly painting the leafage and blossom before him. Then you wonder what he might have made of the same motive if before he painted it he had mounted his horse and ridden at a gallop into the sun with all the life and beauty of the world tingling in his veins. A richer perfume would exhale from the roses of a painter in that mood. Burne-Jones would have been the better artist for some such invigorating experiences as I have indicated. In the absence of them he is, as I have said, a little morbid. But the essential purity of his inspiration re-



LAUS VENERIS—THE PRAISE OF LOVE

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company, New York, after the painting by Burne-Jones



THE GOLDEN STAIRS

*From a photograph by Hollyer, London, after
the painting by Burne-Jones*

mains, its essential sweetness and refinement.

HIS PURSUIT OF BEAUTY

After all, though he turned his back on life, on humanity, and gave himself to the interpretation of literature and such themes as the poets love, it was beauty that first and last he pursued—beauty of a pervasive sort, signifying not only the specific symbol, but its transfiguring atmosphere. The charm of his "Aurora" is not the charm of the figure alone, but that of the quaint scene in which it is placed. Take, for another example, "The Wood Nymph," in my opinion the most satisfactory of all his productions. The dainty figure would lose half its fascination if it were provided with any other background than just the one of thick foliage which the artist selected. So, in the "Laus Veneris," the principal figure, romantic in itself, is doubly romantic because it is set against an old tapestry. So, in "Love Among the Ruins" or "Le Chant d'Amour" the architecture contributes enormously to the sentiment that is concentrated in the figures. How much of the interest that attaches to "The Wine of Circe" is due to the curious setting, and especially to the glimpse of the sea and the full-sailed galleys! In short, Burne-Jones ever made the most of his accessories on their symbolic side, though not as regarded their decorative potentialities.

When it came to deco-

rative unity, to the making of a good picture, of a good pattern, his indifference to actuality told heavily against him. He would fill a given space, not as though he had observed life and sifted out what he wanted from it, gaining originality and yet preserving balance, with naturalness and credible movement. He would fill it, instead, as if his figures were creatures incapable of instinctive volition, as if they were merely, as we have seen above, lay-figures to be moved about as he willed. Each detail is painted for its own sake, and, as a rule, with an engaging precision and finish. The composition as a whole, though romantically impressive, is not, as a web of design, felicitous.

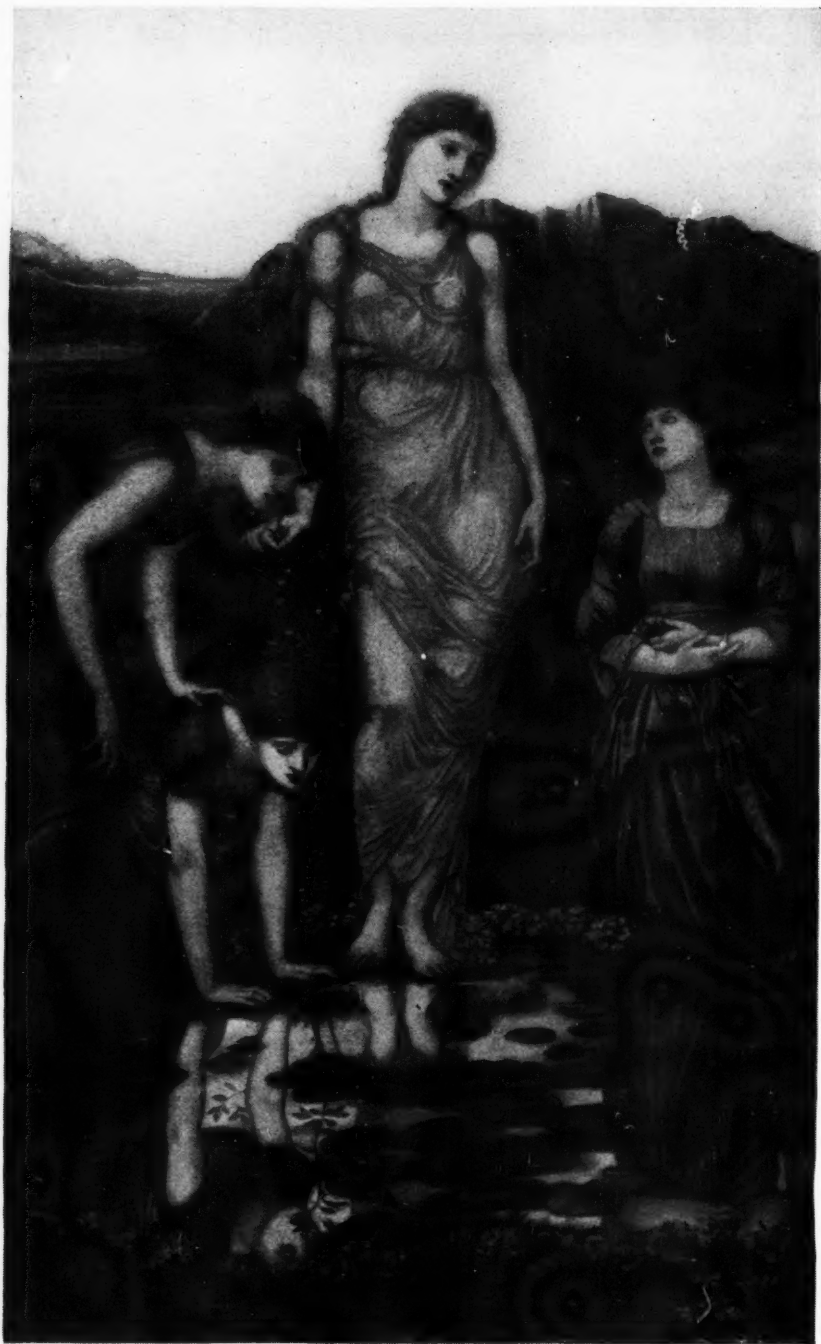
Perhaps the best illustration of this point is to be found in the well-known series of "The Legend of the Briar-Rose." In nothing that he ever did did he get more of his characteristic glamour. He realizes his dream. The spirit of the work is poetic. But nothing that he ever did more clearly shows that his inventive powers were undisciplined by study of the laws of constructive design. His grouping is made effective through sheer force of poetic feeling, through his delicacy in the delineation of graceful figures, through his knack of extorting the last drop of sentiment out of accessories. Coldly analyzed, however, the grouping seems capricious and forced.

He hovered perpetu-



AURORA

From a photograph by Hollier, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones



VENUS'S MIRROR

From a section of a photograph by Hollyer, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones

ally between nature and art, shrinking from the robust acceptance of the former which is habitual to an entirely realistic painter and at the same time refusing to adopt the purely theoretical and artificial methods which belong to entirely academic art.

His pigment was apt to be over-kneaded and to have a grainy texture. Again, in this matter, as in that of the faintly morbid mood to which I have referred, one wishes that he could have had his eyes opened to the thrilling, transforming glory of the sunshine.

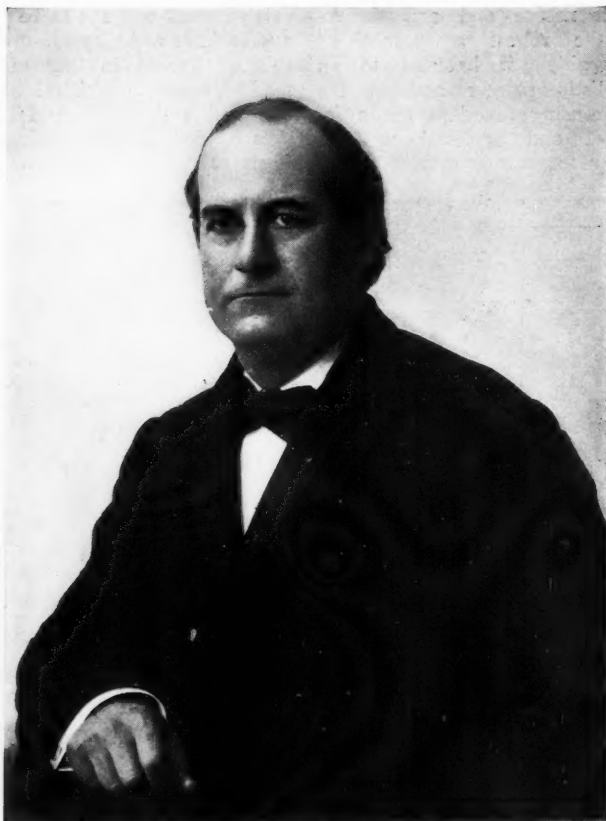


LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

From a photograph by Hollyer, London, after the painting by Burne-Jones

This, which is so obvious in him as a designer, is noticed also in him as a colorist. Local color is handled by him with neither the directness of the worker in the open air nor the conventionality and restraint of the man who does all his painting in the gray light of the studio. His color suggests rather an artist working in a light filtered through low-toned stained-glass windows—windows of quiet blues, somber reds, and dusky browns and greens and yellows. The tone of a tapestry is the tone that is most personal with him, the one in which he most makes you feel his own peculiar taste and sensuous emotion. He never learned—if indeed he ever cared to learn—how to make his surfaces suave and beautiful in themselves.

But, on the other hand, when all is said, does he miss his final aim? Keeping his eyes closed to the familiar friendly light of this warm human world of ours, he saw perhaps more clearly the light that never was on sea or land. He may not have been able to paint the English landscape of to-day as most moderns would paint it; he may not have been able to bring into his pictures that keen wind on the heath that Borrow talks about. But if you want to lose yourself amid the tangled thickets of the old English wildwood as Malory saw them, if you want to stand with Merlin and Vivien amid enchanted trees, with the mysterious airs and lights of faery all about you, Burne-Jones can give you the key to that romantic realm.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

From his latest photograph by Townsend, Lincoln, Nebraska

THE HOME LIFE OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT

THE DEMOCRATIC LEADER WITH HIS WIFE AND HIS CHILDREN—THE FINE ESTATE AT FAIRVIEW, NEAR LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, AND THE BUSY BUT CHEERFUL ROUTINE OF THE HOUSEHOLD—A PICTURE OF SIMPLE AMERICAN DOMESTICITY

ONE must concede a certain humorous side to any description of the "home life" of a gentleman who, having just completed a tour of the world occupying some eighteen months, remains

at home twenty-four hours and then starts off on a political pilgrimage through the Southern States by way of rest from the rigors of foreign travel. Few men in this country have traveled

so widely or so continuously as Mr. Bryan. No other has more thoroughly explored the United States than he, for he has reached down into the smallest hamlets and invaded the least-known quarters of great cities in his restless endeavor to spread the doctrine of Jeffersonian Democracy.

Yet, while few men are at home so little as he, Mr. Bryan's home life is, after all, very real and very continuous. For home is not a house, nor a "flat," a cozy library, a blazing hearth. Home is the place where we have our own people about us, our families and our friends. Mr. Bryan never travels alone. His friends are everywhere; some of his family always accompany him on even his most arduous tours. When he made his recent trip around the world he took with him Mrs. Bryan, his son William Jennings, Jr., and his daughter Grace. On his political journeys in this country Mrs. Bryan almost invariably is with him.

And on these journeys, and through her almost constant association with the most intimate details of his political work, Mrs. Bryan has come to have such a knowledge of politics in this extremely political country of ours as no other woman ever possessed. The brilliant "Gail Hamilton"—now almost forgotten—who so ardently championed the ambitions of James G. Blaine, swayed, no doubt, a more extended influence by the use of her pen. Mrs. Bryan seeks no extended influence; she influences her husband, and that suffices. He holds her his wisest adviser, and prudent politicians the nation through have learned to reckon upon her judgment when they seek to bring him to their views. She writes but little, and that chiefly for their own paper, the *Commoner*; nor does she speak in public. Withal, she is as potent a force in the political as in the home life of the Bryans.

MRS. BRYAN

The greatest factor in the American home is the wife, and I may be pardoned for giving some slight notes of Mrs. Bryan's character. Classmates in college, she and her husband were married shortly after graduation, when she studied law and was admitted to the bar,

not with any expectation of practising, but merely that she might help "Will"—as she invariably calls him—in his office work.

All through their married life she has been studying things that would help Will—shorthand, typewriting, proof-reading, the art of editorial expression, and the mysteries—which in 1896 proved unfathomable to so many—of bimetallism.

Some years ago I was a guest at the Bryan home in Lincoln. Coming to breakfast at an hour which seemed abnormally early to the jaded mind of a New York morning journalist, I found a vacant place.

"Where is Mrs. Bryan?" I asked.

"Oh," said her husband, "three times a week she goes to the university before breakfast for an early class in German. You see," he continued, with a smile, "I can't read German, and she thought it might be a good thing to have some one in the family who could get at first hand the sentiment of the German press."

Nevertheless, the breakfast was admirably served. This in itself is not of importance, but helps to illustrate the fact that for all her intellectual work Mrs. Bryan is no *Mrs. Jellaby*, but a thorough, competent working housewife. The Bryan home has ever been a model of neatness and good domestic management.

HOW MR. BRYAN HAS PROSPERED

I remember that in 1896 a Kansas City newspaper described Mr. Bryan as "a country lawyer, with a practise of eighteen hundred dollars a year, living in a twelve-hundred-dollar house on a street chiefly famous for the depth of its mud." All this was approximately true, yet it lacked the quality of good evidence in not being the whole truth. For example, it took no cognizance of his two terms of brilliant service in the national House of Representatives. But at that time it was much the fashion to sneer at Mr. Bryan's humble circumstances; now in some quarters it is the practise to scoff at his growing wealth. For Bryan has prospered: the proceeds of his lectures, his writings, and his weekly newspaper have enabled him to leave the cottage in the city of Lincoln and erect for himself

about three miles from town a commodious country house, which he has named "Fairview."

No spot is more aptly named. The country round about Lincoln is rolling prairie, with few trees save where they have been planted as windbreaks for the scattered farmhouses. There is a peculiar clarity in the air of Nebraska which seems to give to the eye of the observer a wider horizon than is seen in some other regions. Mr. Bryan holds that this clarity applies to the intellectual eye as well; but that, perhaps, is the mere expression of State pride. Be that as it may, the material fact remains that from the knoll on which the Bryan residence stands one looks out on a far-extended and beautiful world. In summer-time it is an ocean of corn, green, rustling, bending before the breeze, broken here and there by lines of willows marking some little water-course, or perhaps the line of the Platte, an eccentric stream whose name seems to have become permanently linked with that of the Nebraska orator.

LIFE AT FAIRVIEW

Lincoln is the capital city of Nebraska, and about it are scattered not only the State institutions, educational, charitable, and penal, but many colleges and asylums maintained by private means. The men who sought sites for their buildings were actuated by ideas like those that made Washington the "city of magnificent distances," for the edifices are ranged in a magnificent circle about Fairview, each on its own hill, separated by broad intervals, and seeming in that luminous atmosphere even more monumental than they really are. No smoke mars the clear luster of the sky, for Lincoln is not a manufacturing town. In the center of the picture rises the dome of the Capitol—an ungraceful erection which has been coated now with silver and then with gold, according to the financial views of the party in power.

To Fairview the Bryans hastened after seeing all the show places of the world. Contemplating the peaceful view spread out before them, they insist, against all argument, that it is the most beautiful prospect the universe can present.

With perhaps some recollection of the classic case of Cincinnatus, Mr. Bryan

always refers to Fairview as "the farm." In a sense it is, for vegetables for the Bryan table, and to spare, are raised on its broad acres, while a moderate herd of cattle finds pasturage there. Indeed, a few years ago newspapers found something exquisitely funny, or desperately wicked, according to the mental bent of the editor, in a report that the one-time Populist candidate had bought a ten-thousand-dollar prize bull. Yet with all allowance for his agricultural zeal in theory, Mr. Bryan in practise will hardly add much to the world's stock of food products. The hoe and the plow are not his implements of industry. Neither in the furrow nor in the corn-field is his work done, but rather in the library of the white-turreted, wide-porched house that stands in the middle of his broad acres looking about as much like a farmhouse as "The Breakers" at Newport looks like a cottage.

MR. BRYAN'S LIBRARY

Ordinarily there is no better index to a man's mind than the contents of his library. But this is a test which must be applied with caution to the library of a popular idol—particularly one who has leaned ever toward the radical and the unconventional in politics and economics. Probably no man in the world has been the recipient of more books of doubtful value, or of no value at all, than Bryan. That famous year of 1896 was a year of pamphleteering, of much spoiling of good paper by the imprinting of doubtful theories and dubious arguments. And every man who wrote a book for or against that famous ratio of sixteen to one sent a presentation copy to Bryan. With his natural toleration—for he is the most kindly and tolerant of men—these books, friendly and unfriendly, are ranged on the walls of the library, which is, indeed, the living-room of the house. Yet they are only the froth of a collection of some two thousand volumes, most of which seem to err on the side of deadly seriousness. Erskine and Burke, the lives of great statesmen at home and abroad, dissertations on constitutional law, and disquisitions upon political history fill the greater portion of the shelves. Such fiction as there is is classic, and as for that doubtful body of literature vaguely

known as *belles lettres*, it is represented largely by "sets" with the trail of the book agent large over them all.

The library is and long has been the living and working room of the Bryan household. But I do not think that even within the narrow limitations of his collection of books Mr. Bryan could be called a "bookish man." Though the works of all the great orators stand on his shelves, his own orations are forged from the white-hot material of present-day conditions. If he has studied the lives of the statesmen ranged there before him, his own life is ordered according to his own views. For this Nebraska man, so long and so loudly held up as the chief proponent of socialism, is, in fact, personally and publicly, an almost extreme individualist. Always accessible to argument, he can hardly be called amenable to it. Few men in public life have ever thought so wholly for themselves. It is the Bryan thought, not the wisdom of the sages looking down from his well-filled shelves, nor even the advice of the leaders of his party, that dominates.

And so the Bryan library tells little of the Bryan character. It tells little more of the forces that affect the Bryan brain than a solid silver walking-stick presented by some enthusiasts of Cripple Creek tells of the Bryan street-costume.

AN ADOPTED JAPANESE

The Bryan household of late years—since the elder daughter, Ruth, was married—has consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, the son, William J., Jr., a daughter, Grace, and an adopted son from the flowery empire of the Mikado. The last figure bears eloquent testimony not merely to Mr. Bryan's cosmopolitan fame, but to his good-humored philosophy. It appears that in Japan an aspiring youth can adopt some man of eminence as his father, and immemorial custom compels the person thus honored to take and care for the foundling, at least until he comes to the age for self-support. In 1896 the fame of the Democratic candidate penetrated to the cherry groves of Japan and fired the ambition of a young student.

"I have chosen you to be my father," he wrote in effect to the Nebraskan, "and will sail at once for the United States."

The message aroused some natural trepidation in the household at Lincoln. Fathers-in-law are chosen often enough without their knowledge and consent, but to have the responsibilities of parentage suddenly thrust upon one by an unknown youth of alien race is at least disconcerting. Appeals to the collector of the port at San Francisco to avert the yellow peril were unavailing. Japs may rush in where Chinese fear to tread, and to select an American politician for a father does not seem to come within the purview of the statute which prohibits laborers under contract from entering our country. So one morning Mr. Bryan, answering in person a ring at the door—as is the simple custom of the family—was confronted by a trim Japanese boy, who remarked with simple directness,

"I have come."

The statement was incontrovertible; the situation delicate. To repulse a homeless alien, to cast off the fatherless and oppressed, seemed impossible. So the lad was made welcome, and has since been literally one of the family, even adopting its name. He has received the same education that Mr. Bryan's own son has had, and will return to Japan, not only equipped with all that our civilization can give, but bearing, also, the story of the broad human sympathies of an eminent American household. With the pleasing international name of Yamachita Y. Bryan he has lately been traveling over the United States as private secretary to a member of the Japanese parliament who is here studying American industries.

A DAY'S WORK AT FAIRVIEW

Much of the work of the Bryan household centers about the weekly newspaper, the *Commoner*, which is the vehicle of such of Mr. Bryan's views as he cannot find occasion to express upon the platform. The *Commoner* publishes the name of an associate editor, but the true associate is Mrs. Bryan, whose work for it fills a large portion of her busy days. Next to the enormous mass of political correspondence which needs daily attention, it is the chief day's work, and husband and wife work over its copy and proofs together in the library, where political portraits, busts, and engravings il-

lustrating famous debates in the United States Senate look down upon them.

The *Commoner* is serious to the verge of solemnity. It is as a voice crying in the wilderness; but, little as the people in the East may think it, there is a great multitude harkening. Made up in the fashion of a farmer's weekly of a quarter-century ago, it makes no pretense of typographical beauty, and little effort at news value. It is the organ of a propaganda, edited for the advancement of a rigidly defined faith, and alike in manner and in matter reflects the characteristics of the man and wife who together make it. Homely but direct, truthful but not sparkling, it is Bryan-esque from the first page to the last. To the modern journalist it would be incomprehensible unless he had known well and intimately its makers.

Except for the constant coming and going of men of national political repute, the constant talk of politics, and the prodigious mail, the home life of the Bryans differs little from that of any prosperous Western family. Into the social life of the town they enter but little, though active in church work. Both are earnest in religious convictions, though far from being "pietistic." Mr. Bryan in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at his home has become a familiar figure, and not infrequently on his political tours he is asked to preach to congregations of his own faith.

Perhaps this brief outline of the Bryan home life may seem to suggest a household given over too wholly to the serious side of life. Those who know Mr. Bryan

well, who have sat at his table or chatted with him strolling about the farm, will understand that this is not the fact. His life is ordered for the accomplishment of great things, but the earnestness of his nature is lightened by an unfailing good humor, his conversation always brightened by flashes of wit. Even the two great political defeats he has sustained furnish themes for jests.

One story, well known to his friends, has his daughter Ruth for the heroine. She was on her way down-town. A car was speeding on before her, another only half a block behind. She elected to run for the first, though the conductor pointed to the one following, which she might as well have taken. Finally, overtaking the chariot of her choice, she sank breathless into a corner seat.

"Why, Miss Ruth," said the conductor, "you might as well have taken the next car. It will get down-town as soon as this one."

"Well," she said, "I made up my mind to show that somebody in the Bryan family could run for something and get it!"

Mrs. Bryan, too, takes her part in the lighter side of politics. I well remember sitting on the porch with some of her husband's political friends shortly after the convention of 1900. A story was told that aroused laughter, perhaps a shade too loud, just as Mrs. Bryan opened the door, bringing a pitcher of lemonade. She looked upon the group with mock compassion:

"What good times Democrats do have *before* election!" said she.

THE CONQUEROR

I FACE my failure with a glad despair;
Along the way I strive and strive again;
And now that I have missed the goal, elate
I drink and laugh and speak a deep amen!

The world was roseate before my eyes;
'Tis roseate still, but with the glow of fires
That feed upon the fabric of my dreams,
And leave me but the ash of my desires.

Yet I will love my life unto the end—
There is no end, for life is life for ay,
And by the goodness of a God unknown
I'll dare the issues of another day!

Richard Wightman

THE PIRATICAL LOVER OF TOW NUMBER TWO

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE COPPER-SHIP"

FOR a third time since he had poised himself on the dizzily swinging cable-block a streak of fire flashed through the inky blackness of the sky, and showed the wheelman of Tow Number One the growing sea beneath him. For three lightning flashes Joshua Phipps had stood there, half naked, undecided, with something between a prayer and a curse upon his lips, and fear in his heart. Thrice he had nerved himself to spring into the seething water, and thrice his nerve had failed him.

A fourth lightning flash lit up the huge steel freighter ahead, puffing steadily down Lake Huron with a million feet of lumber dragging on behind. The man on the cable-block looked over his shoulder at it, and as the light burned out of the sky he turned his eyes again to where the red and green lights of Tow Number Two twinkled, a hundred fathoms back of Tow Number One. They seemed to taunt him with his cowardice, to urge him back over the bit of sea to a little deck-cabin half buried under the cedar piles.

In that cabin was the only being Joshua Phipps had ever loved in his life, and now he pictured her there, his sweetheart still, red-eyed as he had left her that morning. Then he was mate of the ship, with a captain's berth somewhere in the future and a vision always before him of a certain little white-walled cottage down by the lake, "with honeysuckle 'n' jasmine a creepin' over it," and with an orchard just at its back. That was the cottage and the orchard that Joshua Phipps would take his little sailor wife to, and they would give up the hard life of the inland seas together. Of these plans the mate had been talking, the day before, for the twentieth time,

with Nell's head very close to his shoulder, when the captain, who was supposed to be taking a nap, had come over the top of the lumber and witnessed. The next morning—that morning—the big freighter ahead had wasted a ton of coal by pausing for a few minutes in mid-lake. Then Joshua Phipps had been sent to the tow ahead, the tow that was to be carried on to Buffalo, while the other was to be dropped at Algonac, three hundred miles behind. That same day the captain of Tow Number Two sprained a leg, but the deposed mate was not recalled. These were the events that put the pirate into the heart of Joshua Phipps.

Once more he leaned out, wanting still the last charge of nerve to launch himself down into the blackness of the sea. The rope that passed from his body to a hoop on the tow-line—the rope that meant life or death in the swift journey over the cable—he gripped in both hands. And still before him those little bobbing red and green eyes at the head of Tow Number Two seemed to beckon more vehemently now as the first edge of wind came with the approaching storm.

In the distance two sonorous echoes cried that a ship was coming up, and the whistle on the big freighter ahead answered the greeting with two screaming blasts. It was the night-language of ships passing on the unsalted seas, and the deposed mate stared again at the little eyes on Tow Number Two and half mumbled, half thought, the barge-man's "lines of safety":

Green t' green
An' red t' red,
Blow two wistles
An' go ahead!

Joshua Phipps emphasized the last three words—"an' go ahead!" That

meant *him*. The voice of the ship shrieked at him; the bobbing, blinking eyes of Tow Number Two invited him through the dash of spray; and something in himself said "*go!*"

Another lightning flash revealed the cable-block empty, and down into the chop of the sea that was coming with the first breath of the storm shot a human form, doubled like a jack-knife, and swallowed in an instant where the cable end of Tow Number One dipped in a swirl of water on its way to Tow Number Two.

II

WHEN one plunges into the sea with a rope about his waist, and the other end of that rope is fastened to a steel hoop on a tow-line, it takes only the small part of a minute to drag through a hundred fathoms of water. For one long breath Joshua Phipps was whipped about like a great spider; then the upward slant of the cable running to the nose of Tow Number Two caught him and he slipped up it on his hoop until, half drowned but breathing free again, he reached out and hugged close to where the tow-line cut into the cable-block of his old ship.

For a few moments he hung there, like a great half-drowned water-rat. Somewhere behind the lumber he heard the shout of a man and then the stumble of heavy feet near him. Huge and grotesque in the dim glow of a deck lantern, the deposed mate's head and shoulders rose above the ship's bulwark. An arm reached over, and at the end of that arm was something that glittered menacingly as it pointed at a shadow swinging with the movement of the barge.

"Ho, Bill—Bill-ee-ee!" called the mate.

The shadow seemed to slip back into the blackness of the lumber piles, but Phipps still pointed to where it had disappeared.

"Billy, is that you?" he cried again. "Don't be afraid, man! This is Josh—Josh Phipps, an' I need help!" He pulled himself over the bulwark as he spoke and followed where he thought the shadow had gone.

"I tell 'e you needn't be afraid, Billy! I fell overboard and caught on the cable

by luck. Can't you give a man a little help?"

He had put his pistol hand behind him and reached out to grope with the other. Close up against the ragged edges of the lumber he found a man crouching.

"Billy, I ain't a ghost, I tell you! What you afraid of?" The mate hauled at the invisible form, and a round, fat face, white with fear, came out into the lantern light.

"If it's you, Josh, an' I needn't be afraid, what the devil's that y' been pointing at me!"

"This, Billy!"

From behind him the mate poked the muzzle of a revolver close up into the other's face. Then he shoved it into one of his wet pockets and drew the shivering cook of Tow Number Two back into the dense shadow of the lumber.

"But I ain't going to use it on you, Billy—not if y' play me fair!" The mate shouted the last words as a fresh gust of wind screamed over the lumber.

"Billy, can y' say the Lord's Prayer?"

"I think I kin, Josh!"

"An' do you remember the marriage service?"

"I kin *think* it out, Josh."

"See here, Billy—you wasn't lyin' when you said you was a preacher once?"

"No—no—I was a preacher, s'elp me God, I was!"

The mate caught the cook's wrists in his hands, and bound them with a piece of the rope from about his waist.

"I ain't going to gag you, Billy!" he shouted, for the wind came in a sudden roar as he spoke. "But if you don't think out the service by the time I get back, or if you open your yap, I'll shoot——"

Phipps's voice was drowned in a thunderous clatter of lumber above, and he finished his warning with a cold touch of the revolver. Then he swung out into the smothering sheets of spray that were drowning the bow-lights and clambered up the edge of the cedar piles to the top. Amidships the blackness was like that in the sky above. He crawled through it on all fours until the cabin lamps and the lanterns under the wheel showed him the stern of Tow Number Two running black with the drench of

the sea. He leaped down, almost shouting with the new joy that burned in his heart, and against a blast that beat back his breath he struggled to the stream of light that shot across the slippery tow from the captain's cabin. A few steps more and his naked shoulders pressed against a door, his hand groped for a latch, and, dripping and exhausted, he came into the presence of the captain of Tow Number Two.

III

"Good evenin', Cap'n Wiggs——"

Joshua Phipps meant to round off his words with an oath. He had planned to curse the captain before doing other things; but through the water-mist in his eyes he saw a form kneeling beside the skipper's berth and a face, white and terrified, stared up at him.

"Nell!" he cried. "Nell——"

A thundering blow of the sea against the ship's side sent him reeling. As he caught at the wall the girl sprang from the bunk, but the powerful fingers of Captain Wiggs imprisoned her arm and she sank to her knees again, while Joshua Phipps, his eyes burning with the fever that had come to him in Tow Number One, advanced slowly upon the skipper of Tow Number Two. His hands were clenched, the muscles in his bare arms stood out like cords, and the wounded captain drew back in his berth and caught a sheath-knife from his pillow. The threatening eyes of the deposed mate seemed not to notice that the other was armed. He caught the berth-railing with a grip that made it creak. Then he leaned over and tried to smile—but it was an ugly grin, even for the homely face of Joshua Phipps.

"I said good evenin', Cap'n Wiggs!"

The captain swallowed as if a lump in his throat had suddenly become loosened.

"What the devil you doing here?" he cried. He pulled himself to a sitting posture, pain and rage distorting his face.

Joshua Phipps came a step nearer, and reverentially placed one of his big bony hands upon the dark head of the girl at his feet. His hand trembled as it touched the silken tresses, but the eyes that looked into those of Captain Wiggs were unflinching.

"I've come back for Nell, cap'n!"

Another hand, warm and loving, came up to the bronzed one on the head of the captain's daughter. The girl was silent still, between father and lover, but the touch gave Joshua Phipps all the strength that he required.

"I've come back for Nell, cap'n," said the young man in a softer voice. "This is goin' t' be our weddin' night, and you're going to bless us—here in this cabin!"

The lash of the wind and sea, and the shrill whistling of the gale in the lumber seemed to concentrate, not to drown, the captain's voice.

"This is mutiny, Josh Phipps—damned mutiny!" he almost shrieked. "Ho, Nell, girl, call the men aft."

"It's worse 'n mutiny—it's piracy, Cap'n Wiggs!" cried the mate. He whipped the revolver from his pocket and flourished it above his head. "The ship's mine! There isn't a man out there to take care of the lumber in this blow. The wheel's tied, an' not a soul aboard to help you but me 'n Nell. You're going t' marry us, or I swear we'll all go down together!"

As if to emphasize his words, there came a jar that set the ship shuddering under their feet. Through his thick tan the captain's face went a shade whiter, and with a terrible cry Nell staggered to her feet and threw her arms over Joshua's naked shoulders.

"Oh, my God! Joshua, do you know what you're doing?"

The mate's arms tightened about the girl's slight form.

"Are you afraid to die with me, Nelly?"

The gale outside came again in a screaming blast. The captain lost his voice in it, and waited, while Joshua pressed his lips down upon the head of the girl he held. Again there came a shock that seemed to split the ship.

The captain gave a shout. He made an attempt to rise from his berth, but fell back with a cry of pain.

"Nell! Nell!"

The girl was at his side in an instant, her arms about his neck.

"I won't leave you, dad!" she sobbed.

The look in Captain Wiggs's eyes would have sent a chill to the heart of

any other than the half-mad lover of his girl.

"Josh Phipps," he shouted, "we was bound for a Michigan port, where piracy is life imprisonment; but now I'll hang to th' tow ahead for N' York, where it's death! D'y hear, damn you, it's death—death!"

"Listen!" interrupted the mate. "Hear that sea, Cap'n Wiggs? It's poundin' away your lumber, because there's no man a guiding the ship. But it's going to be worse in a minit, cap'n! I'll give you one more chance—it's Nell or th' cable!"

"It's death t' you!" shouted the captain. Between the two the girl knelt, her eyes big and dark with agony.

"One more chance—Nell or th' cable!" cried Joshua Phipps a second time.

"I tell you it's death!" replied the captain. "We'll keep to th' tow."

In a moment Joshua Phipps was at the cabin door and had disappeared into the blackness of the night. With his going came a thunder of storm and sea through the open door that drowned the cry of the girl behind him. With almost a shriek of pain Captain Wiggs drew himself to a sitting posture on the edge of his bunk. In that instant his face went ashy gray in the ghostly glow of the binnacle lamp over his head, and he gave one hoarse shout for the return of Joshua Phipps.

"Great God, Nell, he's gone to cut the tow! Ho, Bill-ee!—Jack!—Henderson!"

IV

THE captain's daughter bowed her head against the rush of wind, and fought her way to the door. Her brain seemed to burn with a single thought. If Joshua Phipps was mad she was the person he needed most at that moment. Out into the blackness of the slippery after-deck she stumbled, a prayer in her heart and her lover's name coming in a smothered cry from her lips. The stern was roaring like a cataract, and in the drench of the sea she fell upon her hands and knees and crept across the pitching deck to the face of the lumber. Foot by foot she clambered up the great pile, the wind tearing at her hair and clothes and

threatening to hurl her over into the black smother under the sides of the tow. At intervals her voice would rise, piteously weak, in a long wind-strangled cry of "Joshua—Joshua—Joshua!" Once she fancied she heard an answering shout, and listened; but only the shrieking of the wind through the spars and the lashing of the sea filled her ears. She had almost reached the top of the lumber when an ominous rumble rose above the storm, and she released her hold and fell to the deck as a half of the great pile above her slipped off into the sea. With her breath almost gone, she clung to the jagged ends of the cedar, then drew herself up again until she looked out over the break of Tow Number Two, and saw, like pitching, flooded stars, the two little dancing lights ahead on Tow Number One. As she looked, the girl fancied those lights were dissolving into the blackness ahead, and her heart seemed to stop beating with the knowledge that her lover had cut the tow. Then they appeared again, to disappear as quickly as before; and as she strained her eyes in their direction a human shape came crawling over the lumber, followed by a shadow just behind.

"Joshua!" cried the girl.

Her last cry was smothered in the strong arms of the mate. With the drenched form clasped tightly to him, Joshua Phipps lowered himself over the broken cedar pile, and with a shout to the shadow behind, staggered with his sweetheart through the open door of the captain's cabin.

"Cap'n, 'ere's Nell! It's a rough night for her outside, sir!" he said. Through the door there came another dripping figure, round, fat, and with a face like chalk. Phipps pointed his revolver at it.

"Come in, Billy, an' take a seat by the cap'n. Cap'n Wiggs, this is the preacher I've brought to marry Nell 'n' me!"

For the moment the captain's voice failed him. He still sat on the edge of his bunk, his face twitching with pain at every jar of the ship. His girl knelt beside him again, the water from her hair and clothes wetting him to the skin. But he seemed not to notice this.

"Josh, have you cut the cable?" he

asked. There had come a great change in his voice, and the hand that rested on Nell's head trembled a bit.

"Ask Billy, Cap'n Wiggs!" replied the mate.

"Billy—is th' cable gone?"

There came the ominous click of the hammer on Joshua Phipps's revolver. Billy started.

"Tell th' honest truth, Billy!"

"S'elp me God——"

The revolver fell carelessly on a line with Billy's head.

"Th' cable's gone, Cap'n Wiggs, th' lumber's washin' overboard, an'—an'——"

"Tell it all, Billy!" said the mate.

"An' we'll be on the rocks o' Thunder Bay inside of an hour, Cap'n Wiggs, s'elp me God, we will!"

"And there's nary a hand aboard to help us, cap'n," added the mate. "Listen to the sea beatin' death to 'er ribs! We're awash—driftin' like a cask——"

The revolver rested in the hollow of Joshua's arm on a dead level with Billy's eyes. It suggested death to Billy.

"Cap'n, f'r the sake o' God give Josh Phipps his wish or we're all dead men—an'—an'——" Fear choked back the cook's words, but with a trembling hand he pointed at the captain's girl.

"It's for Nell, cap'n," said the mate. Almost unconsciously he knelt beside the girl and put his arms about her. His revolver lay on the floor a foot behind him, and a devilish, frightened gleam came into Billy's eyes as he sneaked toward it. "It's all for Nell, cap'n," repeated the mate, almost pleadingly.

Billy's hand stole down. His fat fingers twined themselves about the cold metal of the gun, and his white face went whiter as he thought of what he would do the next instant. The captain watched him over Joshua's shoulder.

"Put it down, Billy!" he said. "Put it down and take a seat, as Josh told you!" Then he leaned over until his powerful hands could have clutched the mate's throat. From outside there came the grinding wash of another avalanche of cedar pitching over the side, and the captain grimaced. "And what if I promise, Josh?" he asked.

"It ain't a promise I want, cap'n, it's a wife," said the mate. His head was

bowed until he could see only the feet of the other; but one of Nell's arms was about his neck, and he knew that he was safe.

"An' if I give y' that?"

Joshua straightened himself. "If you give me that I'll—I'll run th' ship to port an' work for you 'n' Nell till th' crack o' doom!"

"Billy—hev y' a Bible?"

The captain shouted the words in a voice of thunder. With a cry that rose piercing above the tumult of the storm, the sailor's sweetheart threw her arms about her father's neck, and Joshua Phipps rose to his feet, dazed, and stretched both of his great, brawny arms out toward the two.

"Hev y' a Bible?"

It was the captain's old voice again, the voice that had strung itself to the song of gales for forty years, and, with it thundering through the cabin, a great joy filled the heart of Joshua Phipps, and he, too, turned and roared at the little fat man who stood shivering at the door, the revolver shaking in his hand.

"Your Bible, Billy!"

As the cook slipped out into the roaring night two great hands met in a crushing clasp, and two tender, loving arms were raised, one around the neck of each.

"Josh, 'adn't you better put off th' weddin' until the hands have straightened the ship?" asked the captain, after that first, silent moment.

"The ship's all right, Cap'n Wiggs!" said the mate. "Billy was the one as told you the tow was cut; I didn't!"

"An' the tow——"

"Ain't cut at all, sir!"

"But th' wheel—th' men——"

"Henderson's at the wheel, sir, an' Jack's for'rd, neither of 'em knowing what's been happenin'!"

For a full minute the captain was speechless. Then he let out an oath which seemed to come from the bottom of his soul.

"Josh, you're—you're devilish clever!" he said.

Again two great hands met in a crushing clasp, and this time two warm lips kissed first the mate and then the captain, while a wildly beating little heart prayed that Billy would hurry—with the Bible.

THE GREAT STOCK EXCHANGES OF THE WORLD

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

FINANCIAL EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK EVENING POST

THE ENORMOUS VOLUME OF SPECULATION, AND HOW THE
GAME IS PLAYED IN WALL STREET AND ON THE CHIEF FOREIGN
EXCHANGES—INTERESTING POINTS OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
THE FINANCIAL METHODS OF AMERICA AND EUROPE

THE four great stock exchanges of the world are, naturally, those of the four great financial centers—London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. The amount of wealth converging on the investment markets, ten years ago, was much greater in any of the three European cities than in New York, and is possibly greater now in London or Paris than in the American city. It might be supposed that this difference would be reflected in the relative volume of business done on the several stock exchanges, where accumulated wealth looks for investment; but it is not. No stock-market in the world does a business approaching the magnitude of that which is transacted every day in Wall Street.

The record of daily sales is not compiled on the stock exchanges of London, of Paris, or of Berlin; indeed, it is not officially compiled even in New York. But it so happens that, in New York, the collecting and reporting of the successive transactions made on the floor, of the number of shares sold in each individual transaction, and of the price at which each lot is sold, is done with exceptional thoroughness. The right to do it is farmed out to two so-called "ticker companies," whose agents, receiving the returns of a small army of messengers on the exchange, send them consecutively, through their telegraphic indicator, over the "tape" in hundreds of brokers' offices, hotels, clubs, and newspaper

rooms. Newspapers employ staffs of men whose sole business is to tabulate and foot up the daily and weekly record. The result is probably a close approach to accuracy; if not exact, it errs on the side of understating the total.

WALL STREET'S ENORMOUS SALES

Let us notice for a moment the figures. In 1905, there were sold on the New York stock exchange two hundred and sixty-three million shares of stocks and over one billion dollars, face value, in bonds. If the average price of the stocks—a rough estimate—was seventy dollars per share, and if the price of the bonds averaged par, it will be seen that some nineteen billion, five hundred million dollars' worth of capital was paid over last year for securities purchased on the floor of the exchange. On one day—April 30, 1901, the climax of the Wall Street speculative craze of that extraordinary year—three million, two hundred thousand shares of stock changed hands. This, on the average price above assumed, meant that two hundred and twenty-four million dollars' worth of that class of securities alone was purchased in that single day.

There is no reason to suppose that transactions on any European stock exchange come within a fraction of these figures. None of the foreign markets pursues such a thorough system of re-

porting as our own; but the facts may be judged from what is considered a large sale in one market or in another. On a European market, sales of single blocks of one thousand shares of standard stocks are rare; on the New York stock exchange, they are so familiar as to attract no special attention. The list of securities dealt in on the London stock exchange is much longer than that of the New York institution, but an active day causes no such pressure on the machinery of the institution as is exerted in New York. Except for the system of "clearing" stocks—placing the value of securities bought by one broker against the value of securities sold, and leaving only the difference to be paid in cash—the banking and credit facilities of New York could not possibly endure such a daily strain, while providing for commercial customers. Even with the "clearing" system, the demand on the loanable funds of New York banks, at times of a stock exchange "boom," is so great as to lead repeatedly to the extraordinary rates for money of which so much has recently been said.

HOW SPECULATORS OPERATE

On any stock exchange, the bulk of the purchases are made on borrowed money. The practise familiar to New York is for the speculative buyer to deposit with his broker, either in cash or securities, twenty per cent of the value of the stock he wishes to buy. If his prospective purchase amounts to ten thousand dollars, he must deposit two thousand dollars as "margin." The remaining eight thousand dollars, or its multiple, his broker borrows from a bank, using as security for the loan the stocks which the ten thousand dollars purchases. Thus, although the speculator has parted with the custody of his own two thousand dollars, neither he nor his broker actually keeps the stocks through whose rise he expects to profit. If, moreover, the price of the stock selected falls instead of rising, the bank calls on the broker to "put up more collateral" on his loan, and the broker calls on his customer to "put up more margin." If this cannot be done, the stocks are sold out in the open market, and the speculator pockets his loss.

The eighty per cent thus advanced by the bank on the speculator's stock is, as a rule, lent "on call"; that is to say, the bank can demand its return on virtually a few hours' notice. Banks prefer to make these loans on such terms, because they are thus enabled to keep always within their reach money which presently may be needed for mercantile borrowers. Brokers prefer to borrow on call, because, if a speculation is closed out in a day or two, the loan may be instantly paid off, and not run along for two or three months in which it may not be convenient to employ it.

WHAT "TIGHT MONEY" MEANS

So far is this practise carried that New York banks pay at all times two per cent to out-of-town institutions, and to trust companies or savings banks in the city, for the use of their deposits. It follows that the deposits made at his home bank by a Kansas farmer, by a Texas planter, or by a San Francisco merchant, may be placed within twenty-four hours at the disposal of a Wall Street speculator, on the security of the stocks in which he is speculating. But it also follows that if the farmer or planter has to have back his money to pay his harvest hands, or if the San Francisco merchant needs his at once to repair the losses of the fire, the New York bank must pay back the deposit without demur, and must serve notice on the stock exchange operator that his loan is "called." The speculator then has the choice of two expedients: he may go to another bank to replace his loan, or he may sell his stocks to raise money to pay it off. But if all the "interior banks" are recalling their farmed-out deposits simultaneously, one New York bank will be in the same position as another, and if all the speculators are in the same situation, some will be selling already and the market will be at a level not at all inviting for new sellers. At such times, the hard-pressed speculator is likely to offer any terms which will gain him a day's respite, and here is where the fifty and one hundred per cent call-money rate comes in.

The call-loan system, as utilized at New York, is peculiar to this country. On European stock exchanges payment

for stock-exchange purchases is made at fortnightly or monthly intervals—not, as in New York, every day. Money is commonly borrowed for this period, and the interval thus prescribed enables the broker or speculator, if things go wrong in the money market, to dispose of his stocks or bonds more at leisure, instead of being confronted, as is the man whose loan is “called” in Wall Street, with the necessity of instant sale. This is, perhaps, the chief reason why London and Paris never witness the abnormal money rates familiar to the Wall Street money market. On the London stock exchange, seven per cent is considered excessively high money. Six per cent at Paris would be described as abnormal. On the New York stock-market, people begin to talk of a “money squeeze” when the rate gets up to twenty-five per cent.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN METHODS

To understand fully the difference between these foreign stock-markets and our own, we must look a little more closely at the way in which business is done on Europe's markets and on New York's. Members of the New York stock exchange solicit business, advertise for it, maintain for their customers offices, some of which resemble wealthy clubs, and then execute on the floor of the exchange, often personally, the orders thus collected. By the rules of the stock exchange, the customer must pay a commission of one-eighth of one per cent on the face value of securities bought or sold for him. This does not seem large, and it represents no great income when a customer buys, say five thousand dollars' worth of railway stock for investment. He would have to pay his broker only six dollars and twenty-five cents commission.

But if the customer is speculating on a “margin”—that is, if his broker is borrowing for him eighty per cent of the purchase money for his stock—and if a thousand shares, with a face value of one hundred thousand dollars, are thus bought, then the commission rises to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Since he is speculating, he will sooner or later sell the same shares again, and for executing the selling-order the broker gets another one hundred and twenty-five

dollars. A dozen such customers, or a score who are speculating in smaller lots, give an income out of commissions quite sufficient to maintain expensive offices and make it worth a broker's while to pay the eighty thousand dollars which a stock exchange membership costs today. It is this carefully cultivated speculative outside business, combined with the large transactions for their own account by members of the exchange—of which transactions more will be said hereafter—which raises the volume of stock exchange business at New York to such startling figures.

The case of the foreign stock-markets is very different. Members of the London stock exchange are forbidden, by the rules of their organization, to advertise at all. Outsiders must give their buying or selling orders to a broker, who in turn employs a so-called “jobber,” on the floor of the stock exchange, to execute the order. Neither can drum up business as the New York broker does; the traditions of their order are in a way as restrictive as those of solicitor and barrister in the British legal profession. The crowds of customers, sitting in easy chairs in the broker's office, before the blackboard on which the latest “quotations” are inscribed—the most familiar sight of Wall Street—are not seen in London.

LONDON'S “FORTNIGHTLY SETTLEMENT”

The “fortnightly settlement of accounts” develops odd situations. Cases have been numerous where two confederates, having obtained the requisite introductions, have started a speculation in the same stock with two different brokers—buying for the rise through one and selling for the fall through another. The stock, we will say, declines; at “settlement-day” a heavy loss stands against the customer who bought. Instead of paying up, he simply decamps, while his confederate, who of course has scored a profit by the decline, pockets his gains. This seems a simple operation; yet it is interesting to know that the detective service of the “City” is so perfect that the perpetrators of such a swindle rarely fail to be run down and punished.

If methods are slow-going and conservative at London, those of Paris are

even more so. The *agents de change* of the Paris Bourse make up one of the most conservative financial bodies in the world. Nominally only sixty in number, they never solicit orders, their transactions are mostly conducted for large capitalists, and the daily business done is not a tithe of what passes on the New York stock exchange. It must be added, however, that the pressure for what Wall Street would call "up-to-date" methods in stock-exchange trading has forced itself in a left-handed way, upon even these foreign markets.

The picturesque side of the London stock-market is not seen on the stock exchange itself—to which, indeed, spectators are not admitted. It is witnessed in the adjacent streets and alley-ways of the old city—in Throgmorton Street, where the crowd of brokers, dealing in South African mine securities at the height of a "Kaffir boom," has sometimes grown so large as to block traffic in the street and call for intervention by the police; or in Shorter's Court, where American stocks are dealt in, during a "New York boom," long after London's stock exchange is closed for the day.

LONDON'S "OUTSIDE" MARKET

No more singular spectacle is often witnessed than these purlieus of the stock exchange, at six o'clock of a foggy winter evening (1 P.M. New York time, and the height of activity on Wall Street), when London brokers, standing along the curb, with the glare of the street lights dimly illuminating the yellow darkness, call out their bids and offers across the group. There is a strong incentive for such activity. If an American stock is offered, in the darkness of Shorter's Court, at ninety-nine, and if another broker's cable message from Wall Street reports that the New York stock exchange is bidding one hundred, there is immediate profit in buying the shares in London and instantly cabling to New York to sell a similar amount. No time must be lost, however, in this operation. Ten minutes' delay in reporting the London purchase to the Wall Street agent, and the New York price may be ninety-eight or lower.

Nor is this the only risk. The broker who buys in London and sells in New

York will possibly, when he gets the stock certificates, send them by steamer to Wall Street for delivery. While they are on the way, his agent must borrow a similar amount of the same stock in New York to make delivery, paying interest and returning it when his own shares arrive from London. In the spring of 1901, when two great groups of capitalists, fighting for control of Northern Pacific stock, had bid up the price to extravagant figures at New York, London brokers sold heavily on Wall Street, and sent on their London shares. But while those foreign holdings were on the water, Northern Pacific stock was cornered; shares loaned in Wall Street were called in by their owners, and prices as high as one thousand dollars per share were paid by some borrowing brokers to replace them.

THE "CURB" IN NEW YORK

The London "curb" brokers deal in the same stocks as the official stock exchange, but do so after stock-exchange hours. In New York, the case is different. There, the "curb" keeps the same hours as the exchange, but trades in stocks which are not on the list of the regular institution. Any one who wishes to buy or sell stock in some little-known "industrial" company will send to the "curb" for his quotation. In the group of brokers across the Broad Street asphalt, slightly below the entrance to the stock exchange, he is likely to find his market. Or, perhaps, it has been announced that a month or two hence, a new stock or bond issue will be offered to a company's existing security-holders. It may not be known when the new security will be issued, on what terms, or even that it will be issued at all. But on the "curb" it is calmly bought and sold—so many shares at such-and-such a price, with the explicit proviso "when, as, and if issued."

THE SITUATION IN PARIS

Neither in New York nor in London, then, do the stock exchanges absorb all the business of the market. Still less at Paris is the official *agent de change* the sole or principal medium of excited speculation. Years ago, there arose in Paris a curious organization known as

the *coulisse*, and so called because that word, describing the wings of a theater behind the scenes, marked out a humorous analogy in the irregular brokers who swarmed on the steps and corridors of the Bourse, conducting their sales and purchases with such vociferous energy as fairly to drown the subdued and decorous murmur from the exchange itself.

To this diversion of business from the Bourse, which even government interference has been unable to prevent, there is added, nowadays, the shifting of orders to the remarkable "credit" institutions—something between an American trust company and an investing corporation. In the hands of these huge banking institutions, the thrifty small capitalist of France leaves the securities which he owns. The bank collects his interest and dividends for him; advises him what to buy and when to do it; executes his order for him for a small commission. The fact that the Russian government was able, before the Japanese war, to place one billion, six hundred million dollars of its bonds with French investors; that it could sell them three hundred million dollars more while the war was going on; and that two hundred and forty millions of a new Russian loan has since been taken by Paris, excites general surprise. The secret of the situation lies in the fact that the "credit" institutions believe in the solvency of the Russian government, that they advised their clients not to sell Russian bonds, even during the Manchurian reverses and the revolutionary outbreak at St. Petersburg, and that they now recommend them to take still more.

THE RUSH TO SPECULATE

It may be guessed, from the foregoing description, that one reason why stock-exchange business at New York so far surpasses that of the European exchanges, is that a far larger portion of the Wall Street purchases and sales are purely speculative. It has been estimated that less than ten per cent of the stocks bought on the New York exchange are bought by investors to keep. The rest are bought to sell again as soon as the expected rise has come. Profits made on the frequent advance in prices, during the epoch of American prosperity since

1898, have been so great as to dazzle the speculative mind. A following quite unprecedented in numbers pours its speculative orders into the stock exchange when signs of a "boom" are visible; but even they make up only a small part of the daily movement. There exists in Wall Street, at the present time, a body of capital, placed at the disposal of speculative movements, quite unprecedented in the history of markets. It is in large measure controlled by the so-called "professional operators"—men who made fortunes in the extravagant railway and industrial "mergers" promoted between 1899 and 1902, as the Goulds and Fisks made theirs in the equally wild "company mania" of the seventies, and who use their accumulated fortunes in new speculation, as Gould and Fisk used theirs.

HOW A "BOOM" IS MANAGED

But the "booms" conducted by the stock-jobbers of the seventies were small affairs beside those of the present day. Behind these rich adventurers, and frequently in league with them, stand some of the wealthiest individual capitalists in the country—men who, like certain directors of the Standard Oil, will notify speculative experts, as one of them notified James R. Keene in 1901, that he thought the one hundred and fifty-five million-dollar Amalgamated Copper stock "was going to advance" and wished him to see the other large operators and "join in the movement."

The professional operator starts such a movement on a scale never witnessed outside of New York. At such times he has plenty of money to use; in 1901, when the public was being summoned to buy the billion-dollar stock of the newly formed Steel Trust, a "syndicate," with trust company and life-insurance surpluses behind it, put up twenty-five million dollars cash, which stock exchange "experts" used to manipulate the market.

The first step in the flotation of a large issue is to create a semblance of enormous buying at rising prices; for the public will buy, if it thinks every one else is buying and making money. To accomplish this, the "expert" distributes to one set of brokers orders to buy and

to another set orders to sell. As a result, the one group sells for the most part to the other; the man who gave the orders neither gains nor loses, unless some people not in the game sell stocks to his brokers on the rise—which he endeavors to avoid—or unless such “outsiders” buy from his brokers at the higher prices—which is what he hopes will happen.

The operation is in its nature a humbug and a fraud; it is prohibited both by the rules of the stock exchange and by the laws of New York State. But to bring the offender within the reach of either, it would be necessary to prove that the same man gave to the buying broker and to the seller the orders which they executed, and nothing is easier than for a clever Wall Street “expert” to make such proof impossible.

WALL STREET'S BUSY DAYS

The admitted existence of operations of this sort explains a considerable part of the all but incredible volume of stock-exchange business at such times. The “two-million-share day” which occurs at intervals on Wall Street does not mean that one hundred and fifty million dollars of capital has been invested that day in stocks. If seventy-five million dollars of the reported sales represents stocks which were virtually sold by “pool experts” to themselves, and if fifty million dollars more represents stocks which were bought in one hour to be sold by their holders in the next, and perhaps to be bought and sold half a dozen times more before the day is over, it will be seen

that conclusions as to the genuine “buying power” of a market may be considerably modified. To these peculiar transactions, moreover, must be added the buying and selling of individual speculators with considerable fortunes of their own, who will also trade, on borrowed money, in stocks representing four or five times as much wealth as the buyer actually owns.

During the last few years, operations of this sort, conducted on borrowed money, have reached at New York a magnitude which would have frightened any market in the world a dozen years ago. They explain why, at the height of a Wall Street “boom,” it sometimes seems as if half the stocks in the market were being locked up where the market cannot get them. But when something goes wrong—bad news from the crops, a reduced “industrial” dividend, or a San Francisco fire—these stocks pour out in a torrent on the market, and prices collapse even more rapidly than they rose.

European banks will not lend on such a scale to stock-exchange speculators, and European speculators will not take such risks. It is part of the American character that reckless gambling chances of the sort are coolly accepted. When Wall Street has gone too far, and is in a scrape—as in the “rich men's panic” of 1903, and in the smaller convulsion after the earthquake of last April—it resorts to London, Paris, and Berlin to borrow money, and, at a price, it gets it. There is always capital to be had on these slow-going foreign markets.

FORTUNE'S FAILURES

SOME say the gods are fickle. Not at all!
Hast ne'er within the workshop's shaded wall
Wrought what seemed good and puffed thee great with pride,
Yet seen in midday glare 'twas mean and small?

Oft I, in walking through the market-place,
Have happened, unexpected, face to face
With some unworthy bit of mine own craft,
And cringed beneath its failure and disgrace;

And, with a feeling of disgust and shame,
Have sought and tossed it back into the flame,
That none might know how fully could I fail.
May our Creator never feel the same?

Ethelwyn Brewer De Foe

ELLEN TERRY

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

THE MOST FAMOUS ACTRESS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE—HER DÉBUT WITH CHARLES KEAN, HER TWENTY YEARS AS HENRY IRVING'S LEADING LADY, AND THE MANY TRIUMPHS OF HER LONG AND INTERESTING STAGE CAREER

IF she had been old enough to think about such things at the time, it surely would have been taken as a good omen by Ellen Terry that the very first play in which she acted ran to more than one hundred performances. It was a revival of Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale," put on by Charles Kean at the Princess's in London, April 28, 1856, with himself as *Leontes* and the child Ellen as the boy *Mamillius*.

She was only eight at the time, but Mr. Kean ran small risk in picking her for the rôle. Her father and mother were both in the profession, wherein her elder sister Kate had already made her mark; and if Ellen had needed any other encouragement on that first night, she might have absorbed it from the fact that she tripped over the little go-cart she trundled about the stage, exciting a ripple of laughter from the pit. But of course the child did not know that all the great ones start out with a misadventure, and in the wings she wept bitterly over the mishap.

Her sister Kate was in the cast. Ellen's salary for that first week was only fifteen shillings, but the stipend was materially increased when in Kean's next Shakesperian production—"A Midsummer Night's Dream"—she was cast for the character of *Puck*, which nowadays is thought important enough to be made

the central figure for Annie Russell's latest venture.

Ellen Terry was born February 27, 1848, in Coventry, where her father and mother were playing at the time. Her father was Benjamin Terry, and he had married a Miss Yerrett. Out of their large family of children four daughters and one son took to the stage.

MISS TERRY'S THEATRICAL TRAINING

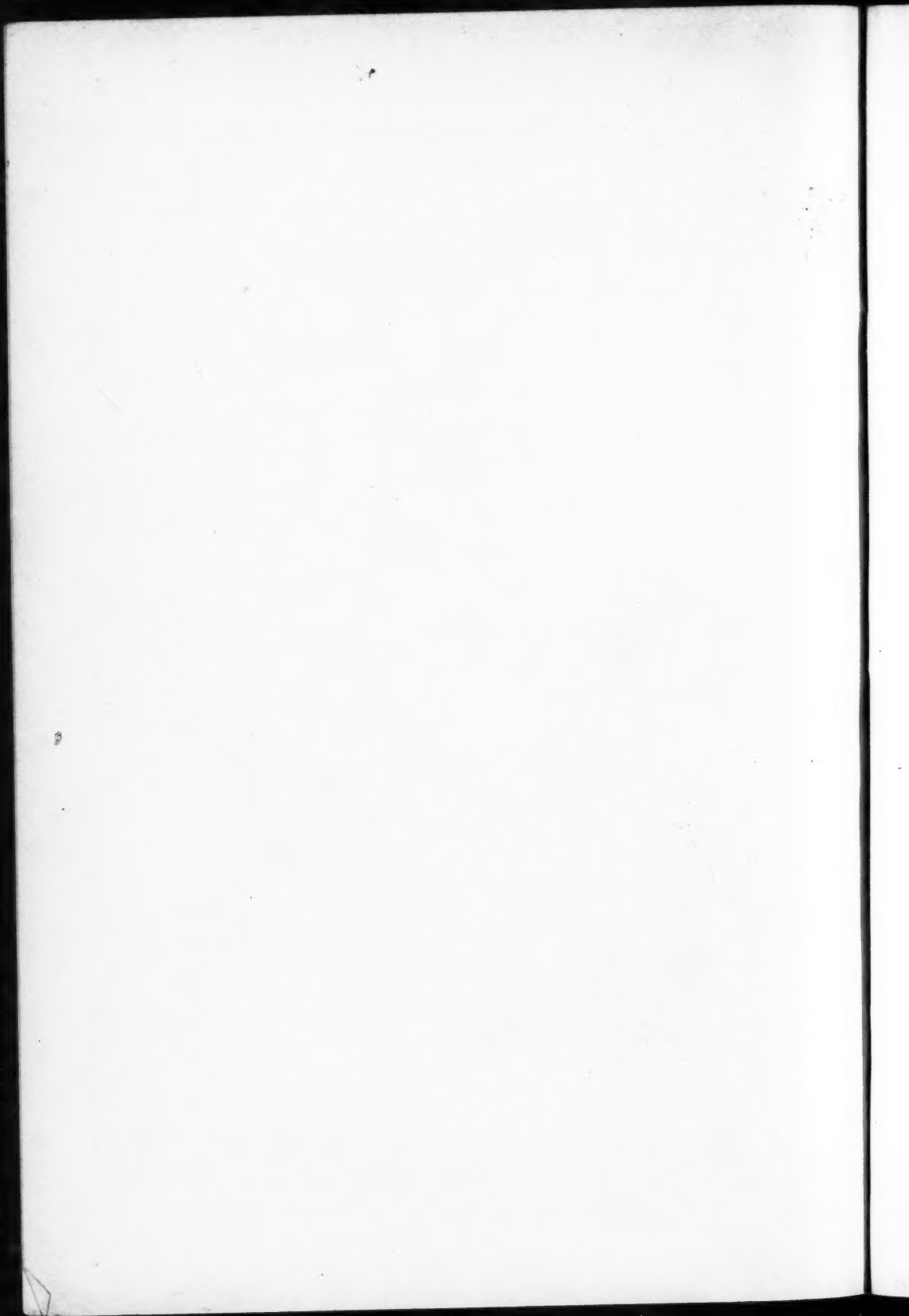
When the girl Ellen found time to go to school is a puzzle to her biographers. Kean's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" played for two hundred and fifty times, and was followed by "King John," in which little Ellen won much favor by her impersonation of *Arthur*. In 1862, when she was only fourteen, she and her sister Kate were engaged with the stock company at Bristol, where they had for associates such players as Madge Robertson, who had not yet become Mrs. Kendal, George Rignold, and the late Charles Coghlan. The following year she made her London début as a grown-up at the Haymarket Theater, playing *Gertrude* to the *Captain Maydenblush* of E. A. Sothern (father of E. H.) in "The Little Treasure." The same season she was seen at the Princess's as—what think you?—*Desdemona*! And the child not yet sixteen!

EDITOR'S NOTE—Previous articles in this series on players of prominence have been published in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE as follows: Maude Adams, August, 1905; John Drew, February, 1906; Eleanor Robson, March; Mrs. Leslie Carter, May; Fritzi Scheff, June; Margaret Anglin, July; Blanche Bates, August; Maxine Elliott, September; Mary Mannering, October; Ethel Barrymore, November; Edward H. Sothern, December; and Henry B. Irving, January, 1907.



ELLEN TERRY

From her latest photograph by Mansell, London



But before reaching that birthday she was destined to take a step even more remarkable. This was her marriage to Watts the painter, a man of middle age, who took her away to live in his quiet country home. Here the atmosphere, regulated by his two maiden sisters, proved anything but congenial to the girl whose years had been passed in that happy-go-lucky Bohemia which lies cheek by jowl with stageland. Two years of this compressed life was all that poor Ellen could stand, and it is characteristic of her impulsive nature that she is said to have made her exit in highly dramatic fashion.

According to the story, Watts was giving a dinner-party to certain staid friends. The wife was late, and finally appeared, but not to sit at table. Throwing aside, for a second, the cloak she wore, she displayed to the horrified guests a highly pronounced stage costume. Then, with a merry laugh, she turned and fled from the house and out of the life of the painter, who obtained a legal separation from her. She later married Charles Wardell, the father of her two children. He died some years later, and it was their mother's wish that the children should take the surname of Craig.

HER GRADUAL RISE TO FAME

For a single night after her departure from the home of Watts, Ellen Terry appeared on the stage—June 20, 1866—at the Olympic, as *Helen* to the *Julia* of her sister Kate in "The Hunchback," the occasion being Kate's benefit. A year later she went into the regular bill again, in a play called "The Double Marriage," and the same season, at the Queen's Theater, she played for the first time with Henry Irving as *Katharine* to his *Petruchio* in "The Taming of the Shrew." But in spite of the popular acclaim with which the performance was greeted, this singular woman once more exercised her feminine prerogative and again left the boards and went through a storm and stress period of six or seven years.

The Queen's Theater witnessed her re-entrance as *Philippa Chester* in Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir," followed by her assumption at Astley's of *Susan*

Merton in the same writer's more famous "It Is Never Too Late to Mend."

Reade's opinion of Miss Terry at this period, when she was about twenty-six, is worth recalling on the eve of her fifty-eighth birthday. "Ellen Terry is an enigma," he said. "Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular, complexion a delicate brick-dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet, somehow, she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawnlike grace. Whether in movement or repose, grace pervades the hussy. In character impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical—in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman. Ellen Terry is a very charming actress. I see through and through her. Yet she pleases me all the same. Little duck!"

Miss Terry next joined the Bancroft company, one of the best training-schools in London, and it was while acting with them at the old Prince of Wales's Theater, on Tottenham Court Road, that she made her first real hit, as *Portia* in "The Merchant of Venice." This was on April 17, 1875. But it was her *Olivia*, in the play of that name—W. G. Wills's dramatization of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"—on March 30, 1878, that swept the audience fairly off their feet and made her art the talk of London.

TWENTY YEARS WITH HENRY IRVING

She was acting with John Hare at the time, in the Court Theater, and her success inspired Henry Irving with the idea of engaging her for his leading woman in his first venture as a manager. Thus it came about that she appeared with him at the Lyceum, December 30, as *Ophelia*, in his revival of "Hamlet." In the next twenty years Miss Terry enacted with Mr. Irving at this historic theater thirty-two different rôles, eleven of them from Shakespeare.

In 1883 she accompanied Irving on his first visit to America, making her New York debut at the old Star Theater—now no more—on October 30, as *Queen Henrietta Maria* in "Charles I." She won the hearts of critics

and public in the New World as she had done in the Old. Of her *Beatrice* in "Much Ado," Nym Crinkle, reviewing her performance in his quaint fashion, wrote that "Miss Terry does not dominate the play. She pervades it. Her jasmine pathos is blown into all corners. . . . I question if any man would promise to kill *Claudio* at her bidding. But he might fence with her to kill time till her mood changed."

Miss Terry's last trip to America with the Irving company was some five years ago, when her new offering was the title rôle of "Madame Sans-Gêne." The play, which had already been done here with Kathryn Kidder in the name part, failed to create any fresh furor, even with Irving for *Napoleon*. On their return to England, soon after, Ellen Terry left Irving. There had been previous rumors of a separation, but Miss Terry had persistently contradicted them.

One of her first appearances under alien management was at His Majesty's with Beerbohm Tree, as *Mistress Page* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the *Mistress Ford* being Mrs. Kendal. The season before last she made a great success in London with Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and it was a deep regret to her that the fact of Ethel Barrymore's appearance in the same part in America should prevent her visiting us in so congenial a rôle. As it is, her *pièce de résistance* on her forthcoming tour of the States will be Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," in which she was doing *Lady Cecily Waynflete* at the London Court Theater on April 28 last, the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage.

A MEMORABLE JUBILEE CELEBRATION

The jubilee celebration of this event took place on the ensuing 12th of June, at the historic Drury Lane Theater, and was an event of such magnitude as had never hitherto honored the career of any player. Every actor of any sort of standing in London took part. Caruso and Melba sang, and Coquelin came from Paris to appear in a scene from Molière.

The most remarkable feature of the afternoon was the presentation of scenes from "Much Ado About Nothing," with twenty-one members of the Terry

family in the cast, including the star of the occasion as *Beatrice*. Her sister Kate was the *Ursula*, and for the rest there were Beerbohm Tree as *Benedick*, Forbes Robertson as *Claudio*, and H. B. Irving as *Don John*. In the dinner and picture scene from "The School for Scandal" Sir Charles Wyndham was *Charles Surface*, with Arthur Bouchier as *Sir Oliver*; while London's two shining lights in actor-management, George Alexander and Cyril Maude, compressed their respective dignities into the two bits, *Careless* and *Trip*.

Duse came all the way from Italy to be present at the festivity, which lasted from twelve, noon, until six o'clock. The front of the house was so crowded that none of those taking part could get places there after finishing their work on the stage, and as nobody cared to miss anything, old Drury's wings were jammed with players, through whom it was barely possible for those called to the stage to make their way when their turn came. The affair ended with a reception presided over by the veteran Lady Bancroft.

MISS TERRY'S FAVORITE RÔLES

Last autumn Miss Terry acted with Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's as *Hermione* in "A Winter's Tale." She has expressed the wish that her final appearance may be made in Shakespeare. Her preference is for "joyous parts," as she terms them—*Beatrice*, *Portia*, *Nance Oldfield*, and *Mrs. Page*, rather than *Ophelia*, *Lady Macbeth*, and the *Margaret* of "Faust." And yet it is one of these sadder parts which do not make so strong an appeal to her that is included in the wonderful tribute paid her by England's leading playwright, Arthur W. Pinero:

Many of the famous actresses whose triumphs are recorded in history or preserved by tradition have excelled only in one part. Ellen Terry has acted at least three superlatively—*Ophelia*, *Portia*, *Beatrice*. In her performance of these characters her beautiful natural gifts aided supreme art, and the result was perfection. Indisputably, therefore, she is to be ranked with the greatest who have trod the boards at any time and in any country, and no honor that is paid her can exceed the due recognition of her achievements.

WHITTAKER BURNHAM'S MUSICALE

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

IT was the first phonograph to come to Peevy's Mills, and its advent caused something of a stir. The town clerk had just characterized it as "on-religious," and was endeavoring in vague desperation to prove that its only mission was to play "dance music." The selectman and the G. A. R. veteran, as they filled pipes from his plug, took no positive stand, but readily united with him in asking, Why had Whittaker Burnham bought it?

The selectman for the tenth time repeated, "How came a man so sot an'

stern in his natur' as Whittaker ter go in for talkin'-machines? I always s'posed he lived only ter double th' dollars."

"While I don't approve of his buyin' it," drawled the town clerk, "I guess I've found th' reason. He wants ter chirk up his wife. Ever since their boy Bob ran away, ten years ago, she's been gloomy an' depressed like. Whittaker, close as he is, would buy anything ter rouse her up. But dang a talkin'-machine!"

"Yas," observed the stiff-legged vet-



"YE SEE, THEY SQUEEZE TH' MUSIC INTER TH' SMALLEST COMPASS
AN' TRIM OFF TH' EDGES"

eran, who reveled in a local reputation of having supplied the brains behind every campaign in the Civil War; "they're mighty peculiar. I guess no one knows what they really be. I remember when Grant was askin' my advice about th' Wilderness——"

"A talkin'-machine is peculiar only in its disposition ter be cussed," amended the town clerk heavily. "They work simple enough. Th' principle is—wal, ye know how they condense milk? It's jest th' same."

"Jest like canned an' preserved stuff," cried the selectman loudly, his eyes dilating as he absorbed the theory.

The veteran's jaw flapped loosely as he listened to this simple exposition, but the clerk received the interruption coldly. "As I was sayin'," he continued, "it's like condensin' milk. Ter say music is canned ain't ter th' p'int. It's more'n that. It's condensed." And he surveyed the selectman defiantly. Then, swinging his chair to face the open-mouthed veteran and ignoring the selectman, he gravely elucidated. "Ye see, they squeeze th' music inter th' smallest compass an' trim off th' edges. When th' machine starts goin' it kind of expands, meller like, an' *ta-ta-tra-la-la*, an' there ye have it!"

The veteran ruffled his sparse locks dubiously and tried closing one eye in a futile essay to get the proper perspective, while the selectman frowned at the stove and shifted the conversation by reminding the others of the original question. "But ye ain't give no answer ter th' invitation. I was asked by Whittaker ter call here an' invite ye up ter th' house ter-night ter hear th' contraption play for th' first time. My errand's done. What d'ye say?"

"Don't think I'll go," declared the clerk, biting a penholder meditatively. "It's unmoral."

"Wal, I think I'll accept," confessed the veteran sheepishly. "I don't expect ter enjoy it much, but Whittaker might feel put out if we all kept away. I remember when General——"

"Ye see," expostulated the clerk sorrowfully, "they can teach a machine ter say anything. Who knows what this one has been taught?"

"By Judas!" cried the selectman, his dull eyes bulging. "I know now what old Burnham is up ter. His wife is failin' every day because nothin' is ever heard of Bob. Whittaker'd rather lose all his money than his wife. He's goin' ter talk into this thing an' teach it ter cry out that a reward will be paid ter anybody furnishin' him with a clue ter Bob's

whereabouts. Machines in every city will be rippin' it off, an' somebody is sure ter hear th' offer."

The town clerk's eyes rolled wide in amazed envy as he ponderously digested the suggestion, and his pipe grew cold as he regretted that he had not advanced the theory. The veteran, too, he loathed to behold, was impressed to the point of stupor. Naturally, it all irritated the clerk, and as soon as he could group his features into a sneer he sought to turn the tide by facing the veteran and felicitating that individual by earnestly inquiring: "Lemme see, what was it General Scott said ter ye when ye called on him in Washington?"

But the selectman was not to be sidetracked so easily, and before the veteran could delight in a long-drawn-out recital he babbled aloud in self-admiration, and with much gusto repeated the



HE VIEWED THE CRUDE GAIETY OF THE OTHERS
WITH A SEMBLANCE OF CONTEMPT

salient points of his conclusion. As the clerk could not endure any relegation to the second rank, he closed the situation by loudly banging his desk-cover and proclaiming that it was time to go for the mail. But even after he had ushered his guests outside, the selectman talked on, and the veteran, with mouth agape, forgot reminiscences in listening.

The clerk, halting on the top step, viewed the two in sullen silence for a moment. Then further to evince his position he bleated: "No, I sha'n't go up ter-night. I don't believe in them contraptions."

II

OLD man Burnham, in the meanwhile, was experiencing considerable difficulty with the "contraption," or seemingly so. His wife had paid but scant attention as he unpacked it, and his mouth pulled down at the corners as he furtively noted her abstraction.

"I guess I can never fix this horn on, now I've bought th' danged thing," he grumbled.

"Let me help you, dear," she offered listlessly, and his frosty gaze burned warm as he saw the color mount her cheeks in her deft endeavor to aid him. "Why, you've turned this screw 'way in," she cried triumphantly, as with her scissors she remedied his blunder. "Of course you couldn't fix it with the screw that way." And quickly the horn was secured in place.

"We'll enjoy this, I'm a thinkin'," he observed genially, still studying her careworn face from the tail of his eye.

"Enjoy it? Oh, yes; we'll enjoy it," Mrs. Burnham repeated vacantly. "Ten years ago yesterday it was. Ten long, weary years!"

"Why d'ye always hark back ter that?" he cried in despair, and his black-veined hand shook as he arranged the records. He knew it was foolish to expect her to forget. He had hoped, however, that the talking-machine would by some mysterious means operate to arouse her brooding mind, even if but for a day. He had purposely tampered with the screw to give her a petty victory, and now she was cast back amid her bitter cogitations again, and her eyes neither saw him nor the toy as she sat by

the window and propped her chin in one thin hand.

It was her favorite seat; for from that particular window she could watch the brown sweep of dusty road until it dodged behind the curve. On winter nights she had sat there, oblivious to his presence and with the curtains pulled behind her, so she might pierce the darkness.

"Why d'ye always hark back ter that?" he repeated weakly, now inviting what he had fought so hard to avoid.

"To Bob?" she inquired wearily. "That what you mean, Whittaker?"

"Yas, I mean Bob," he returned fiercely. "Ain't I yer husband? Ain't I ter be considered at all? Don't I count for nothin'?"

"Give me back my boy, then!" she cried, rising from her chair and stretching her arms to the window. "Give me back my boy!" Overpowered by her emotions, she sank in a limp heap and sobbed, "Oh, Bob! Bob!"

Her husband pressed his throat and his voice was husky as he asked: "I guess ye'll always hold it against me because Bob went away, won't ye?"

She ceased her weeping by a mighty effort and sought to smooth out her face as she replied: "I know you've spent money and time, Whittaker, in trying to find him. But—my son! my son!"

"It's killin' her," he mumbled to the machine. "It's killin' her, an' she blames me." As if hoping she would refute this conclusion, he patted her gray hair with clumsy gentleness and whispered: "I guess, little woman, ye ain't got much use for me."

"You did all you could," she replied, not turning her head.

"But ye blame me for his goin' away?"

"Bring him back."

"Ye think I was too snug with my money an' too hard on him because he didn't take ter farm work. Ye think if I'd treated him different he'd never quit us."

"Bring him back. If dead, bring his body back." Then meeting his gaze openly, with her face seamed and white, she moaned: "He is to be found somewhere, dead or alive. Bring him back."

"Ye blame me for all," he muttered.

"An' mebbe I was too harsh. But I've tried my best ter find him. I'll begin again ter-morrer. I'll go ter town an' hire more detectives."

"Give me my boy, Whittaker," she whimpered, again bowing her head in her hands. "I guess I'm all unstrung, but I want him. Oh, how I want him!"

The fierce, hungry light in her staring eyes, now looking at him through the hot tears, caused him humbly to retreat and ponder in awe over the mighty weight of a mother's love. "I'll find him if it takes every inch of land I own," he promised more calmly, his iron jaw set at its most stubborn notch.

"Forgive me, dear, if I seem out of sorts"—her mood was sadly gentle now—"but when I think of the long years, and in the night seem to hear his sweet voice singing the old songs about the house, I know I must have him back soon, or it will be too late. Don't you remember how he used to sing?"

"Yas," he groaned, "but ye can't feel jest th' same toward me till he comes back." In declaring this he hoped she would reassure him.

She bit her lip for a moment and looked down; then raising her head she said simply: "You've done your best, and I shouldn't dwell on why Bob left home. He did wrong to wring my heart. Yet I can't forget your last words to him. I—no, nothing can ever be the same with me till he comes home—till he comes home."

He bowed his head as if receiving a sentence and his face was haggard as he resumed adjusting the machine. She blamed him and always would. Had the boy died, she would have remained the same loving helpmate. But now she was changed. He loved the boy, he told himself, and only God could know the washings his soul had received from useless tears, as in moments of privacy he gave way to his grief. He had been harsh. He had spoken words at that last parting the memory of which would always upbraid him. He felt guilty. To his neighbors he always presented the same hard face, but in his heart he ever hungered for the boy.

A movement at the window caused him to turn. She had risen and was

shading her eyes in an effort to scan the now dusky road. "Some one's coming," she faltered.

He knew the wild hope ever tugging at her soul when a figure turned the curve, and to save her further pain he explained brusksly: "Only three of the boys comin' up ter hear the machine."

"Oh," she sighed, lapsing into her chair again.

"Yas, only some of the boys. I know'd they'd enjoy it." Then pleadingly: "Kind of chirk up a bit, if ye can. I don't want 'em ter think ye're sour on me. There! If ye'll go ter the door, I'll light a lamp."

III

THE guests consisted of the town clerk and his companions of a few hours before. The clerk was stern and solemn, as if present under protest, and he viewed the crude gaiety of the others with a semblance of contempt. As for the machine, he refused to join in the inspection, and, instead, sat down beside Mrs. Burnham and returned her mechanical smile with a curt nod. But the veteran and the selectman could only bubble in the keenest anticipation, and the latter, believing he had discovered his host's ulterior intention of utilizing the device in the search for the boy, caused some misapprehension as to his sanity by sundry sly nudges and prolonged chuckles.

"Wal, shall we have some music?" inquired the puzzled Mr. Burnham, caressing his side and backing away from the grinning selectman.

"Let's set an' talk a while," sniffed the clerk, not turning his head.

"Let's hear the music," cried the veteran excitedly. "I remember when——"

"Wal, we can talk while it's playin'," compromised Mr. Burnham.

The clerk immediately stepped to the table and became absorbed in a photograph album as his host gingerly slipped on the first record.

"Here's Bob's picture," whispered the mother, reaching a fluttering hand over the clerk's shoulder. But the other's attention faded into nothingness, and he jerked about in lasting amaze, as the smashing roar of the bass drum, the

purr of the snare and the blatant blare of the trombones, decorated and frilled into fanciful conceits by piccolo and cornet, began streaming from the reproducer to drown her rhapsody. He had had no idea it would be like this, and he could not censure the old veteran for

stratagem had hopelessly failed. If ever she should give the music heed, it would only accentuate her saddened thoughts. She smiled slightly at the next, a monologue, lost largely on her guests, but at the close obstinately returned to the album and said: "Here's



"COME OUT, BOBBIE!"

nervously stumping back and forth in an eccentric effort to keep time. The ranting lilt of the march made even his rebellious feet wish to prance, and once for all he shed his disdain, surrendered, and accepted the machine as a mighty thing.

Mrs. Burnham, who had listened almost impatiently, kept her finger on the photograph, and as the first selection ended, whispered: "This was Bob just before he—he went away."

"What next?" bawled the veteran.

"He was only f'teen when this was took," she murmured.

"Yas," acknowledged the clerk dully, his eyes seeing only the machine. "Yas, I s'pose so."

Her husband, beneath the running fire of query and comment, was anxiously observing her and had noted her hand on the album. He knew his last

another that was took two years earlier. Some think he has my chin."

Then awakening to her husband's wistful gaze, a wave of pity swept over her and she sought to shake herself into a show of enjoyment throughout several selections.

"Give us that comic song again," begged the clerk, his eyes swimming in tears of laughter. "What was it the feller said? 'Oh, I never, never—' Ha, ha! Wal, if he ain't a funny cuss!"

"There's only one more left," said the selectman regretfully. "Let's have that, an' then I vote we try 'em all over again."

"Jest as ye say," agreed Mr. Burnham wearily.

"Hope it's a war tune," gasped the veteran. "Gee whiz! But don't they remind me of them dark days when Grant use ter say ter me——"

B-r-r-r, buzzed the machine and pompously announced: "'Ben Bolt,' the famous American ballad, as sung by Alan Ranmore, the popular barytone of the Extravaganza Opera Company, for the Excelsior Phonograph Company of New York City."

Tinkle, tinkle, rippled the accompaniment and softly retreated before the bell-voiced singer and his wealth of melodic sweetness.

"*Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, sweet Alice—*"

A shriek caused the four men to stumble to a right-about to behold Mrs. Burnham's face distorted and pasty white, while her hands worked convulsively. Now her wild outburst took on words and she screamed: "Robert! My boy!"

"—*When you gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown,*" continued the machine.

"She's dyin'!" whispered the slow-minded father.

"Sha'n't ye give up!" stuttered the town clerk, lolling back very limp.

"—*Churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,*" sobbed the record.

"Bob! Oh, Bob!" panted the mother, tottering forward only to fall into her husband's arms.

"By th' Eternal! It is Bob!" belated Mr. Burnham, laying her on the couch.

"*They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,*" wailed the record.

"Oh, Heavens!" The selectman shivered with an unfamiliar emotion as he, too, caught the well-remembered voice of the long-missing boy.

Then, as the true import flashed home to all three, they became galvanized into an intensity of motion and danced madly around the machine, calling encouragement into the horn, with the clerk trumpeting through his hands to make the singer hear; but the old man kneeling beside the prostrate woman heeded none of it.

"Hello, Bob! Hello! This is me! Don't ye know me?" implored the clerk, standing on one leg.

"*And sweet Alice lies under the stone,*" the liquid voice replied.

"Bob! Bobbie! I say, Bob! Come out!" hoarsely begged the veteran,

stumping his stiff leg to command attention.

"Yas, jump out, Bob," choked the selectman, moving back a few steps.

But the machine was inexorable and with awful obliviousness repeated the primal query:

"*Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice—*"

"'Ben Bolt!'" exploded the veteran, now completely beside himself. And only habit impelled him to add: "Why, we use ter sing that back in th' dark days after Fredericksburg, when General Hooker—"

"Yer mother's dyin', Bobbie," reproached the clerk in a dry sob.

"—*And kept tune to the click of the mill—*"

"Stop it!" groaned the gray-faced father from the couch. "Stop it! It will kill her."

"My boy," murmured the mother, struggling to her elbow and looking confusedly about. "My boy! Where is he? I hear his voice."

"*See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet—*"

"Come out, Bobbie," whimpered the selectman in one last appeal, shaking the horn.

"Stop it!" repeated the old man, staggering from his knees.

"—*Lies scattered and fallen to the—*"

B-r-r-r. Click! And the lever was reversed.

IV

A PALE-FACED woman clung to the porch railing of the Burnham house and scanned the road with aching eyes. No word yet from her husband, and her heart was like ice within her breast. He had assured her he would return within a week, and that period of time had elapsed without bringing a sign from him. No doubt he had failed once more, and—

"Got a message for ye," chuckled a voice, and she turned to behold the veteran hopping onto the porch.

"From whom?" she whispered.

"I tell ye, it reminds me of when General Sherman took me aside and said—

"Give me the message!" she cried



"IT REMINDS ME OF WHEN GENERAL SHERMAN TOOK ME ASIDE AND SAID——"

fiercely, snatching the yellow slip from his hand.

"I know what it says," grinned the veteran, as her nervous fingers tore at the paper. "It was telephoned in from th' junction, an' th' town clerk read it out loud."

But with a glad cry Mrs. Burnham left him and stumbled into the house, her eyes blinded with happy tears; for on the yellow paper she had read:

Be prepared to hear "Ben Bolt" sung to-night. We arrive late stage.

WHITTAKER.

ONLY THE CLOWN

NEVER mind how my heart aches with sorrow or wo,
Out to the footlights gaily I go,
Full of grimaces and rollicking fun;
Crowd down the tears; it's got to be done—
I'm only the clown!

See me make faces, fall on my nose;
Up again quickly. I must not disclose
The heartache within me, the sickening pain;
I must twist up my legs and fall down again—
I'm only the clown!

Hear them all clapping and shouting with glee!
Little they know of the man, when they see
The paint and the tinsel, the grin and grimace.
Myself and my soul 'tis my task to efface—
I'm only the clown!

And while I am joking and laughing so gay,
One whom I dearly love 's passing away;
Slowly she's leaving me for the unknown;
But to the world no grief must be shown—
I'm only the clown!

Grace Wright Gregg

WHAT NEW YORK OWES TO TWEED

BY WALTER L. HAWLEY

THE TRUTH OF A FAMOUS CHAPTER OF NEW YORK'S HISTORY—
"BOSS TWEED" WAS NOT ONLY THE KING OF "GRAFTERS,"
BUT ALSO A FAR-SIGHTED MAN WHO TAUGHT THE AMERICAN
METROPOLIS TO PLAN WORTHILY FOR ITS MAGNIFICENT FUTURE

"HE stole millions and coined the phrase, 'What are you going to do about it?'"

Such is the generally accepted idea of the career of William M. Tweed.

It is undoubtedly true that Tweed was the most powerful, corrupt, and brazen political boss that America has ever known. Yet volumes might be written in description of the things that he did or planned for the material improvement of New York. He designed a Greater New York and dreamed of a city beautiful.

Many public works in process of construction and development to-day are parts of the great scheme of material betterment originated by Tweed. The Brooklyn Bridge; the Blackwell's Island Bridge, now building; the boulevards of the west side—Riverside Drive, the Boulevard Lafayette, and upper Broadway; great municipal dock improvements, and the annexation of the territory now forming the Borough of the Bronx—all these belong to the general plan of improvements inaugurated when Tweed controlled both the city government and the State Legislature.

In 1868, by order of Tweed, the Legislature chartered the Central Underground Railway Company to build a rapid-transit subway. The lines laid out south of Forty-Second Street were almost the same as those of the road now in operation, including the loop under City Hall Park. In the same year provision was made for pneumatic mail-tubes across the Brooklyn Bridge; free floating baths were established;

the Newsboys' Lodging-House was founded, and a site in Central Park was set apart for the present Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In 1867, the New York Bridge Company, with a capital of five million dollars, was chartered to build the Brooklyn Bridge. The company did not carry out the work, which was done later by the two cities; but the idea was Tweed's. The charter contained a provision that the cities might buy out the company by paying thirty-three per cent profit on all its expenditures. That lavish clause was typical of the man and the times.

Tweed was modest in one respect. He did not attach his name to any of the vast public works that he suggested or approved. This fact adds to the difficulty of obtaining from official sources anything like a full and accurate account of his better activities. The name of the great boss rarely appears in the records of what may be classed as his good deeds. But there are still living several men who served with him in the Legislature and in the board of supervisors, and a number who were city clerks, secretaries, or engineers when Tweed was the government of New York.

"Keep the people quiet and do a lot for the churches," was one of his political mottoes. His chief plan for "keeping the people quiet" was to center their attention on great public works, and thus to prevent discovery of the business done behind the scenes. Men who served at Albany with him say that one of his standing orders to his followers

was that they must never vote against a bill in the interest of a church or a charity.

A number of charitable societies and benevolent institutions that have since accomplished much good work were chartered in Tweed's day, and received special favors under his authority. It is not easy to judge fairly whether he went too far in granting State and local aid to such associations, but it is a matter of history that many such acts were placed to his credit in his account with public opinion. At one time, before his downfall, it was seriously proposed to place a statue of the great boss in some public park as a token of the people's appreciation of what he had done for charity and for the city.

THE FIRE AND DOCK DEPARTMENTS

The paid fire department, a New York institution of which the city is justly proud, was created by Tweed legislation, and was one of his ideas. His surviving contemporaries do not agree that he organized it purely as a public benefit. Some of them insist that he had in view the creation of offices and places of employment for his political followers; but whatever his purpose may have been, out of his plan has grown a fire-fighting force that is a model for the world.

In creating the system of city ownership and improvement of the waterfront, too, Tweed's motives were not above suspicion. There was money to be made for himself and his friends by speculation in riverside property, and by the vast contracts that resulted; but results have demonstrated that his plan was the right one for the city. It has undoubtedly promoted commerce, and the city is now earning four and a half per cent on the sixty million dollars invested in dock improvements during the past thirty years. This is a case of profitable municipal ownership, and practically every one who has studied the system is in favor of continuing and extending it. If there is credit due to any one man for putting it into operation, that credit belongs to Tweed.

One of Tweed's gigantic plans he had to abandon because of the enormous cost and the determined opposition. When

he began to annex the adjoining mainland territory to the original city on Manhattan Island, he proposed to fill in the Harlem River and convert its channel into a trunk-line sewer. Many New Yorkers indorsed the scheme, but leading property interests opposed it, and the boss found the cost prohibitive.

One of the great public works designed and accomplished by Tweed was the widening of Broadway from Thirty-Second to Fifty-Ninth Street, with Columbus Circle and the triangular parks at Herald Square, and the construction of what was known for years as the Boulevard, but is now officially a section of Broadway. Until the boss took it in hand, the Boulevard was a winding country road through cabbage-patches, vacant lots, and woods. It was known as the Bloomingdale Road; it was narrow, unpaved, and little traveled.

TWEED'S BIG PLANS FOR BROADWAY

Ambitious as this improvement was, it was only part of Tweed's plan—a plan which men who knew him say was the dream of his life. He wanted to make all Broadway, from the Battery to the city limits, a great avenue five hundred feet wide, modeled on the Champs Elysées of Paris. He planned to clear Battery Park of all buildings, and to construct a marble terrace rising from the edge of the bay to the Bowling Green. He had rough drawings of the proposed work made, and went so far as to obtain a preliminary appropriation of twenty thousand dollars; but the plan was never approved, and the money was later turned back into the city treasury—an incident that might be added to the list of Tweed's honest deeds.

The writer has been unable to ascertain the name of the engineer or architect who drew Tweed's plan, which, never having been adopted by the city government, is not on file in any department. If New York had undertaken the entire work at one time, it would have meant financial ruin. Rough estimates of its probable cost, made at the time, ran as high as five hundred million dollars. Tweed's idea was to undertake it by sections, and to carry the work along to the end of his life or of his reign; but his friends advised him that he

would invite speedy disaster if he attempted to fasten on the city such a gigantic obligation. He gave way for a time, but he regarded the widening of upper Broadway as a partial realization of his scheme. Men who heard him talk of his great idea say that had he retained power ten years longer, his greater Broadway might after all have been a reality.

His reconstruction of the famous avenue north of Thirty-Second Street contributed greatly to the beautification of New York; but in carrying out the work there was graft, millions of it, for the boss and his friends. Indeed, it was one of the most characteristic manifestations of the Tweed system. He and his associates knew in advance that the work was to be done, and when and how it would be done. Fortified with this inside information, they and their dummies bought every lot they could obtain that fronted on Broadway in the section to be widened. They did the same along the old Bloomingdale Road and on Riverside Drive. The improvements to be made would of course increase the value of the property, but that was a consideration too remote for Tweed and his merry men. They had a better plan. The city had to pay damages to those whose land it took for the widening of the thoroughfare; and in many cases the sum paid for cutting off a fraction of a lot were largely in excess of the entire cost of the property.

THE "FRONT LOTS" SCHEME

For instance—my authority is a city employee who was connected with the work—Tweed and his friends purchased a large plot near Forty-Second Street, for three hundred thousand dollars, and for a few feet taken off the front of it they received seven hundred thousand from the city, besides retaining fully four-fifths of their land. On another lot which a satellite of Tweed bought for twenty-four thousand dollars, the damage allowed for taking part of it was twenty-five thousand, although the market price of the remaining portion, because of the improvement, rose to thirty-five thousand. In all, for the widening of Broadway from Thirty-Second to Fifty-Ninth Street, the city

paid three million dollars in damages before a pick was put into the soil.

In investigating the operations of the Front Lots Gang, as these robbers of the city treasury were called, I unearthed a curious incident. Thomas Murphy, who made a fortune during the Civil War by selling haversacks to the Army of the Potomac, and who was afterward collector of the port of New York, purchased the block front on Broadway between Seventy-Third and Seventy-Fourth Streets, where now stands a huge family hotel. He was to share in the profits of the Boulevard scheme; but he held on too long, the downfall of the Tweed Ring came, and some years later the property was sold at foreclosure sale. After paying off the mortgage, the sum of forty-eight dollars was left as Murphy's equity. The money was paid into the office of the city chamberlain, and has never been claimed by Murphy or his heirs. The amount to the credit of the estate, including interest, is now one hundred and twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents, which the chamberlain would be glad to pay over to the legal owners.

CENTRAL PARK AND THE COURT-HOUSE.

Another great public improvement that was advanced by Tweed is Central Park. Its creation was not his idea, nor does it appear that he personally planned any betterment or extension of it; but he used his political power and the city's money to carry out the suggestions of others. His lieutenant, Peter B. Sweeny, was for a time a park commissioner, and those who remember his activity in that office agree that no other man ever worked harder to complete and beautify New York's splendid playground. Andrew H. Green, who was deeply interested in the city's park system, never appealed in vain to Tweed for legislation or for funds. And it is noteworthy that there is no evidence of "grafting" in this great undertaking. It is said that Tweed ordered his followers to keep hands off the park. Profits may have been made on the contracts for the work done, but it does not appear that they were excessive.

The one conspicuous piece of public work that is pointed out to strangers in

New York as Tweed's monument is the County Court-House, in City Hall Park. It is commonly called the "Tweed Court-House." As a matter of fact, the boss and his merry men did not construct the building. They merely "repaired" it. It was nearly completed, and more than four million dollars had been expended on the work, when the so-called Tweed Ring came into control, and discovered that it needed extensive "repairs."

A few items from the records will give an idea of the jobbery that ensued. The original plaster-work in the building cost \$531,594. The Ring put in bills for \$1,294,684 for "repairs to plaster-work." The carpenter-work cost \$1,439,619; "repairing" it before the building was finished, necessitated additional appropriations of \$750,071. The safes put in the clerks' offices cost the tax-payers \$404,347. For carpets, shades, and curtains, \$675,534 was paid; for furniture, \$1,575,782. In all, the ringsters increased the original cost of the building—about four and a half millions—by more than eight million dollars.

Tweed was a big man physically; he planned with a big brain, and never stole in less than thousands. A man who worked with him in one of the old volunteer fire companies said to the writer: "Tweed could cuss bigger and more of it than any other man I ever seen. He could fight, too, and everybody was afraid of him."

THE GREAT BOSS'S CAREER

Tweed was born in Cherry Street in 1823, studied in the public schools, and graduated into politics from the volunteer fire department. He was foreman of Big Six, a famous engine company, for several years. He learned the trade of a brush-maker, but abandoned it when he entered politics. He was elected an alderman in 1851.

As a presiding officer at conventions or meetings, Tweed ruled with an iron hand. If he wanted a motion carried, he never called for a negative vote, and did not allow one to be recorded. Once, at a judicial convention, he declared his candidate unanimously nominated, and immediately adjourned the proceedings.

The opposition attempted to organize and name another candidate, but Tweed had the gas cut off, and drove them out of the hall. It was from this incident that he came to be known as Boss Tweed, a title which he enjoyed.

In the early sixties, Tweed became complete master of the Tammany Society. He had himself elected grand sachem and chairman of the general committee, and held both positions for years. He also held three public offices at the same time—those of supervisor, deputy commissioner of street-cleaning, and State Senator. He established a graded system of collecting tolls from every contractor and merchant who did business with the city. At first the rate was ten per cent of all the money they received; but the figure was soon raised to thirty-five per cent, of which twenty-five per cent went to Tweed, while the remainder was divided among minor officials. In the later days of the great Tweed Ring, from 1868 to 1870, the "graft" was raised to eighty-five per cent. The city had to pay double prices, or more, for all goods and work. Favored merchants and contractors were always notified in advance how high they might go with their charges, and how much they would have to pay over to Tweed and others. It is not strange that between 1868 and 1871 the funded debt of New York was increased by more than a hundred million dollars, with very little to show for it.

To quiet public clamor, the boss distributed his ill-gotten gains with a lavish hand. In one year he gave fifty thousand dollars to charity in his own Assembly district, and every alderman had a thousand dollars with which to buy coal for the poor.

The inside members of the ring were Tweed, Richard B. Connolly, who was comptroller, and Peter B. Sweeny, who was chamberlain. The others were minor office-holders and contractors who received the crumbs that fell from the feast of plunder. Estimates made in the Finance Department indicate that the conspirators robbed New York of about seventy-five million dollars; but there is no way of ascertaining the exact amount. Tweed and Connolly lived in great splendor, and gave lavishly to

charity. Indeed, they made charity a means of stealing from both city and State. Besides aiding legitimate institutions, they organized "fake" charitable societies, got large appropriations for them, and pocketed the money.

There were spasmodic protests against the riot of corruption, but no effective opposition until the *New York Times*, in the summer of 1871, published a mass of figures which it had obtained from some minor city employees. With this evidence of huge peculations, the *Times* opened war on the Ring. It was then that Tweed uttered his famous phrase:

"What are you going to do about it?"

THE DOWNFALL OF TWEED

But the public was aroused. On the 26th of October Tweed was arrested, on the affidavit of Samuel J. Tilden. He was admitted to bail, and to show his defiance he had himself reelected to the State Senate at the November election. But the Ring was going to pieces fast; and in December the boss was indicted for fraud and felony. At the first trial, the jury disagreed; at the second, he was convicted and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, with a fine of twelve thousand dollars. When taken to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island he gave his occupation as "statesman."

He served nineteen months of his term, and was then released on a legal technicality. Tilden and his associates had anticipated this, and had begun civil suits, under a special act of Legislature, to recover the stolen money. Tweed was promptly rearrested on a warrant in a suit for six million dollars, and was held in three million dollars' bail. He could

not furnish such an amount, and went to jail. Some time later he escaped by outside assistance, was smuggled aboard a schooner, and reached Florida. Thence he went to Cuba on a fishing-smack, but was arrested as soon as he landed, the Cuban officers recognizing him from Nast's famous cartoons. He got out of custody in some way, and fled to Vigo, in Spain. There he was again arrested, and in November, 1876, he was brought back on a United States man-of-war. The city had recovered judgment against him for six million dollars. He could not pay, and went to Ludlow Street Jail, where he died April 12, 1878, protesting that he had tried to do good for New York and for everybody.

Execrated as his name has been, his dying plea was not wholly false. "Tweed was not all bad," said the late Mayor Strong. "He gave us the Boulevard, Riverside Park, the Annexed District, streets, roads, parks, docks, schools, and hospitals."

Men who worked with Tweed, and men who fought him, agree with Mayor Strong, and go further. They say that it was Tweed legislation and Tweed ideas that hastened the bridging of the East and Harlem Rivers and the building of the rapid-transit tunnel. They say, and the records bear them out, that Tweed, more than any other one man, taught the people of New York to plan for their city's development on a scale worthy of its magnificent destiny. But he died in jail, and a dingy, dismal pile of stone and plaster is called his monument because it cost the tax-payers thirteen million dollars.

AMONG THE STUFFED BIRDS

HERE is the silent plumage, the hushed note,
The sleeping wings that rainbow-colors wear;
Not long ago their moving glories smote
Somewhere in tropic woods the quiet air.

How stiff and lifeless perched on little racks
These once proud voyagers of gorgeous wings!
How much of beauty all their beauty lacks!
We walk in presence of uncanny things.

Leave now the sleeping wing, the unmoving beak;
Here is a sight to wake our joy again;
Come to the window—softly—do not speak;
Lo, here a sparrow taps upon the pane!

Joseph Dana Miller

RED, THE MEDIATOR

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

WITH A DRAWING BY J. H. GARDNER-SOPER

ALOYSIUS WALSH, the same they call "Red," was playing the mouth-organ. He exhaled the melody and inhaled the accompaniment, while Patsy Barry sat beside him on the bench and kicked the wooden partition beneath, *tempo marcato*.

Outside, the cold was intense, and the constantly opening door so lowered the temperature of the room that the music fairly steamed from Aloysius's lips in little jets of vapor. Patsy's nose peeped, cherrylike, from the shade of his enormous cap, and his whole attitude was one of absorbed interest in the performance. He admired good music; not so the manager at Forty-Fifth Street, who stuck his head through an opening in the partition.

"Quit dat noise, youse two," he growled, "or I'll kick de bot'n yez out er dis."

They quit incontinently, for the manager was of a decisive habit with messenger-boys. He had just risen from a tender conversation with "B. G." in the main office, who clicked him a vivid description of herself as tall and blond, and he sighed as he pictured her languid eye and moist, red lip. If he but knew it, "B. G." was stout and forty, with a three days' growth of beard, and more redolent of whisky than the manager at Forty-Fifth Street himself.

It was scant half past eight, and the theaters were in. A light snow fell, and a bleak wind swept Broadway clear of all traffic save the cars and one or two belated playgoers. The manager lighted a fresh stogy and prepared for a quiet evening.

Aloysius and Patsy were "doping" the horses at New Orleans with the aid

of a tattered pink newspaper. They were keen sportsmen, at least in desire, and discussed in low tones a marked reversal of form shown in the fifth race that afternoon.

"Dat ain't narten," said Aloysius. "Louis d'Or was played down to even money yesterday, and she ain't finished yet."

Patsy wagged his head gravely.

"Yer can't pick 'em, dese days," he said. "Dey git yer bote ways, comin' and goin'."

A bell tapped insistently, and the manager drew a ticket from one of the many drawers behind the counter. He handed it to Aloysius without even glancing at it.

"Here, you!" he said. "Chase yourself."

Aloysius buttoned up his coat and carefully drew on his torn mittens.

"Where to?" said Patsy.

"Hotel Altrincham," Aloysius replied, and ministered to a cold in his head with his left-hand mitten.

"Leave me have de mout'-organ while ye're gone?" said Patsy as Aloysius made for the door.

"Aw, what fer?" Aloysius rejoined derisively.

"All right, yer miz," said the disgruntled Patsy.

The manager again inserted his head through the partition.

"Shake it up, there, Four-ninety-two!" he said.

Aloysius opened the door and passed out with a blast of insulting discords on the harmonica.

"Ho-ly cripes!" he muttered to himself as the wind struck him. "Ain't it cold!"

And he broke into a trot, with his head bent to the swirling snow.

II

A FEW minutes later he entered the revolving door of the Altrincham and saluted the clerk with the monosyllable "Call."

"Front," said the clerk, "take this kid up to eighty-nine."

After a lively scuffle with the bell-boy in the elevator, Aloysius alighted at the eighth floor and knocked on the door numbered eighty-nine.

A tall young man answered his summons.

"Come in," he said to Aloysius. "Cold, isn't it?"

Aloysius sniffed by way of answer and sat down on the edge of the bed. He made careful survey of the room while the tall young man wrote steadily at a desk in the corner. On the dressing-table were two panel photographs, and scattered about the walls were four more, all of the same person. Aloysius stared at them with the eye of a connoisseur, for messenger-boys in the vicinity of Forty-Fifth Street are by association and environment excellent judges of feminine beauty.

The tall young man rose from his desk and went to the telephone.

"Send me a cup of hot coffee," he said to the clerk, and he returned to his writing. Soon there came a knock at the door, and a waiter appeared, bearing a silver pot of coffee on a linen-covered tray. He deposited it, with sugar, cream, and a cup and saucer, on the dressing-table.

"Drink this," said the tall young man. "You'll feel better when you go out."

Aloysius expressed his enjoyment in long gurgling inhalations until there was no more coffee left. Evidently the tall young man found letter-writing a difficult task, for he began four epistles, only to tear them up. At the fifth attempt he concluded a short note and handed it to Aloysius.

"Take this letter to the Benson," he said, "and wait for an answer. If the lady says there isn't any, come back and let me know. Here's ten cents for car-fare and a quarter for yourself."

Aloysius pocketed the quarter.

"T'anks, Jack," he said. "Yer all right."

The tall young man sighed heavily. He had large melancholy eyes, and features so delicately molded as to appear rather weak. Altogether, he was good to look upon, and the dinner-coat which he wore by no means detracted from his appearance.

"Hustle, now," he said, "and if you come back in less than half an hour there's more coffee down-stairs."

Aloysius grinned, and hurried for the elevator. On his way down he discovered that the envelope, none too securely sealed, had broken open, and in the street-car he drew the letter from its covering and perused it with a frown.

"Dearest," it ran, "tell me you didn't mean what you said this afternoon. The boy will wait for an answer—HUBERT."

"Dat's a hot one!" Aloysius muttered, replacing it in the envelope. The car jogged along over the joints in the rails, and Aloysius, seated for warmth over a grating of the electric heater, took his harmonica from his tunic and passed it furtively across his mouth.

The only other occupants of the car were the conductor, who stood inside the door, and an old gentleman curled up in the corner behind the financial page of a conservative evening paper. At the first strains, the old gentleman glanced menacingly over the celluloid rims of his glasses and the conductor darted up the aisle of the car.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Yer wanter cut dat out. See?"

Aloysius rose slowly.

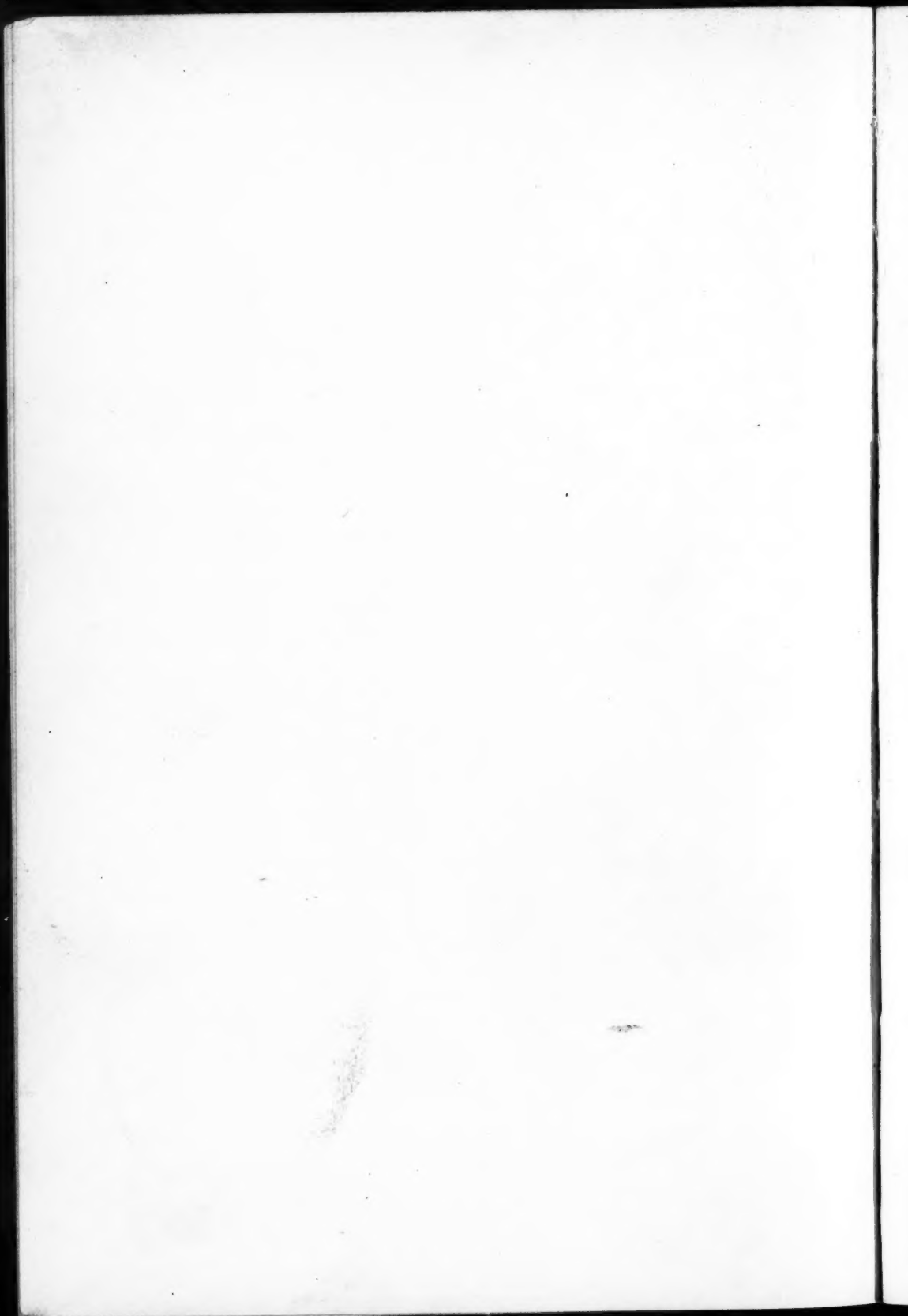
"Who for?" he inquired, and as the conductor grabbed for him he dodged and jumped nimbly from the rear platform. Standing on the sidewalk, he carefully inserted his two index fingers in either corner of his mouth and sent a shrill defiance after the retreating car. Three times, and with great solemnity, he repeated the performance, and then turned and entered the portals of the Benson.

"Dis is for Miss Ethel Wetmore," he said to the clerk, "an' dere's an answer."

The clerk handed the note to a bell-boy, who returned a moment later.



SLOWLY SHE REMOVED FROM THE THIRD FINGER OF HER LEFT HAND
A SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING



"She wants to see the messenger," he said.

III

ALOYSIUS was ushered into a room on the third floor in which a lady was sitting—a lady of such compelling charm that Aloysius removed his hat and gasped.

"Are you the boy that Mr. Holworthy sent?" she asked.

"A tall guy wid a dress-suit?" Aloysius queried.

The lady nodded.

"Yes'm," he said.

Slowly she removed from the third finger of her left hand a solitaire diamond ring that sparkled brilliantly in the subdued lighting of the room. But Aloysius had no eyes for the gem. He gazed open-mouthed at two round drops that rolled gently down the lady's cheeks.

"Now," he commenced huskily—"now, lady—don't yer, now."

He recognized in her the original of the six photographs in the room at the Altrincham, though the beauty of her features was many times enhanced by the magnificent coloring of her oval face and the gilded wealth of her hair.

She wrapped the ring in Holworthy's note and handed it to Aloysius.

"Take this to Mr. Holworthy," she said, "and let me know what he says."

She fumbled in her pocketbook and produced a quarter.

"Take this," she continued. "Hurry back."

"T'anks, lady," said Aloysius, placing the package in the lining of his hat. He stood in the door hesitatingly.

"Well, why don't you go?" said Miss Wetmore.

"Now, lady," Aloysius stammered, "don't yer go ter beefin' no more." He blushed at his own temerity and ran wildly down the stairs.

The tall young man was pacing nervously up and down his room as Aloysius entered.

"Well?" he blurted out.

"She gimme dis ter hand ter yer," said Aloysius, taking the ring from the lining of his cap.

Holworthy seized it with shaking fingers, and his face turned a ghastly

white. Aloysius stood waiting in the door.

"That's all," Holworthy said. "You may go."

Still Aloysius lingered.

"What are you waiting for?" Holworthy croaked.

"She told me ter come back," Aloysius replied, "and let her know what you said."

Holworthy swallowed in an effort to control his tones and made a gesture of dismissal.

"Go!" he managed to whisper, and sinking down on the bed, covered his face with his hands, while his shoulders heaved with great choking sobs.

Aloysius turned and tiptoed from the room. A quarter of an hour later he was again conducted to Miss Wetmore's apartments in the Benson. She raised a tearful face toward him.

"Well," she said, "what did he say?"

Aloysius shook his head.

"Narten, lady."

She folded her hands in her lap and gazed into vacancy.

"What did he do?" she continued, and her lips trembled piteously.

"Now, lady," said Aloysius, "don't yer go ter takin' on about it de way he did. On de level, lady, he beefed sumpin' awful."

Miss Wetmore rocked to and fro in impotent misery, and Aloysius, forgetting that he was a messenger-boy, laid a comforting arm on her shoulder. Gently she took his hand in hers and pressed a dollar bill into it. Aloysius turned red and choked.

"T'anks, lady," he murmured; "but I couldn't take it."

He left the money on the table and backed out of the room.

"Much obliged just the same," he said as he closed the door behind him and trudged mournfully down-stairs.

IV

THE manager at Forty-Fifth Street was just finishing his last stogy when Aloysius came back.

"Well," he grunted, "where've you been loafing?"

Aloysius was in no mood for correction.

"Say," he piped, "me mudder's sick, an' I'm goin' home. See?"

"You are, hey?" the manager replied. "You stay right here till seven o'clock."

For answer Aloysius flung down his oilcloth-covered book and walked out of the office, banging the door behind him. Without hesitating, he made straight for the Altrincham.

"Say," he said to the clerk, "I've got an answer for Mr. Holworthy in eighty-nine."

The clerk looked at the pigeonholes behind him.

"Gone out," he replied.

"Where did he go?" Aloysius persisted.

"You might try the Criterion Club," said the clerk.

By this time the light snow had grown into a driving blizzard, and Aloysius shivered as he faced the stinging particles. He turned into Fifth Avenue, his head bent to the storm, just as a hansom dashed around the corner. The driver gave a mighty pull on his reins and swore horribly as Aloysius disappeared beneath the wheels. Young Holworthy jumped from the cab and carried Aloysius in his arms to the sidewalk.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "It's the messenger-boy!"

When the ambulance arrived the surgeon shook his head dolefully.

"Must get him to the operating-table immediately," he called to Holworthy from the back of the wagon as it clanged rapidly away.

Aloysius awoke four hours later with the fumes of the ether lingering in his nostrils. He turned his head painfully

toward the white-capped nurse at his side.

"Am I goin' to croak?" he whispered.

The nurse patted his pillow cheerfully.

"*You're* all right!" she said.

Aloysius gazed at the ceiling for an hour.

"Say," he muttered again, "kin I send fer me friends?"

The nurse nodded, and placed a linen screen around him. She bent her head while he whispered two names and addresses.

It seemed like an age, but in reality it was barely half an hour before they arrived. Holworthy was the first to come. He leaned over Aloysius and pressed his hand in silent sympathy. Aloysius smiled gratefully.

"Say, Jack," he murmured, "have yer got dat ring?"

Holworthy took it from his pocket and laid it on the bed. Then Miss Wetmore entered. She stood on the opposite side of the bed, and a faint flush mounted to Aloysius's cheeks as he saw her.

He closed his hand over the ring.

"Put it on, lady," he muttered.

With drooping eyes she placed the ring on the third finger of her left hand.

Aloysius turned to Holworthy.

"Git over on de udder side," he whispered, and in a moment the two lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

Aloysius beamed, and half rose in his bed.

"Kiss her, Jack!" he gasped, and fell back on his pillow.

I KNOW

Oh, I know why the alder-trees
Lean over the reflecting stream,
And I know what the wandering bees
Heard in the woods of dream.

I know how the uneasy tide
Answers the whisper of the moon,
And why the morning-glories hide
Their eyes in the forenoon.

And I know all the wild delight
That quivers in the sea-bird's wings;
For in one little hour last night
Love told me all these things!

Elsa Barker

"EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK"

BY ELIZABETH H. DU BOIS, PH.D.

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THE SLOGAN OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE FAIRER PAYMENT
OF WOMEN TEACHERS—FACTS THAT ARE SIGNIFICANT AND
SURPRISING, AND ARGUMENTS THAT SEEM UNANSWERABLE

THE movement for what are commonly styled "woman's rights" goes on by fits and starts in England and in the United States. So far as it touches upon the field of politics, no great advance seems to have been made, in spite of the growth of women's clubs in this country and the noisy demonstrations of the so-called "suffragettes" in Great Britain. The approach of women toward a certain equality with men is to be detected rather in minor departments of activity than in conspicuous fields.

At present there is a widespread agitation among women teachers to equalize the salaries paid to men and women for what is precisely equal work. As things stand, the difference between what a man may earn by teaching and what a woman may earn in exactly the same position is decidedly surprising. Suppose, for instance, we take three great American cities, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, and make a brief comparison.

THE PRESENT INEQUALITY OF PAY

In Boston, in the elementary schools a man begins with a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars, which is gradually increased to two thousand four hundred and sixty dollars. A woman filling precisely the same position, and having the same responsibility, begins with a salary of only five hundred and fifty-two dollars, and can never receive more than a salary of one thousand two hundred and twelve dollars. In other words, she begins with about one-third the salary of the man, and attains,

as a maximum, to a salary of less than half of what is paid to him. In the high schools of the same city—taking into account only such positions as are open to both men and women—the maximum salary of a man is three thousand and sixty dollars, while the maximum salary of a woman is one thousand three hundred and eighty-six dollars.

In the elementary schools of Philadelphia a man, at the end of eight years, may receive a salary of one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. At the end of the same period a woman can receive but seven hundred and seventy dollars. In the high schools, the men who are principals receive four thousand dollars, while the one woman principal receives two thousand five hundred dollars. The assistant teachers' salaries show the same disproportion—the man teacher's maximum being three thousand dollars, and the woman's one thousand five hundred dollars.

In New York there is a closer approach to equality of payment; yet even there the discrepancy is notable. Not to enter into minute statistical details, and merely by way of illustration, it may be said that male principals of schools, at the end of four years, receive a salary of three thousand five hundred dollars, while the maximum for a woman principal is two thousand five hundred dollars. In the high schools, the best positions open to women ultimately yield them a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars, while men receive a salary of three thousand dollars.

It may be added that the most lucrative

educational offices in all three cities are reserved for men; but this is not complained of. What is viewed as a real injustice is the fact that where there is no difference in the work required, and where there is no difference in the responsibility, there should be so very great a difference in the actual rewards—a difference really due to the accident of sex.

THE ARGUMENTS FOR EQUALITY

It is interesting to note the arguments which are being advanced for a radical change in the existing system. It must be said that they commend themselves to one's sense of fairness. First of all, it is urged that the expense of preparation is just the same for women as for men, since colleges and training-schools make no difference in their rates of tuition; and that while, ten or twelve years ago, a boy was sent to college almost as a matter of course, a girl often paid for her own college education.

In the second place, the expense of caring for dependent relatives is far more nearly equal than is generally supposed. At a recent meeting of the women teachers of a high school in New York one of the questions submitted was: "Is any one wholly or in part dependent upon you?" and of the forty-five women present only four answered "No." Younger brothers and sisters, children of deceased brothers or sisters, and parents, too, were being cared for from the earnings of these women. Further, in bringing up a family of children a man is really providing for his own old age. He is investing money, so to speak, from which he looks for re-

turns in the future; while the persons who are oftenest dependent upon a woman's support will be gone when she herself is old and stands in need of help, or, in the case of the younger ones whom she has cared for, they may themselves have claims more pressing than those of a worn-out aunt or sister.

Finally, it is not claimed by any one that men, as teachers, are better fitted than women either mentally or morally, or that the quality of the work they do is better. Men and women are not the same as teachers, any more than they are the same in other vocations of life, and children need the influence of both in the schoolroom, as in the home. A boy entirely woman-taught would not be fully equipped for the battle of life; yet from first to last he needs the influence of cultivated, high-minded women; and in the case of a girl, the very sympathy of sex makes it possible for a woman to know just when to put on pressure and when to leave it off.

If we admit, then, that both men and women are needed in the schoolroom, fair play would seem to require that the principle of equal pay for equal services should not be affected by difference in sex. Women are under as great expense as men in preparing for their work. The equal value of that work is not seriously questioned. The personal obligations to meet which it is undertaken rest far more heavily upon women than is usually supposed. These are questions of pure fact; and if the facts be as they are here set forth, it is safe to say that before very long the inequality which now exists will disappear.

ACHIEVEMENT

I CANNOT see the veiled face of success,
My weary efforts in the shadow lurk;
I cannot guess reward beyond the stress—
But I can work!

I cannot find the life where I belong,
The heart with need of *me*, all else above;
I cannot be the burden of Love's song—
But I can love!

I cannot always hopeful be, and brave;
The long, hard struggle will not seem worth while!
I cannot quench the slow, hot tears I crave—
But I can smile!

Edith Brownell

LIGHT VERSE

ST. VALENTINE TO DATE

"FIVE dollars per," the florist said.
 "Of course you'll take a dozen straight?"
 The young man smiled a sickly smile,
 Walked bravely up and paid the freight.

And in this odorous flowery midst—
 The choicest of all valentines—
 He hid a fair, white page whereon
 Were carefully inscribed these lines:

"Mistrust, fair maid, the ardent vow,
 The amorous glance, the dulcet lay
 Of such sad, sighing, love-sick swains
 As send thee roses red in May.

"But be my own fair valentine,
 Nor think thou ever need'st be wary
 Of lover fond who sends to thee
 These roses red in February!"

Stuart Dunlap

THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

WHEN Sunday morning rolls around
 I heave a dismal sigh;
 The same old pictures still abound,
 The same jokes meet my eye.
 Oh, how I long for something new—
 For something new and good!
 But the ancient jokes in their ancient cloaks
 Are a mournful brotherhood!

Since Maud and Si have parted,
 My heart the wish allows
 That Maud might fall from the rocky wall
 That leads to the Mountain House;
 And now Leander's married,
 And on his wedding-trip,
 Can't a jilted swain just wreck his train,
 Or a rock-reef sink his ship?

And dilatory Jimmy
 Should grow to be a man;
 While Mr. Jack should get the sack
 On a totally different plan.
 And the festive Katzenjammers
 Should stay where we saw them last:
 I would just as lief a cannibal chief
 Had a dainty Dutch repast!

While as for Happy Hooligan—
 Since Gloomy Gus has gone—

He'd better go to the dark limbo
 Of Alphonse and Gaston.
 For Montmorency and Leon
 There's but a memory dim—
 Let's make a match for Mr. Bach,
 Ring wedding-bells for him!

Louise Cass Evans

TEACHER'S PET

AT school he rather counted some,
 Did Ferdinand Alonzo Plum;
 His desk was at the very front,
 And there he'd do his little stunt,
 And work his sums, and be so good
 We said he fed on angel's food.
 When no one else could understand,
 Or answer give, up went his hand;
 And somehow, too, he always knew
 Who placed a tack, or spitballs blew,
 And then when teacher asked, he'd say:
 "Please, that was William Arthur Day!"
 Then if I licked the little brat,
 He'd tell and get me licked for that.
 He kept a little sponge and rag
 To clean his slate, and as for tag
 He called it "brutal"—so he'd stay
 And study when we went to play,
 And fill the ink-wells up, and do
 A lot of things for teacher, too—
 At school he rather counted some,
 Did Ferdinand Alonzo Plum.

I met Alonzo Plum to-day,
 When thirty years had passed away
 Since we were schoolmates up in Maine.
 I didn't know him, though, again;
 He'd changed a bit, and lost his hair,
 And rather looked the worse for wear.
 But he knew me and wrung my hand,
 And wept in speaking of the "grand
 Old boyhood days so far away,"
 And spoke of how we used to play
 Together, and what friends we were,
 And said that he was proud—yes, sir!
 To think he'd helped me get my sums,
 And shared his lunch down to the crumbs.
 This seemed to open up the way
 To even up at this late day,
 So seeking out a restaurant,
 I told him, "Order what you want!"
 And waited, too, till he got through,
 Which once I feared he'd never do.

And then when on the street again,
He touched me for a loan of ten—
At school he rather counted some,
Did Ferdinand Alonzo Plum.

William Wallace Whitelock

WIMMEN FOLKS

HAST ever reflected on womankind's
ways?

Heaven bless 'em!
Or have you devoted the most of your days,
To strenuous efforts the shekels to raise
Just to dress 'em?

Didst ever try fathom the mind of a maid?
I've a notion
One might as well ask if you've ever essayed
To explore earth's depths, with a plummet
and spade,
Or the ocean?

Didst ever attempt to debate with a girl?
Don't do it.
You'll emerge from the fray with your brain
in a whirl
And, unless you're a cynical chump or a
churl,
You'll rue it!

Still odd as they are—they've an infinite
grace
About 'em;
There's a wonderful charm in a fair woman's
face
And this planet would be a lugubrious place
Without 'em!

Charles True Weeks

HOOF-BEATS

WHAT do the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on the road?
Raisin' a blanket o' dusty gray,
Complainin' o' their load?
Listen, an' hear 'em talk,
Gallop or trot or walk,
This is what the hoofses say
Poundin' on the road:

*A mile! A mile! A mile!
Boot 'em along an' smile!
Th' sabers clank to the plankety, plank—
A mile! A mile! A mile!*

What do the horses' hoofses say?
To some o' home they speaks—
See 'em dreamin' the miles away
An' many a sigh they sneaks.

Friends an' a people dear,
Many a mile from here,
To them the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on th' road:

*A mile! A mile! A mile!
We'll get home after a while:
Me, oh, my! the road slides by—
A mile! A mile! A mile!*

What do the horses' hoofses say?
To some they speaks o' grub;
O' sweet repose at close o' day
An' rest from saddles' rub,
Cussin' beneath their breath,
Nary a thought o' death,
They hears the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on the road:

*Plankety, plankety, plankety, plank!
Plankety, plankety, plank!
Giddap, you skate, er we'll be late—
Plankety, plankety, plank!*

That's what the horses' hoofses say—
"Plankety, plankety, plank!"
Churnin' the weary miles away
To the tune o' the sabers' clank!
Gallop or trot or walk,
Listen an' hear 'em talk,
That's what the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on the road:

*A mile! A mile! A mile!
Plankety, plank; plankety, plank;
A mile! A mile! A mile!
Plankety, plankety, plank!*

Alfred Damon Runyon

TO MY DEAR

WERE womankind like you, my dear—
Were womankind like you,
O'er much there'd be, I greatly fear,
For Valentine to do,
Since every swain upon the sphere
Would spring at word to woo.

But now, 'tis said, the summons fall
On hearts where love is dry;
The custom sweet has lost its thrall—
And this, I venture, why:
Of such as you I cornered all
The visible supply!

Edwin L. Sabin

ADONIS ADORNED

BUT, O beloved, where's my heart,
Which I did give and you receive?
I thought that it would hide in yours!
But what I see must I believe?
Is that my heart upon your sleeve?

Witter Bynner

THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

XI—BIRMINGHAM AND PUEBLO

The Great Iron and Steel Industries That Have Grown Up in the South and the West—Their Marvelously Rapid Development, the Natural Resources on Which They Are Based, the Obstacles They Have Had to Overcome, and the Men Who Have Made Them What They Are

BIRMINGHAM and Pueblo—the iron cities of the far South and the far West! It is in here that we discover the latest and most sensational development in the world of iron and steel.

If there be any American playwright who is planning to write the Drama of Steel, he will probably find more material in this chapter than in any of those which have hitherto been printed. While the story of Pittsburgh and the United States Steel Corporation has been one of success—of almost monotonous success—there has been in Alabama and Colorado a vivid alternation of light and shade—of marvelous victories and equally marvelous defeats; and in Colorado, at least, there has also been an element of tragedy which is not found elsewhere.

The situation in Alabama and Colorado is strikingly similar. In both States the steel-makers had first to conquer a wilderness. They had to create an industry from the ground up. Nothing was ready-made. When the first Birmingham furnace was built, there was no Birmingham; and the great Pueblo plant, now quite encircled by the

city, was originally a lonely object in a desolate waste on which no living creatures except the prairie-dogs had ever been able to make a home.

Another coincidence is that while nature has provided, near Birmingham and Pueblo, such an abundance of the many materials that the iron-makers need, the one item of water seems to have been overlooked. The rivers are small, except during the spring freshets; and in Pueblo the rainfall is seldom more than fourteen inches a year. The Colorado men, because of their experience in irrigation, have recently solved the problem by spending nine hundred thousand dollars on a forty-three-mile conduit; and if Birmingham carries out its present plan for a thirty-five-mile conduit neither city will need to fear thirst in the future.

These natural obstacles have been troublesome enough; but the steel kings of both States have had other enemies. They have battled with labor-unions, as Frick did in Pittsburgh, until there was nothing left to oppose them.

"There is not a union man in my employ," said both John A. Topping and

This series of articles began in the April, 1906, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

F. J. Hearne, the two great generals of the iron and steel armies in Alabama and Colorado.

The Legislature in each State, too, was at first hostile. The steel corporations were regarded by the politicians as "big game" that could be hunted in and out of season by any one who had a fancy for the sport.

Both Topping and Hearne, so it happens, are from Wheeling. Both were high in the service of the Steel Trust, and resigned to take up pioneer work in the South and West. It is also true that several of the same capitalists have been active in both States. John W. Gates and E. J. Berwind, for example, were among the first Eastern men who invested money in the two places. And at the present time both States are linked together by E. W. Oglebay, of Cleveland, who is a director in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and also one of the "big four" in the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company; and by F. J. Hearne, of whom we have already spoken, president of the former company as well as a director of the Woodward Iron Company, of Alabama.

THE GREATNESS OF ALABAMA

The greater of the two States, in the iron and steel geography, is Alabama. In fact, there are three things in which Alabama has no equal in any part of the United States—natural resources, cheap labor, and the convenient handling of raw materials. In these, Alabama stands first. She stands second in the making of coke; third in the mining of ore; and fourth in the production of pig iron.

The men who are behind Alabama claim to have no less than forty-two billion tons of coal in her mountain ranges—enough to last the whole world for fifty years.

"We have two hundred million tons more iron ore," they say, "than the United States Steel Corporation. On an actual investment of only fifty million dollars, we have now in our possession a property worth two hundred and sixty-five millions."

In taking these figures we must make allowance for Alabama enthusiasm, although that enthusiasm is in itself one

of the State's best assets. Alabama does not need to exaggerate. The cold facts are big enough.

Until recently, Alabama stood absolutely alone. It was the stronghold of competition, the despair of the consolidators, the most ambitious and aggressive factor in the whole world of iron and steel. It was Alabama that pulled the cost of iron to its lowest notch, smashed the ore pool, upset the prices of foundry iron, and worried Pittsburgh into nervous prostration. And it is still Alabama that unsettles the future of steel and wakes up the Steel Trust from its dream of monopoly.

The Alabama iron business has no ancient history. Thirty years ago Birmingham was a corn-field. Five years later it became a village of rickety shacks. To-day it is a fairly well-built city, entered by seven railroads and equipped with more than a hundred miles of electric street-railways. It stands like a great smoky sun surrounded by a dozen little smoky moons, and all united by the interlacing of a thousand miles of mineral railroad. Its industrial army of twenty thousand, mostly negroes, made the United States richer by seventy-five millions in 1905, piling up twelve million tons of coal, sixteen hundred thousand tons of iron, and more than a hundred thousand tons of steel rails. As yet, it can scarcely be called a manufacturing center, as the goods it produces are mainly the raw materials for manufacturers. But Alabama has arrived where Pennsylvania was twenty-five years ago, although the Southern State started seventy-five years behind. Its resources are being developed by four large corporations, composed mainly of New York capitalists. All four are independent.

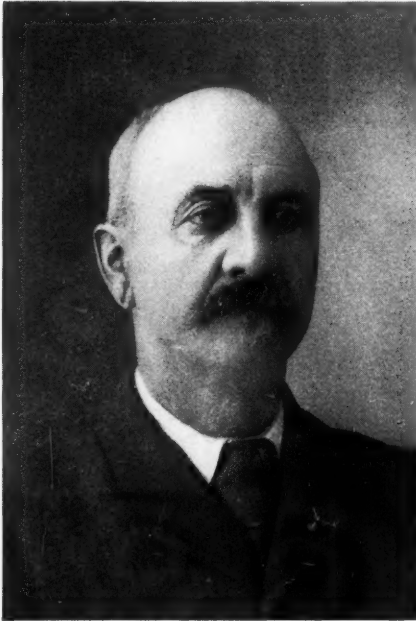
There is not a dollar of Steel Trust money in Alabama, although there are persistent Wall Street rumors to the contrary. Neither is there any immediate probability that its four largest companies will consolidate. If they do, we shall then have the greater and the lesser Steel Trust—the one wholly in the North and the other mainly in the South—the one depending on white labor and the other on black—the one based on skill and the other on cheapness. Such

will be the battle of the future, say some of those who take long views of the iron and steel business.

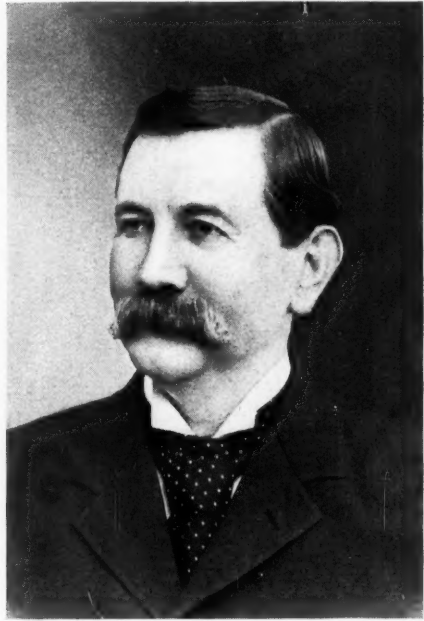
NATURE'S GIFTS TO BIRMINGHAM

Abram S. Hewitt, who had a wider range of vision than any other iron and steel man of his generation, was the

system of ore railroads and steamships. "We have no such system," replies Alabama, "for we do not need it. Our coal and ore and limestone lie not a thousand miles away, but at our furnace-doors." The cost of assembling all the raw materials for making iron has been reduced, in Birmingham, to seventy-



COLONEL L. W. JOHNS, A PIONEER IRON
ENGINEER OF THE BIRMINGHAM
DISTRICT



HENRY F. DEBARDELEBEN, THE GREAT
DISCOVERER OF COAL AND ORE
BEDS IN ALABAMA

first to discover the riches of Alabama. Fifty years ago he secured an option on a farm which lay where the sky-scrapers of Birmingham stand to-day, and had the whole district examined by experts. Then came the Civil War, and his capital was diverted to other channels; but shortly before his death he said: "The two great centers for dominating the iron and steel of the world are to be the Lake Superior region, with its Bessemer ores, on the one side, and Alabama, with its basic ores, on the other. Alabama, with its abundant stores of iron and coal and limestone in such close proximity, bids fair within the next quarter of a century to dominate the basic-steel industry of the world."

Pittsburgh boasts of her magnificent

seven cents a ton. This is the lowest point ever reached in the iron business, on either side of the Atlantic.

In fact, nature has made Alabama as handy as a pantry for the men who want to make iron and steel. There is one spot especially which appeals to the imagination of all steel-makers who visit the State. Not far from Birmingham, on the top of Red Mountain, you can stand on a vein of iron ore twenty-four feet thick. On your right are the vast Warrior coal-fields. On your left are the Coosa and Cahaba coal-fields. In front of you are the level valleys, packed with enough limestone to flux all the ore in the world; and all around the railroads and mines are the greenish-yellow fields of corn and cotton, to sup-

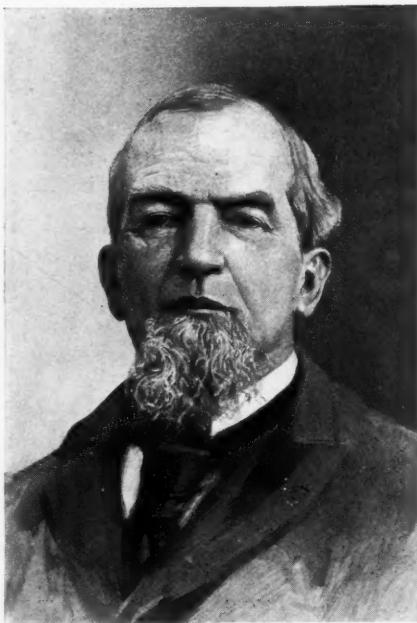
ply the toilers with clothing and with food. What could nature do more, unless it made green-backs and preferred stock grow on trees?

At one of the furnaces it would be quite possible for a sharpshooter to stand on the water-tower and with a rifle send a bullet into the mines out of which the ore was dug. With a revolver he could put the men in the limestone quarries in danger; and with a peashooter he could annoy the workers at the coke-ovens. This is, of course, an exceptionally well-located furnace; but there are few that are more than ten miles from their raw materials.

DEBARDELEBEN'S SPECTACULAR CAREER

The Christopher Columbus of this wonderful region is a man who is still alive, active, and opening up new treasure-fields—Henry F. DeBardeleben. He has been at once the most successful and the most unfortunate of Alabama pioneers. Like the blind hen which dug up worms only to have them snatched away by her lazy barn-yard companions, he has been laboring for twenty-seven years to enrich others who lacked his enterprise and hardihood. He is the millionaire-maker of the South. He earns and loses fortunes with the indifference of a stoic. If he had been as able to hold as he is to acquire he might now be the Andrew Carnegie of Alabama.

DeBardeleben was at one time owner of the greater part of Red Mountain, in which lie scores of buried millions. He was the creator of Bessemer, the Marvel City of the South. In 1892 he was probably the wealthiest man in the district,



COLONEL J. W. SLOSS, FOUNDER OF THE SLOSS-SHEFFIELD COMPANY

owning the pick of the ore and coal lands near Birmingham, and also furnaces, coke-ovens, and the like. The unusual sight of a pioneer in control of millions attracted the attention of a syndicate of New York capitalists. They approached DeBardeleben diplomatically, and led him on to accept two and a half million dollars for all his possessions. This was a low price, as the property was rated at three times as much a few years later; but it was a good reward for a dozen years of

work, and DeBardeleben concluded to retire.

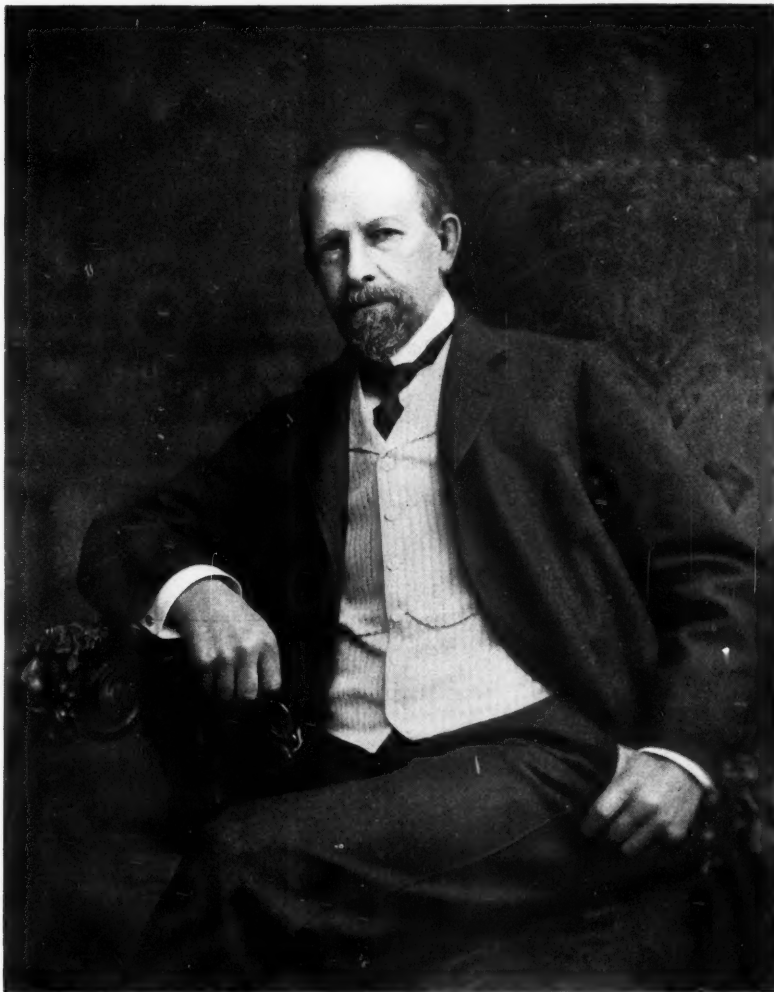
The members of the syndicate, however, had other plans for his future. Several of them brought the unsophisticated prospector to New York, and taught him the royal art of spending. He plunged into the Wall Street wilderness with his usual daring and self-confidence, but soon learned that it was unlike the Alabama wilderness in which he had found his money. In six weeks he had lost every dollar of his two and a half millions.

Finding his way back to Birmingham, he appeared, penniless, in the office of the New York corporation, asking for any kind of employment. He was taken on at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week—less than he had been able to spend in every minute of his memorable six weeks. After a short time he was discharged, and walking the streets a workless, propertiless, moneyless man, deprived by magic, as it seemed to him, of the enormous wealth he had created.

But those who imagined that his career was ended knew little of the recuperative power of DeBardeleben.

Striking into the depths of the mountains once more, he took up the work of pioneering, in which he was a master, and with his usual success located new

from Wheeling; James Bowron, who grew up with the iron business in England; Daniel Hillman and his son, T. T. Hillman, who made the first Bir-



DON H. BACON, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE TENNESSEE COAL AND IRON COMPANY,
ONE OF THE MAKERS OF THE SOUTHERN STEEL INDUSTRY

From a photograph by Falk, New York

beds of ore and coal. At present he is opening up a rich district within forty miles of Birmingham.

CAPTAINS OF ALABAMA INDUSTRY

Other Alabama pioneers who enlisted in the regiment of iron and steel millionaires are the Woodwards, who came

from Birmingham iron. These men and others have become Alabamians. They are remaining in Birmingham and transforming it from a murky region of mines and furnaces into a city of comfort and beauty.

They are also accumulating local capital, so that the district shall not re-



ALFRED C. CASS, ONE OF THE PIONEERS
OF STEEL IN COLORADO

From a photograph by Kirkland, Denver

main an industrial colony of New York. In the center of the city are three banks, within a stone's-throw of one another, in whose vaults more than eleven million dollars has been deposited—every cent of it coal and iron money. A business of more than fifty millions was done in 1905 in mining and manufacturing, and three hundred thousand freight-cars were handled in the Birmingham district.

And who are the enterprising Northerners whose capital opened up this land of opulence? Many of them are men of national prominence, among them being August Belmont, S. L. Schoonmaker, Don H. Bacon, Cord Meyer, Benjamin F. Tracy, James T. Woodward, Alexis W. Thompson, J. Henry Smith, Henry R. Sloat, Albert B. Boardman, J. C. Maben, and G. Watson French.

These men have built up the four great companies that control the situation—the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, the Republic Iron and Steel, the Sloss-Sheffield, and the Alabama Consolidated. The combined capitalization of the "Big Four" is seventy-

six millions. All are successful concerns, though they are still obliged to spend an unusually large proportion of their earnings on improvements.

The Tennessee is the largest corporation in the South. Half of the coal, iron, and coke, and all of the steel made in Alabama come from this giant company. Its magnitude is the wonder and pride of Alabamians. With a pay-roll of thirteen thousand dollars, an output in 1905 of more than two million tons of coal, six hundred thousand tons of iron, a million tons of coke, and two hundred thousand tons of steel—with a property of seven hundred square miles and dozens of mines and furnaces—it has become one of the most effective millionaire-making machines in the country.

In the last five years it has paid out seven millions to capital and twenty-five millions to labor. It has spent seven millions to bring its mills and furnaces up to the Pittsburgh level; and it is now adding to the wealth of the United States at the rate of twelve millions a year. Every year it wrenches from nature enough of her treasures to fill a freight-train that would reach from New York to the heart of Nebraska. While many of its mining methods are primitive, its steel-mill at Ensley is one of the most completely automatic in the world—operated for the most part by the touching of electric buttons.

Within the last two years the Ensley rolling-mills have shot to the front rank by making the first open-hearth steel rails. Prior to this, all the steel used for rails had been made by the Bessemer process. Several high authorities, including a superintendent in the employ of the Steel Trust, told me that the new Ensley rails were "the finest in the world." The heavy tonnage on many railroads has created a demand for a higher quality of rail, and the Ensley men have been the first to supply it at a low enough price.

How the Tennessee Coal and Iron was reconstructed—how one stern, strong, rugged man went down from Minnesota and began to transform it from a ramshackle concern into the giant of Southern corporations—is a story in itself, sparkling with adventure; and some day,

let us hope, an Alabamian Sir Walter Scott will arise and tell it in full.

Don H. Bacon is the name of the man from Minnesota. Like ninety-five per cent of the steel kings, he was a graduate of the School of Toil. He began in a

jointed concern. Its ore and coal lands were vast, but its equipment was a medley of makeshifts. In New York it was looked upon as a Wall Street football. Its stock went up and down with every breeze of rumor. Its finances were a



JOHN L. JEROME, TREASURER OF THE COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY DURING THE OSGOOD RÉGIME

From a photograph by Rinehart, Denver

telegraph office. When the amazing iron-mines of Minnesota were first uncovered, Bacon was one of the crowd that surged into the State. He was only one of the leg-weary rank and file when he arrived; but when he exchanged the North for the South, in 1901, he had become president of the Minnesota Iron Company.

Bacon is a man of the "Old Hickory" sort. He would sooner work than play; and he got his fill in Alabama. He found that the Tennessee Coal and Iron was an immense, loose-

puzzle. The whole company had been slung together in a very slipshod way.

Bacon was not allowed to have a free hand in his work of reconstruction. The company had passed into the control of J. T. Woodward, an able New York banker who knew much about finance but nothing about iron. In spite of this handicap, Bacon began his house-cleaning with a vim that startled the whole State out of its easy-going ways. He fought a two-year battle with the coal-miners' union, and won. He imported Huns, Slavs, Greeks, Servians, Italians,

and Finns to replace, in part, the unreliable negroes. And, although he was a miner rather than a steel-maker, he worked out a new duplex process of making steel—a combination of the Bessemer and open-hearth methods—which promises to reduce costs.

land. George A. Kessler, the New York wine-importer, has a large block of stock, but he is content to let Gates, Schley, Hanna, and Oglebay do the work.

This new syndicate looms large in the steel world. Next to the Steel Trust, it is the most powerful iron and steel com-



JULIAN A. KEBLER, ONE OF OSGOOD'S ASSOCIATES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PUEBLO STEEL INDUSTRY

For five strenuous years Bacon worked like a Hercules. Then the control of the company fell into other hands, and he was displaced. At present he is enjoying his first long vacation by making a tour of the world.

The new owners of the Tennessee Coal and Iron are a syndicate of Northern capitalists, with four men in control—John W. Gates; Grant B. Schley, a conservative Wall Street broker; Leonard C. Hanna, a brother of the late Senator Hanna; and Earl W. Oglebay, a veteran ore-man of Cleve-

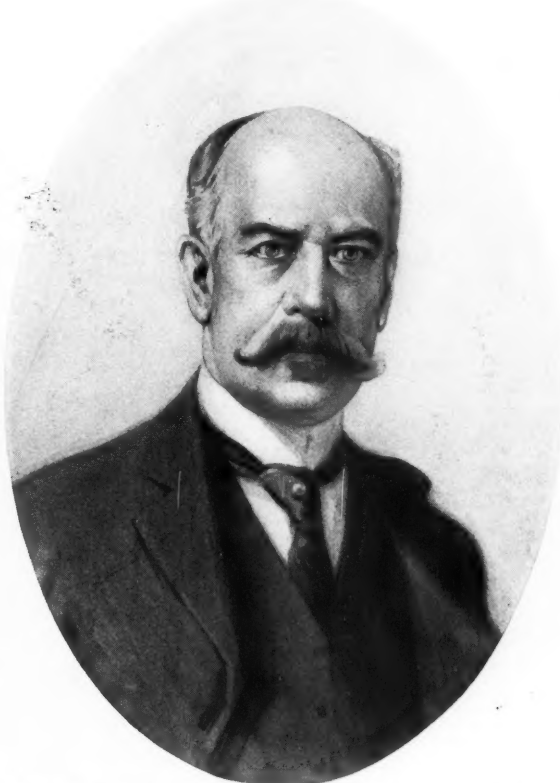
bination in the world. It has bought control of two big companies—the Tennessee Coal and Iron and the Republic Iron and Steel—so that it can now march a hundred millions to the field of battle. It has twenty-five thousand men on its pay-rolls. With thirty-four blast-furnaces, twenty-five steel-mills, and a hundred mines of coal and iron ore, this powerful aggregation is superior to anything that the iron cities of Europe can show.

One man has been placed at the head of the two companies—John A. Top-

ping, who began as an office-boy in the Youngstown district and climbed to the highest rungs of the ladder in Wheeling. Topping is less rugged than Bacon, but equally vigorous, and possesses a wider knowledge of the iron and steel industry. He is a handsome, courteous man of

John W. Gates, when I asked him to outline the policy of the Alabama enterprise, painted a resplendent picture of its future.

"We'll spend from fifteen to twenty-five millions on improvements," he said. "Topping will finish what Bacon be-



FRANK J. HEARNE, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY

forty-three—a man of the business office rather than of the steel-mill.

"We are still under the head of reconstruction down in Alabama," he said, when I met him in his Broadway office. "The Tennessee Coal and Iron is now being run to make iron and steel, not for Wall Street purposes. Development—that is our main object just now. We have recently placed a hundred steel cars on our tracks, for instance, the first that the South has ever seen. And all along the line we are flinging out whatever is flimsy or out of date."

gan, and he will have the money—the sinews of war—to make everything as good as it can be. This campaign of improvement will last for two years more. It will take nerve and cash; but we have both. Why shouldn't we develop that property? We have a billion tons of coal. We have enough ore to last a couple of centuries. All we have to do is to put our house in order and go ahead."

The second largest company in Alabama is the Sloss-Sheffield. It, too, has been a big money-maker. It pays seven

per cent, and has a surplus of more than two millions in the treasury. Two years ago it surprised its stockholders by presenting them with a thirty-three-and-one-third-per-cent dividend, payable in common stock, in addition to the usual

plained the memorable run of the warship Oregon by saying:

"You know, she was built of Sloss iron."

Everything new must run the gantlet in the iron and steel world, and the



JOHN CLEVELAND OSGOOD, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY, AND FOREMOST AMONG THE PIONEERS OF THE WESTERN STEEL INDUSTRY

From a photograph by Rochlitz, New York

profits. Founded twenty-three years ago by Colonel J. W. Sloss, an Alabamian, it was taken in hand by New York capitalists and developed as an up-to-date enterprise. To-day Sloss iron is famous everywhere among foundrymen. On one occasion Admiral Melville jocularly ex-

Alabama iron trade has had to fight its way up in spite of hard knocks from the older States. Twenty-five years ago, when the first Alabamians tried to sell their iron in the North, they were either laughed out of the office or suspiciously regarded as confidence men.

"Iron from Alabama! Ridiculous! Wait till you see me buying a car-load of Alaska oranges and then you can talk about your Alabama iron!"

"We prefer to use Scottish pig iron," other buyers said, until they discovered that Alabama iron was being exported to Scotland. "It is only a drop in the bucket," they declared, until Alabama became the fourth iron-producing State in the Union. "It is, of course, of inferior quality," they maintained, until it commanded the highest price in the market. "It is well enough for pipes and small castings, but it will never do for castings in which strength is required," they asserted, until it was found to be almost indispensable for the largest castings. "It is first-class in foundries, but it will never make steel," they averred, until the Southern railroads began to lay their tracks with the steel rails of Alabama. "Alabama is cut off from the water, and therefore it can never have anything more than a local market," they argued, until they discovered that Birmingham was shipping iron direct to Yokohama, Japan, at a through rate of only six dollars a ton.

Alabama has overcome obstacles of nature and obstacles of prejudice. The whole United States made very little more iron thirty years ago than this one commonwealth made last year. With a beginning of fourteen rolling-mills, Alabama will, before its young men are gray-haired, be competing with Pennsylvania and Ohio in all manner of finished steel products, instead of making the comparatively small profit that comes from the sale of raw materials.

There are three obstacles that Birmingham has not yet been Titanic enough to surmount—the scarcity of skilled and industrious workmen, the insufficiency of the water-supply, and the menace of unfavorable legislation.

NEGRO LABOR IN ALABAMA

Generally speaking, the colored worker of Alabama is not a success when he is taken from the cotton-fields and harnessed to the chariot of coal and iron. The "boss" who can get the best work from a crew of Southern darkies must be a man of unusual natural gifts. A Northerner is seldom, if ever, successful.

Captain John D. Hanby, a born-and-bred Southerner, superintendent of the Sloss mine, near Bessemer, has made his gang of five hundred negroes as efficient as any equal number of whites could be; but "Cap" Hanby is an exception. He is the oldest mine-superintendent in Alabama, in point of service, and probably the most popular man in the whole district. Generous, bluff, convivial, one minute knocking a negro down for disobedience and the next minute picking him up, Hanby is an ideal Southern mine-boss, delivering the ore at the furnace at a total cost of sixty-three cents a ton. If all mine-bosses had his rough-and-ready mastership the labor problem of Alabama would be solved—at least so far as the interests of the corporations are concerned.

But four-fifths of the employers report trouble.

"We are obliged to surround ourselves with twice as many men as we need," said President Maben, of the Sloss-Sheffield company, "because a negro refuses to work more than half of the time. Whenever I can put a white man in the place of a negro, I do. The only final solution is white labor, and I expect that we shall be driven to bring in Italians and Hungarians from the North."

Alabama miners, white and black, work only thirteen days a month, on an average. This is not a guess, but the result of an official inquiry. Not one negro in twenty saves any money. As long as a negro has money in his pocket, work is for him a remote necessity. When he is in the mine, any phantom of an excuse will induce him to quit. He will stop work for a revival, for a circus, for his grandmother's birthday.

There are no skilled negro workers in the steel-mills, but a few have risen to be subcontractors in the mines, having from eight to sixteen negroes under them. It is not uncommon for these men to make forty dollars a week or more, when there are no accidents. They, of course, have money in the bank and own their own houses. A negro driller can make two dollars a day. In two days he earns enough to pay a month's rent for his two-room shack; six days more buys a month's supply of corn-meal and pork; then come a few days for debts, and a

few days for whisky, and his month's labor is happily ended.

The average negro mining-camp is a scene of squalor and desolation. The work is hard and dangerous, and the negroes react from it into rioting and drunkenness. Alternate drudgery and dissipation make them physical wrecks before middle age, so that if it were not for the constant influx of new laborers from the cotton-fields they would soon become extinct. A few are joining trade-unions and trying heroically to better their condition, but the great mass are slowly, steadily sinking beneath the increased pressure of industrialism.

The present lack of sufficient water is a drawback which Birmingham is compelled to admit. A Philadelphia water company has the city largely at its mercy, controlling the only near-by sources of supply. Sooner or later, however, and probably with State aid, a conduit will be built from a river thirty-five miles distant, which will meet the present and future wants of the city.

There is no insuperable obstacle in the path of the Alabama iron and steel men. They have behind them the omnipotence of Eastern capital, and the expensive experience of Pittsburgh can save them from making a great many mistakes. They are served by seven railroads, and will soon have three more. With the completion of the Panama Canal, which will put Birmingham in close touch with the ports of the Pacific Ocean, the men of Alabama will move quickly on to their golden age.

THE ROMANCE OF COLORADO IRON

And now, Colorado! It is the most remote of the steel States, from a New Yorker's point of view. Therefore, I went to it last, and without expecting to find anything of unusual interest. Imagine my surprise when I was shown a company that employs sixteen thousand men and owns seven hundred square miles of land, a twenty-four-million-dollar iron and steel plant, forty villages, two railroads, and twenty-five hundred miles of telegraph. Instead of a struggling pioneer enterprise, manufacturing more experience than steel, here was an affluent company with four millions of ready money in its cash-

drawer, and with the record of having last year added more than twenty-two millions to our national wealth.

Incredible as it may seem to Pittsburghers, the fact is that the Colorado Fuel and Iron is the most self-sufficient and elaborate of all steel-making companies. It is more than a business: it is a civilization. It is the Robinson Crusoe of the steel world. Its isolation has compelled it to become a Jack of all trades. It has to deal in lumber as well as in iron; to carry its own water through a forty-mile conduit; to establish forty stores; to build two thousand cottages, and to make life worth living for sixty thousand people.

"In this self-reliant State," said its president, F. J. Hearne, "we are compelled to develop all our own resources. We must make the best of what we have. We cannot run across the road to a neighbor and borrow anything we happen to need, as a man can in New York or Pennsylvania. We are wholly Western. All our customers are west of the Missouri River. We have had to produce practically all our raw materials."

Everything about this company has a flavor of the big West. Its ore and coal lands are scattered through five States—Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, and California. Some of its forty villages are squatting in the desert, while some are perched high in the mountain ranges, two miles above the level of the sea. Roughly speaking, it is a wheel which has Pueblo as its hub, and whose diameter is a thousand miles. It is the largest industrial corporation in the West; and in Colorado it towers as high above all other companies as Pike's Peak above the foot-hills. The men on its pay-roll are equal in number to one-tenth of the male citizens in the State.

It is the most cosmopolitan of all steel companies. While two-thirds of its superintendents are American-born, the rank and file represent thirty-two nationalities. Slavs and Italians, of course, are here in swarms; and there is a large detachment of Mexicans, who live in gray shanties of adobe and slabs, far inferior to the company houses in the mining-villages.

For the amusement of its sixteen thousand workmen and their families the

company has organized five orchestras and six brass bands. For their health it has built a magnificent hospital and formed a medical department with a staff of fifty-four doctors. This department is maintained by a tax of twelve dollars a year on each workman. And for their instruction it has established thirteen kindergartens, forty traveling libraries, nine clubhouses, and a number of schools that teach sewing, cooking, embroidery, bead-work, and so forth, to the women and girls. It provides a series of free lectures on art, literature, and travel. It even issues fatherly bulletins against tobacco, socialism, mosquitoes, and other annoyances.

This imperial corporation is now producing, yearly, about two million tons of iron and steel, and five million tons of coal. It makes rails mainly, but also bar iron, spikes, bolts, nails, and wire. Its assets are fifty-five millions, and its net annual earnings three millions. All told, in the fourteen years of its existence it has made twenty millions in profits.

THE STORY OF PUEBLO

As yet, the extraordinary history of this company has never been written. Even for this short sketch, all the facts had to be gathered from living men, not from books or from magazines. It is a strange fact that while Denver has many able writers, as its newspapers show, none of them has set down the wonderful story of Pueblo and the men who made it the Pittsburgh of the West.

In the first place, it was coal, not iron ore, that lifted Colorado up among the iron and steel States. She has eighteen thousand square miles of coal lands—nearly enough to make two New Hampshires. About thirty years ago, two young railroad men went to the Centennial State to find coal. Their names were J. C. Osgood and A. H. Damforth. A few years later Damforth was at the head of a prosperous coal company, and in 1881 he had begun to make iron and steel at Pueblo, with "Dan" Jones, of Johnstown, as manager, and General W. J. Palmer as his backer. The following year Osgood, too, became a capitalist. He organized the Colorado Fuel Company, capitalized at twenty thousand dollars. His visible assets, at first,

consisted of a lease of one anthracite coal-mine—nothing more; but his company lived and prospered.

In 1892 these two enterprises united under the present name of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. At the head of the concern was Osgood, with three of his personal friends—Julian A. Kebler, Alfred C. Cass, and John L. Jerome—as his cabinet officers. These men—the "big four," as they were sometimes called—ruled the company for ten years. They were the pathfinders of the Western iron and steel business. They were strong men, and what they did was well done. As yet, Colorado is too young, too unreflective, to appreciate its pioneers, but one day there will come some sort of public recognition of their work.

Osgood was a man of rare ability, and more. He had the knack of finding the right man for each place. Paul Morton worked under him for six years. D. C. Beaman was his legal adviser. Richard C. Hills was his mining engineer. Ex-Governor Grant and Senator Wolcott buttressed him politically. The Eastern steel-men said he could not make steel in Colorado; but he changed their minds.

"I sold one batch of rails to the Santa Fé Railroad," he told me, "on condition that they laid them in Joliet, in front of the steel-plant of the Illinois Steel Company."

Osgood had caught the spirit of Colorado. Nothing was too hard for him to accomplish. Nothing was too wonderful to be true.

It is said that when Lieutenant Pike discovered Pike's Peak, in 1806, he spent two weeks trying to climb it. Then he gave up his attempt, and declared that "no human being can ever ascend to its pinnacle." If he could visit the Peak to-day he would find a hotel on its summit and trains running up and down on a cog railway, as if the proud old mountain were nothing but a commonplace hill.

And so, all through Colorado, there were many equally "impossible" things being done. Men were swept forward by an irresistible optimism, and in front of the crowd rushed Osgood, borrowing and building, and building and borrowing, until he had actually created a new Pittsburgh at the foot of the Rockies.

In seven years he raised his investment securities to forty-six millions. He swelled his labor army from five thousand to fifteen. He built furnaces and steel-mills until Pueblo was lost in smoke. He added tract to tract until he owned a realm half as large as the State of Rhode Island. There was good reason for his optimism. The Aladdin's lamp of the steel business was in his hands, and he rubbed it until the genie was fairly worked to death.

But he and his helpers were men of force and shrewdness as well as of enthusiasm. They had as much caution as anybody had in those exuberant days. They were genial and popular. Whether business was good or bad, Osgood never reduced wages. Kebler, too, was everybody's friend. He was beloved by the workmen, because of the sincere interest he took in their welfare.

"Kebler once abandoned a dangerous mine that was very valuable," said an old miner, "and when he was asked why he did so he replied: 'That mine cost us a hundred thousand dollars, but it is not worth one man's life.'"

In 1898 the "C. F. and I." stock became active in Wall Street. John W. Gates picked up some of it, and had himself made a director. He added fuel to the Osgood flame. In fact, he was soon outbooming the boomers. He helped them to borrow fifteen million dollars more, through a Chicago bank, and cheered them on until every cent was spent on a series of immense steel-mills. Sixteen hundred thousand dollars of this money he loaned out of his own pocket.

A PERIOD OF STORM AND STRESS

In 1902 Gates conceived the idea of making himself the Steel King of the West. He bought "C. F. and I." stock, and hired proxies, until he felt sure of his prize. Then he charged upon Osgood with his special car loaded with lawyers and prospective directors. For a week the battle raged. At the final show-down Gates held the most proxies, but the law of Colorado was on the side of Osgood. Gates lost, and retired to Chicago.

But the Eastern giants of capital, so it seemed, had made up their minds to possess the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The second assailant who

loomed up was the strenuous E. H. Harriman. With Edwin Hawley to help him, Harriman gave battle to Osgood. At first it appeared as if the man from Colorado would be swallowed up by the big railway magnate; but in the nick of time a deliverer came to Osgood's rescue. This was no less a personage than John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with whose help Harriman was soon as completely routed as Gates had been, and Osgood had the grim satisfaction of knowing that he had beaten off two of the most renowned warriors in the whole realm of commerce.

George J. Gould, too, had become a large holder of Osgood's stock, and he declared himself willing to cooperate with Rockefeller in the protection of the property. Having made this Gould-Rockefeller alliance, Osgood thought that all his perils were past. He and his faithful comrades had at last reached the seats of the mighty, after an up-hill fight of ten years.

Then the wheel of fortune turned. Instead of affluence there was a whirlwind of disaster and death. In less than eleven months three of the "big four" were dead, the fourth was an outsider, and the great corporation was in other hands. In the whole history of steel I have not found a more remarkable tragedy than this.

No one, apparently, was to blame for this tragic climax. Osgood resigned in the spring of 1903, because he found that he was overshadowed by his new partners. When he attempted to market some bonds he discovered that his company was regarded as a Gould-Rockefeller enterprise. To a man of his independent spirit, this was not to be endured.

"I refuse to work as a hired man," he said, "no matter who the employers may be, or how high the salary."

He arranged to turn over full control of the company to the New York men on condition that they would retain his employees and meet all financial obligations. The depression of 1903 did much to push him to this decision, as the plant was in immediate need of more capital for improvements.

The following month, Cass died of consumption. Five months later the big-hearted Kebler collapsed, with a clot of blood on his brain, and fell lifeless upon

his bed. The next day Jerome heard of Kebler's death, staggered to a couch, and in a few hours breathed his last. Osgood is still an active capitalist in the prime of life; but he is no longer a steel king. As a Westerner would say, "he whistled for the grizzly, and the grizzly came."

FRANK J. HEARNE IN COMMAND

As the successor to Osgood, Rockefeller and Gould chose one of the Steel Trust's subpresidents, Frank J. Hearne. Hearne had been a lifelong friend of Frick—had, in fact, given Frick his first order for coke, in 1873; and it was Frick who recommended him as the best man to grapple with the Colorado situation. At once Hearne became, and is to-day, the dominant figure in the iron and steel world of the West.

Hearne is, first and last, a man of business. He works from choice, not from necessity. Years ago he was part owner in an hereditary iron-plant, which was sold for nearly ten millions to the Tube Trust. As it happened, he started life on the higher rungs of the ladder, but he would have been one of the thousand millionaires of steel in spite of any handicap. He has the business mind. He stepped from the college hall to become the chief engineer of a railroad, and for forty years he has been one of our most active industrial generals. He can be a fighter, if fighting is the game, or a politician, or a financier, or a manufacturer. He is the Frick of Colorado.

When he arrived in Denver he found an extraordinary situation. Instead of having a vast store of raw materials and a ramshackle plant, such as Bacon had at first in Alabama, Hearne saw at Pueblo an immense plant, so large and well equipped that its ore-mines could scarcely keep it in operation. Osgood had lavished millions upon his steel-mills; but his ore lands were in great need of development.

"I found an enormous tin-plate mill," said Hearne. "It was so large that it could have supplied the whole West by running one month each year. There were two rod-mills, when one was too many. The ore-fields were overrated. One was said to contain a fifty-year supply, and we exhausted it in twelve months. Another, supposed to be capable

of yielding enough for generations to come, was cleaned out in two years."

Delving into the finances of the company, Hearne found it in immediate need of money. His first act was to telegraph to Gould and Rockefeller:

"Unless I get a million dollars at once, I cannot guarantee that the sheriff won't be in here next Saturday night."

The million was sent; and later the company was refinanced in such a way as to place thirteen millions at his disposal.

"You are to have a free hand and all the money you need," said his big employers.

Hearne sternly put a stop to all vague talk regarding the company's resources.

"Let us get down to the raw truth," he said. "Enthusiasm is not ore!"

He opened up new mines, until to-day the ore-supply will carry the company along until 1940, or longer. In the mills, he cut down everything that rose above the utility line. For instance, one of his foremen recently stopped him as he was walking through the works and said:

"Mr. Hearne, I must have a pair of iron gates put up here."

"Certainly, John," replied Hearne; "but just figure it out first, and let me know how much the gates will decrease costs or increase the output."

In short, while Osgood was not a practical iron-man, Hearne is. While his predecessor was battling single-handed to build up a giant industry, Hearne has now behind him the irresistible force of the Gould and Rockefeller millions. While Osgood was at the mercy of the railroads, the Gould and Rockefeller lines—now a vast system of twenty-five thousand miles—provide freight rates that are as low as they need be. The periods of pioneering and speculation have gone by, and the era of stability has arrived. The mistakes of the past, of course, have been capitalized. The "C. F. & I." sowed its wild oats, as all steel corporations do in their youth. It is carrying a burden of seventy-five millions to-day, in the total of its investment securities. Three-fifths of this load was put upon it by Osgood, and two-fifths by Gould and Rockefeller. From Osgood's point of view, the plant was not at all overbuilt.

"If I had been left in control," he said, "I would naturally have been more expeditious in opening up new mines, as I was thoroughly familiar with the whole property. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was an experiment until it fell into the hands of Eastern capitalists. Not one pound of ore is being mined except on lands which I had secured; and when I withdrew from the company it possessed the same forty-year supply which it owns to-day. The truth is that in 1902 the company was employing nearly as many men, and making quite as much money, as it is to-day under the able management of Mr. Hearne."

No one but a steel-maker can fully appreciate the wonderful achievement of J. C. Osgood. Even in Pennsylvania, where one mill holds up another, the average steel-plant has had to struggle through an infancy of debt and disaster. Carnegie, with the powerful backing of the Pennsylvania Railroad, barely saved himself on several occasions. Yet this sturdy Westerner, with a hundred handicaps and disadvantages, played a lone hand successfully for ten years, and built up the largest industry of the whole Southwest.

THE WORKSHOP OF THE WEST

The fact is, though few Easterners are aware of it, that Colorado has been transformed from "the playground of the republic" into the workshop of the West. The steel lariats of twenty railroads now loop themselves around her snowy peaks and across her irrigated farmlands. She has taken eight hundred millions in gold and silver from her treasure-hills. She has tamed her section of the desert into a prairie garden, until the output of her acres is greater than that of her mines. And, most important of all from the manufacturing point of view, she is producing vast quantities of coal.

Her financial and political center is Denver, a remarkably handsome city of nearly two hundred thousand people—where, by the way, the finest residence in town is owned by a Carnegian steel king, Lawrence C. Phipps. But the manufacturing center of Colorado is

Pueblo, three hours' ride to the south. Pueblo seems to have been designed by nature as an industrial metropolis. It is central, and on comparatively low ground, so that the heavy coal and ore trains run down easily to its mills and factories and smelters. The Arkansas River twists out of its mountain-clefts a few miles away and zigzags through the city; and the largest coal-mines are within sixty miles. Generally speaking, its raw materials are above it and its market below—two very important facts from the standpoint of freight rates.

Of all the iron cities of the world, Pueblo has the most picturesque location. It stands three-quarters of a mile above the level of the sea, at the foot of the red crags of the Rockies. Its smoke is blown against the hoary head of Pike's Peak, fifty miles northward. To the east stretch a thousand miles of level field and mesa, across which come five busy railroads.

It is the scenic beauty of the place, no doubt, which has inspired its citizens to make it the handsomest city of its size in the West. It is, in fact, the only beautiful steel town in the United States. With the exception of Essen, in Germany, I have found no iron-making center in any country which takes so keen an interest in its own appearance.

For example, although its population is less than seventy thousand, Pueblo has twelve parks, most of which are well kept. In one of these stands the Mineral Palace—a really notable building, in which are Titanic figures, enthroned, representing King Coal and Queen Silver, while around them is gathered a unique exhibition of the mineral affluence of Colorado.

"Watch Pueblo's smoke" is the motto of this ambitious city. Last year the men who work under the smoke produced fifty million dollars' worth of commodities. The city has twelve million dollars in its banks. And now that the forceful and efficient George J. Gould has taken the capital and experience of the East, and the energy and skill and natural wealth of the West, and focused them all at Pueblo, there is every reason to believe that this Pittsburgh of the Rockies will play an important part in the iron and steel drama of the future.

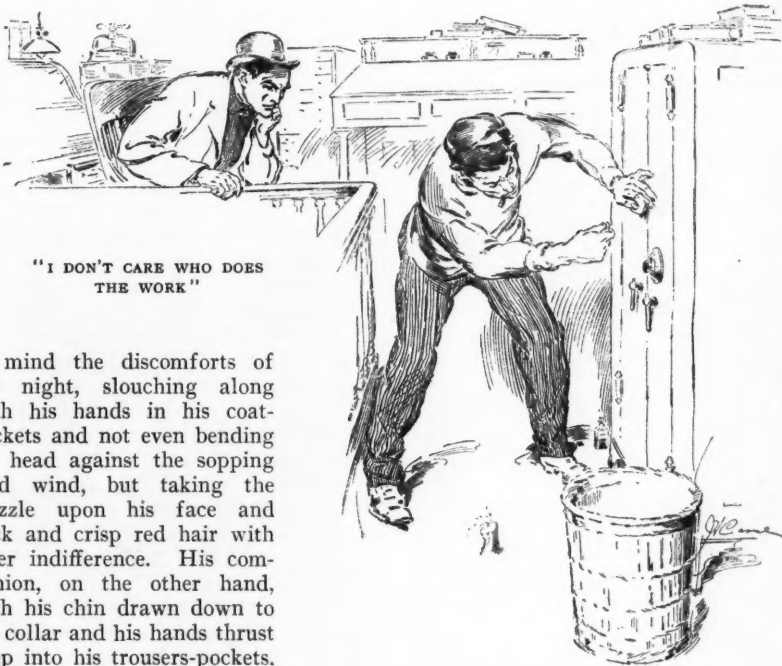
BLUE PETE'S ESCAPE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CASSEL

A HEAVY man and a slight man came, at a good, swift pace, out of the misty fog-curtain which choked the streets intersecting at the corner of the Goodall Construction Company's building. The heavy man seemed not

"This is a fine night for our game. There ain't a bull, nor a fly-cop, nor a Johnnie-butt-in that's goin' to take a look to-night. And here's our plant. Get wise, now, and pipe off your half of the lay-out, like I told you."



"I DON'T CARE WHO DOES
THE WORK"

to mind the discomforts of the night, slouching along with his hands in his coat-pockets and not even bending his head against the sopping cold wind, but taking the drizzle upon his face and neck and crisp red hair with utter indifference. His companion, on the other hand, with his chin drawn down to his collar and his hands thrust deep into his trousers-pockets, kept up a running mumble of complaint about the night, the wind, the rain—about everything.

"Confound it, Red, why don't you say something?" he exclaimed, at last, exasperated by the other's nonchalance. "Ain't this the rottenest night you ever saw?"

"Aw, cut it, Rabbit!" growled Red.

They were now just in front of the pile of boxes and barrels that were heaped up diagonally across from the Goodall building, and here Red stopped suddenly. They faced each other; the ordinary observer would have thought that they had merely paused to exchange a light, but in reality they had fronted

two ways in order to inspect the full length of both streets at once. There was no one in sight, and the larger man stepped hurriedly to the boxes and barrels.

"It's here yet, all right," he said. "I had this big box spotted. There's just about room enough to duck in. You can see out of the back of it through a knot-hole. There's the loot across there," and he indicated the Goodall building with a jerk of his thumb. "Hurry in!"

The smaller man squeezed in at the narrow space left by the other boxes. The larger man stepped to the corner, ready, as an excuse for pausing, to light a fresh cigar from the burning stump which he held in his mouth, and looked again up and down the street. The way, so far as the fog would let him see, was still clear, and he came back to the box.

"Now, Jimmy," he warned, "keep under cover unless some guy starts in at the front door or a bull or a fly-cop goes into the alley. If that or anything else that looks dangerous turns up, you want to sneak out of this box in a hurry and go down past the side of the building, whistlin' somethin' good and loud, so we can hear you. See? What can you whistle?"

The "Rabbit" whistled, as quietly as possible, a few bars of an air popular a dozen years before.

"That'll do," said the other. "Now, mind, if you weaken or let down on us it will be slab five for yours—in the morgue with the ice packed round and a sheet over you, all nice and comfortable. See?"

And with this pleasant promise, Chicago Red, notorious yeggman and all-round bad man, sauntered down the side of the Goodall Construction Company's building, outwardly careless, but inwardly very seriously occupied. He was not afraid of detection very much. That was an ever-present danger that was a part of the game and was to be calmly reckoned upon. He was faced, however, with that perpetually haunting worry of the yeggman—distrust of his companions.

Either awaiting him back in the alley or soon to be there was a daredevil known to the newspapers and the police

of the entire country as "Blue Pete." The public had gone wild about him. He was more daring than the James boys, more desperate than Tracy, more scatheless than Robin Hood. The papers had made of him the latest criminal hero, and every morning had chronicled his deeds, his bravery, his contempt of life, his hairbreadth escapes, with an unctious and gusto that was very bad for the youth of the land. It was rather an honor to be "on a job" with Blue Pete, and on the whole Red did not fear him, although, to be sure, he had only met him that afternoon, down at Clear Lake, a tramp rendezvous along the railroad, recognizing him by the ugly blue scar upon his cheek—the scar that had given him his name.

Yes, Blue Pete was all right. The one Red really feared was "Jimmy the Rabbit," a weak young bank-clerk who had committed a petty forgery in Columbus. Red had picked him up, starving, in a cheap lodging-house, had fed him and kept him handy because there was a small reward offered for him. It was like having money in the bank. But Jimmy had a serious drawback as a partner. He had a "streak of yellow," and it was this cowardice that Red feared more than disloyalty.

Oh, well, one must take a chance. Red was nearing the alley-mouth now, and he suddenly stopped as if to pick up something, so being able to see the street behind him. There was not a moving creature in sight in either direction, and at the alley-mouth he darted suddenly in. A burly figure of about his own size stepped out of the dark shadow at the far side of the building and clapped his hands lightly together.

"All right, Pete," said Red. "How long you been waitin'?"

"About five minutes," was the reply. "Saw the watchman go past a bit ago, and the roundsman knocked about two minutes afterward. Where's your entrance? Let's go in out of this infernal rain."

Red laughed.

"It's a pipe," he chuckled.

II

STOOPING down to a cellar window that was covered with iron bars, he gave

a slight wrench, and the rotten wooden framework in which the bars were incased lifted out easily. The window behind it, its frame swollen so that it would not shut tightly, swung open to the touch.

"It's an easy drop, and all clear underneath. Jump in—quick!" he urged.

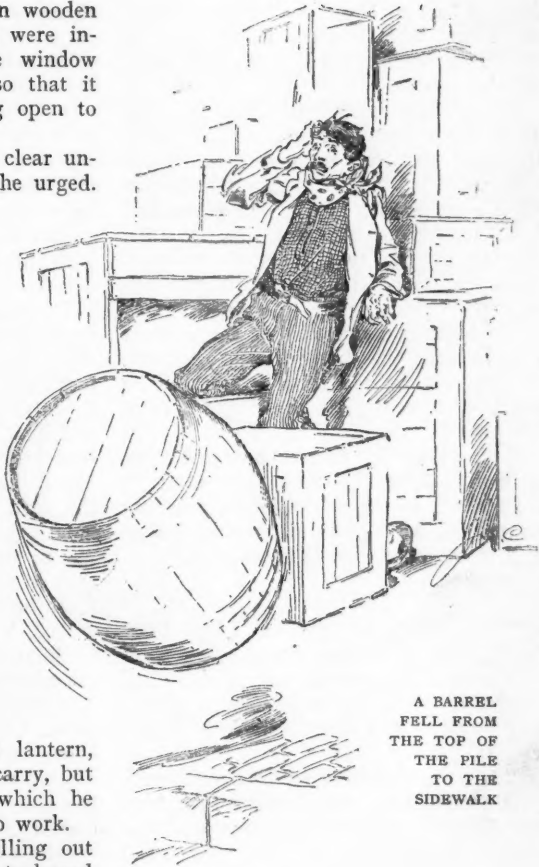
Blue Pete did so. Red followed him, working himself through the opening cautiously and bringing the iron-barred frame with him, leaving it in its proper place and apparently secure. Leading the way, he ascended the inside stairway, which he had located by daylight observations through the open outside cellarway. At the top of the stairs they were stopped by a locked door, but not for long, for Red opened it by the simple expedient of unscrewing the lock itself, which was on the cellar side of the door, and then walked directly into the front office, where, secure from interruption, he produced his light; not a dark lantern, such as stage burglars always carry, but the stub of a tallow candle, which he coolly lighted, and proceeded to work.

"Git busy," he directed, pulling out his cake of soap and beginning to knead it with his thumb.

Soon he had some of the soap softened, and with this he proceeded carefully to stop up all the cracks of the doors in the big safe, a task at which Blue Pete was soon helping him.

"We've got plenty of time," observed Red. "We could almost do the whole stunt before two o'clock, but we might not have time enough to make our get-away. We'll get her all fixed and pour in the juice, then we'll set down and wait till after Fatty Davis has been by, at two o'clock, to ring up. That will give the stuff plenty of time to soak through; then we can touch her off and have nearly a full hour to sort the swag and skiddoo."

For a while they worked in silence, taking care that the job was thoroughly done, that the soap was pressed as far



A BARREL
FELL FROM
THE TOP OF
THE PILE
TO THE
SIDEWALK

into the cracks as they could get it, and that there should be no leakage. It was distinctly noticeable that Red worked much more deftly than the other, and presently this difference made the expert a trifle out of patience with his new-found companion.

"Just cut it, pal, and let me do this," he said at last. "Yours for the strong-arm play when we need it, but you're a bum Johnny Yegg when it comes to using the grease. I guess that's how you get in the papers so much, eh? You fall down on more jobs and have to rough-house out of 'em than any peter-player I ever heard of. You're a dub, after all, ain't you?"

If Blue Pete resented this, he did not show it.

"All right, Red," he replied, laugh-

ing. "Just so I get my bit out of it I don't care who does the work," and he sat down comfortably in a chair to await developments.

It was not until long after the City Hall clock had boomed out the three-quarters that Red stepped back to eye the completed job with the satisfaction of a connoisseur. Only one place had been left unsoaped, and this was the joining of the two doors at the top. Here the soap had been built out into a cup, covering the T-shaped crack made by the intersection of the vertical closure with the top line of the doors, and this cup he now filled from the little bottle of nitroglycerin that he took from his pocket.

"Six thou if there's a cent!" he gloated. "By the time they want to take it out to the works in the morning to pay off, we'll be in Milwaukee, buyin' a brewery on the instalment plan."

III

"LISTEN!" interrupted Blue Pete, holding up a warning finger.

Heavy footsteps paused in front of the building. There came a sharp, grinding sound. Red hastily snuffed out his candle.

"It's Fatty ringing up," he whispered.

A second later they heard a fumble at the door, but still the yeggmen were not greatly alarmed, though they were alert enough. This fumbling and trying of the door were to be expected.

At that moment the Rabbit, stiff and cramped in his hiding-place on the opposite corner, saw something that stopped the chattering of his teeth and sent a warm glow through his body to replace the chill that had been numbing him. He wriggled cautiously out of the box, but not so carefully as he might have done, for a barrel fell from the top of the pile to the sidewalk with a crash that threw him into a pitiful panic, from which desperate need quickly recovered him.

Now that the die was cast and he was definitely committed, he carried off his delicate situation with much more cleverness than could have been expected of a proved coward. Without turning in any direction to see if he was observed, he stood swaying upon his feet, stupidly

gazing at the barrel where it lay in the gutter, and apparently making up a drink-befogged mind that the barrel had no sinister intentions toward him, and was irresponsible, anyhow. He even gave it a contemptuous kick, which nearly lost him his balance, and then he stumbled on down the middle of the street. In a moment more the thick, raucous strains of "Little Annie Rooney" were whistled defiantly into the face of the drizzle.

Down past the Goodall building he went, proclaiming shrilly to whoever might be astir in that midnight discomfort that he, at least, was cheerful, though all mankind might be miserable, and that Little Annie Rooney was his sweetheart and he her everlasting beau. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but as he passed the alley-mouth that ran at the back of the building he noted, out of the tail of his eye, that a tall, dark figure, glittering with brass buttons and topped with a helmet, detached itself from a half-dozen of its kind and swung in leisurely fashion out after the Rabbit; whereupon that ingenious youth, though his heart gave a great leap in his throat, contrived to choke back that inconvenient organ and whistle more shrilly than ever, while, at the same time, he swayed less. It occurred to him that to seem too drunk invited certain disaster.

Somewhat to his surprise, the policeman, sauntering slowly on, made no move toward him, merely keeping pace with him on the sidewalk. But, two blocks away from the Goodall building, after the whistle must certainly be out of hearing and could betray no sudden or enforced stoppage, the policeman made a quick turn from the sidewalk, and the Rabbit, his legs unable to resist the threat of that sudden movement, threw discretion to the winds and took to his heels. He hoped to make the next alley and dart into it before the officer could overtake him, and he was puzzled that he heard no command to halt.

He had nearly reached the mouth of the alley when a new and most unwelcome sound smote on his ears. It was the sharp bounce of hard wood on asphalt, followed by another and another, and he jumped—too late. The

officer had thrown his club with a practised hand, skipping it along the pavement with tremendous force, and the first thing the Rabbit knew it had tangled his legs and he had stumbled to the ground. Then a heavy hand was laid on his collar, and he was brought up facing a stern-eyed, hard-boned giant.

"Seems to me you sobered up mighty quick for a man tanked enough to whistle 'Little Annie Rooney,'" dryly observed the giant, and then he coolly held the Rabbit at arm's-length, facing full into the rain, while he turned his flashlight on the young fellow's features.

A slow smile of pleasure curved the officer's straight lips.

"Why, how-de-do, Chauncy A. Boyd!" he exclaimed, with great cordiality, and the Rabbit's lips went bone-dry. "'Tis a pleasure to meet you here! We have your photograph in the chief's room, and it's made an awful hit with us. We've been looking for you ever since it came. We want to coax you to go back to Columbus, Chauncy. The man's name you was so handy in writin' wants to see you, so I guess it's back you'll go. It's better for you, anyhow, for you're trainin' in bad company here. I saw you to-night with a man that's got a rope-stretchin' job ahead of him, and I suppose 'twas him that taught you what fun it would be to hide in a box and let on to yourself that you had a jag."

The Rabbit made a convulsive jerk, but it failed to disturb the big policeman, or even to bother the equilibrium of his huge body. He merely tightened his grasp on the captive's shoulder, until that young gentleman winced.

"You're awful nervous, Chauncy, me boy," said he. "I'll have to walk it off

of you. I can't call the wagon at this corner, anyhow, because it's too close, and I don't want to disturb your friends that are transactin' a little financial business over in the Goodall building. Gents don't like to be bothered when they're countin' money."

The jovial sarcasm was wasted, as was the walk to a patrol-box three blocks down a cross street, where the noise of the gong could not be heard by the two men in the Goodall office. Moreover, they had other matters to occupy their attention.

IV

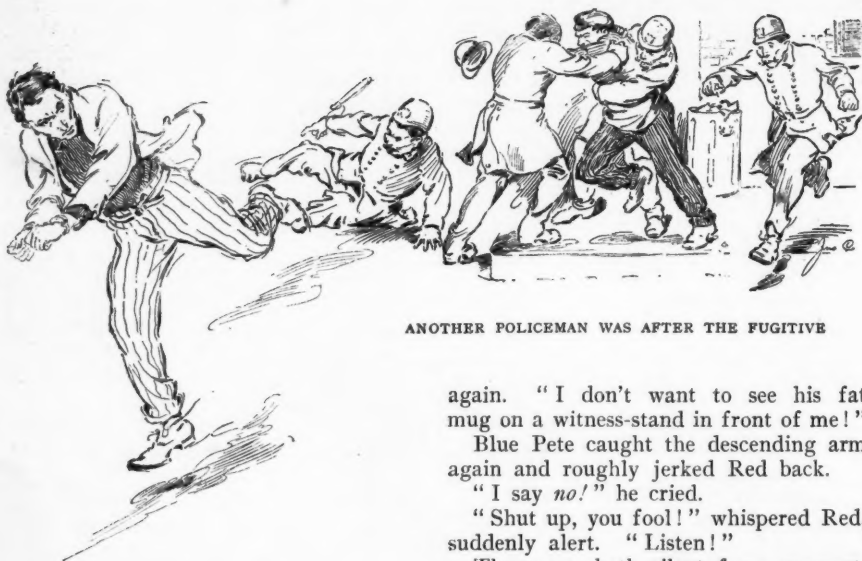
FOLLOWING the click of the latch, Red and Blue Pete heard the unmistakable jangling of a bunch of keys, the rasp of the lock, the opening of the door, and they saw the flash of a pocket search-light. By this time, however, they were concealed behind the dark bulk of the safe.

The watchman advanced nonchalantly into the office and rang a time-indicator upon the wall within half a dozen feet of them. Red fumed that he had not noticed this new indicator, which had been installed since his last observation of Fatty Davis's habits, and he upbraided himself that he had not made a more careful inspection of the office before going to work. He had figured on another undisturbed hour, and a dull rage of resentment possessed him that this man should have so disarranged his plans. To his warped view, he himself was the aggrieved, the watchman the aggressor.

The deliberation of the fellow, too, was maddening. He was in no hurry whatever. Having registered, he stopped to fire up his pipe; then, in a lazy and perfunctory manner, he sent his light



"'TIS A PLEASURE TO MEET
YOU HERE!"



ANOTHER POLICEMAN WAS AFTER THE FUGITIVE

dancing and jerking from one part of the office to the other, a thing he did of habit half a dozen times each night, though never really expecting to find anything amiss.

In his careless inspection he came dangerously near to the two concealed burglars. He was never in more peril of his life than in that tense instant. They could have reached out a hand to touch him; could have felled him with a vital blow. He was just about to release the button and again imprison his blue-white ray, when it chanced to dart full upon the eye of Red, who, crouched like a cat, all his muscles taut and ready, waited for no more. With a snarl and a spring he was upon the watchman before that phlegmatic individual could realize what was occurring, and had dealt him a stunning blow back of the ear with a black-jack, though not so effectively as the unwarned stroke would have been a moment before.

Without a word, Fatty Davis toppled over, and Red sprang upon him, the black-jack raised for another deadly welt, but his arm was caught in mid air.

"Nix!" growled Blue Pete. "There's no use to croak the man. If he wakes up we can fix him, all right."

"He saw my face!" retorted Red, jerking his arm away and raising it

again. "I don't want to see his fat mug on a witness-stand in front of me!"

Blue Pete caught the descending arm again and roughly jerked Red back.

"I say *no!*" he cried.

"Shut up, you fool!" whispered Red, suddenly alert. "Listen!"

They were both silent for a moment. There seemed to come a slow, scraping sound from below. There was a distinct fumble at the cellar-door, and Red dropped his black-jack with an oath, whipping out his revolver instead, just as the door flew open. Half a dozen police burst in upon them. Some quick hand found a switch that flooded the room with electric light.

Red, his eyes flaming with fury, screaming fierce imprecations through his clenched teeth, raised his arm and fired, but Blue Pete awkwardly stumbled against him, throwing the pistol arm up with his shoulder, and the bullet went harmlessly into the ceiling. Before the maddened Red could fire again, the bluecoats were upon them both, had them pinned to the floor, had handcuffs slipped upon them, had their weapons taken from them, and stood ready to club them into submission at the least sign of resistance.

V

OUT on the street the safe-blowers were marched, with certain doom before them. They had been caught red-handed, and punishment would be sure and swift. At the corner the patrol-box was rung, and they waited in grim silence.

The clang of the approaching wagon

and the clatter of the horses' feet upon the asphalt seemed to rouse Blue Pete to action. Making a swift estimate of the relative positions of the officers, he suddenly lurched with his whole weight, throwing his shoulder into the breast of the policeman who had him in especial charge and knocking him backward off the sidewalk. Turning, he ran up the cross street like a deer. The officer quickly scrambled to his feet and gave chase, but another policeman, a tall, athletic young fellow, was already after the fugitive, and the one who had been knocked over, after running half-way up the block, gave up the chase, putting his hand to his chest and rubbing it with a wry face.

Blue Pete ran two blocks straightaway, then he turned down a side street, and, stopping, faced the pursuing policeman with a laugh.

"Did you hear Phillips grunt when I lunged into him?" he asked.

The policeman, who was fumbling in his pocket, laughed in return.

"He'll take a fall out of you for that," he said. "You carried it off swell, Burton, all the way through! You saved me from that bullet, sure! He's a bad man, that Chicago Red."

"He's through now, Barney," said Mr. Peter Burton, with a snap of his jaws. "He shot Officer Connelly in Kansas City, all right. I wormed it out of him; and not only that, but he put me next to the right witnesses. He was easy. He'll swing sure, and I won't have to show in it. I don't dare, in fact. Let one crook once know me for what I am, and my game is over."

"It's a swell haul you made, all right," said Barney, half enviously. "A thousand in it, ain't there?"

"Double it, counting the two of them. I found Red and his little Columbus forger that he calls 'The Rabbit' down at Clear Lake. It's a great hang-out. Here, take these things off, Bar-

ney. I don't like the feel of them," and he held out his manacled hands.

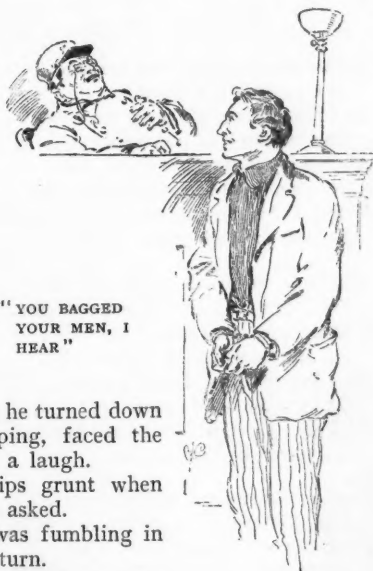
"They are too darned real," laughed the officer, and, having found the key, he was about to insert it in the lock, when suddenly a running man dashed around the corner. Blue Pete gave a quick lurch toward Barney and then jerked violently backward.

"Put up a phoney fight!" he exclaimed. "Quick; here comes Red, and one of the boys right after him! I don't want him or any other crook to figure me out!"

Even as he spoke they were putting up a mock scuffle of great apparent viciousness. The policeman who was chasing Red was fully a quarter of a block behind him, but Red was running lightly and easily and his pursuer was puffing. The yeggman grinned with delight as he saw his golden opportunity to "throw a jolt into a cop," and that

he could also lend Blue Pete a helping hand was only incidental. As he came by he raised his two hands together, and, with the heavy irons upon them, struck Barney a blow in the back of the neck, a blow which, while it did not stun him, as had been intended, made him stumble and pitch headlong to the pavement.

"Come on!" cried Red to Blue Pete. "We'll do them yet, the rats!" and he darted down the alley, his "pal" just behind him. By making an extra spurt Blue Pete caught up with his erstwhile partner, and in another moment was able to stumble and fall square in front of Red, who, thus cleverly tripped, went sprawling. Blue Pete, being ready for this, was upon his feet almost as soon as the other was down, and ran on through the alley, but before Red could scramble up again Barney and the other



"YOU BAGGED
YOUR MEN, I
HEAR"

officer were upon him. For him the race was run.

Perhaps ten or fifteen minutes later, Detective Burton sauntered through the private entrance to the night-chief's office at the central police station and with a half-sheepish grin held out his hands. The chief lay back in his chair and laughed.

"You're getting to be a more desperate character than ever," he said, while he took a handcuff-key from the drawer of his desk. "You bagged your men, I hear. And you'll get advertised, as usual. I can see the big head-lines in the morning paper now—'Another Bold Escape by the Daring Desperado, Blue Pete.'"

THE OLD TRAIL

WHEN the mist lifts from the lake
At the rising of the sun,
And the first night's camp we break
On the long trail just begun—
Ah, the joy in the days we've won
'Neath a wind-swept northern sky!
Would I change with my brothers in office-chairs?
No, not for their gold would I!

When the air strikes sweet and cool
From the far hills fringed with fur,
And the squaretail leaves the pool
For the fly when the leaders whirl,
Do I dream of the days that were,
Or hear the stale town's cry?
Do I envy those where the salt breeze blows?
No, never, be sure, do I!

As the wild streams race and roar,
And the birch-bark shoots and swings
From the blind black rocks before,
While the careless half-breed sings,
Oh, the thrill that the mad rush brings
As our steel-shod poles we ply!
Could I trade for the heat of a city's street
The life of the woods? Not I!

The purple ridges rise
From the hardwood splashed with gold;
The loon's last challenge dies
As the creeping shades unfold,
While a timber-wolf, grown bold,
Gives tongue on the shore hard by;
Would I barter my shrines in the Canada pines
For the haunts of men? Not I!

Now the sulking salmon lies
At rest below the falls,
While the homing gray goose cries,
And the bull moose lonely calls.
How the mystic night enthral
As the last bright embers die!
Would I take instead of my balsam bed
The couch of a king? Not I!

George T. Marsh

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

BY NEWTON DENT

THE JUNIOR MEMBER FROM WISCONSIN, PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING AND REMARKABLE FIGURE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE—WHAT HE STANDS FOR IN AMERICAN POLITICS

IT is no exaggeration to say that since the days of Charles Sumner there has not been in the United States Senate a more isolated and prophetic figure than the junior member for Wisconsin—Robert Marion La Follette. And now that the Congressional tug-of-war has been resumed, an unusual amount of curious attention is being focused upon this lonely Senator who pulls with neither side—who stands apart and seems to set himself resolutely against all groups and parties.

There can be no doubt that the ability and forcefulness of La Follette have taken the Senate by surprise. It was generally expected that when he found himself so far from his Wisconsin farmers he would be overawed into oblivion. He was looked upon as a mass-meeting orator who had floated into office on a high tide of applause, and who would presently, when the tide turned, float out.

But the notable work that he accomplished during his first session swept away all such misconceptions. In spite of a hazing as severe as the Senate has ever administered, he made an indelible mark upon its legislation. His speech on railroad rates—the longest and perhaps the ablest of the year; his successful passing of the employers' liability bill, after it had been held back by filibustering for twenty years, and his overthrowing of a scheme to give three billion dollars' worth of coal lands to a railway syndicate—these were three of the most memorable achievements of the Fifty-Ninth Congress.

During last summer, too, the Senators learned to respect the fighting tactics of

La Follette. He executed a flank movement which took a number of his hazers by surprise. The greater part of his vacation was spent in lecturing, on various political and literary themes; and on every possible occasion he unrolled before the audience the voting record of its Senators. He made no accusations at such times. He did not charge that a vote in favor of the railroads or the Beef Trust had not been conscientiously cast. He merely told the audience what its representatives had done, and let it draw its own conclusions.

GIVING THE FACTS TO THE PEOPLE

This plan of referring all questions to the people is the central La Follette idea. It has been for twenty-five years the man's political policy—his philosophy—his religion. In Wisconsin it has been a successful policy. It has sent him three times to Congress and three times to the Governor's chair.

Instead of constructing a party machine of his own, which he could easily have done, he took the scepter away from the bosses and put it back in the hands of the rank and file. No one—not even La Follette himself—can now become a political Cæsar in Wisconsin. This was recently made clear in a striking way, when the Republican primaries overwhelmingly voted down the man whom La Follette had advocated as the next candidate for Governor.

"Go before the people with the facts"—this is the simple and old-fashioned plan which he has rediscovered and put in working order. There is nothing original about it, of course. It means only that when a man is chosen

and paid to represent a certain number of people he ought to keep faith with them and protect their interests. All La Follette's political enemies admit it as a theory. But he, having no separate compartment in his mind for theories, accepts our representative system of government as a fact, and finds, to his surprise, that he has become the bogey-man of the Senate. No other member of that honorable body, not even the fiery and impulsive Tillman, is now regarded with so keen a feeling of apprehension.

The Senate, in fact, has discovered that this newcomer from Wisconsin is in earnest, and that he is one of the most tireless and successful political fighters in American public life. This strong-faced man cannot be put aside, they find, either by soft words or intimidations. He is too wily to be tricked, and too battle-hardened to be fought down. Without money—he is the poorest of the Senators; without the aid of any political machine; without the prestige of birth or rank or fortune, this man of destiny has persevered until there is now a State behind him instead of a party.

LA FOLLETTE'S METHODS AND PRINCIPLES

But La Follette is more than a campaigner; he is more than a propagandist. He is a pathfinder. His unique merit as a social reformer is that he has a long record of building up, not tearing down. He is not a socialist, Populist, or single-taxer. His ideas come from the people whom he meets day by day, and from his own reflections upon events. No matter how eloquent his peroration may be, it does not prophesy the coming of a golden age of universal affluence. The only millennium that interests him is the time when we shall have common honesty, and plenty of it, in the administration of our public affairs.

In fact, La Follette is essentially a conservative with regard to American institutions. He is well satisfied with the handiwork of the men who built this republic. When a friend said to him, recently, "We must abolish the Constitution," he was horrified. He has no sympathy whatever with those who assail the Senate in general terms. And as for being a social revolutionist of the

Bebel or Jaurès type, nothing could be more foreign to his practical mind.

His idea is not to change American institutions, but to make them work. He wants to clean up the machinery, and oil it, and make it run. In Wisconsin there are few cranks and faddists among his adherents. The red-flag socialists are so strongly opposed to his moderate proposals that they have on several occasions joined forces with the railroads against him. His attitude, in general, is rather that of a business man than of a politician or social reformer.

In his campaigns, La Follette waves no flags and wears no badges. Neither does he make use of invective. Invariably, he has an issue—one issue and no more. His method is to concentrate all his forces upon one point, and to batter away until the enemy is beaten. He has never been a quitter, a bolter, or a compromiser; and he will face any odds if he believes that in the end the average man will indorse him.

His real greatness consists in this—that while others were ranting and theorizing about social evils, he was showing how to cure them. Under his leadership, Wisconsin believes that it has taken the place which Massachusetts used to occupy in the days of Garrison and Sumner; that it has become the pilot State of the Union.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN WISCONSIN

Here, for instance, are improvements which have already been put in operation by the La Follette forces:

The abolition of railroad passes.

The abolition of the lobby.

The abolition of the corporation campaign fund.

Taxation of railroads at the fair value of the property employed in the business.

Equalization of railroad rates.

Prevention of child labor.

Direct nomination of all public officials.

The substitution of salaries for fees.

Franchises to be given away by public vote only.

Employers' liability for accidents.

Free employment bureaus.

Rigid inspection of food.

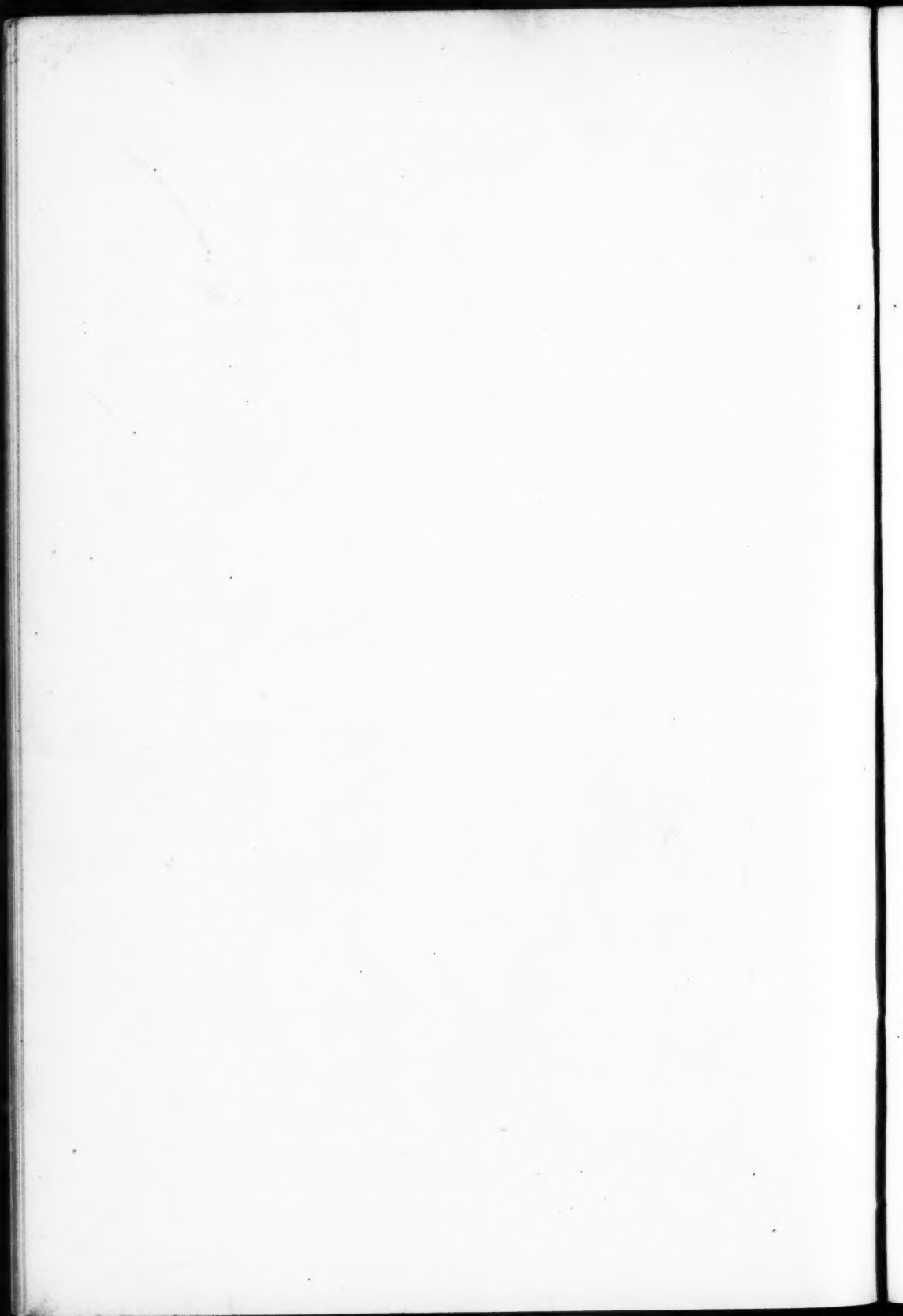
An efficient civil service.

An inheritance tax.



ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WISCONSIN

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



Prohibition of deferred dividends in insurance.

The buying and slaughtering of diseased cattle by the State.

As may be imagined, the passing of such laws has not been easy. The press, with few exceptions, has been opposed to La Follette; and the railroads regard him as their persecutor and arch-enemy. An instance which illustrates the dislike of railroad men for La Follette occurred recently. A Western road has been building a line which runs near a small town named La Follette. The town officials wrote to the railway headquarters, requesting that the depot be given the same name as the town, and received the following reply from the vice-president:

In regard to naming station La Follette, I wish to say we do not care to perpetuate the name of La Follette.

THE PERSONALITY OF LA FOLLETTE

Senator La Follette is nearly fifty years old, and "good for fifty years more," he says. In appearance he is more like a missionary bishop than a hard-headed man of affairs. He has the face of a Savonarola and the physique of a Daniel Boone. "Feel my muscle," he said to me gaily after one of his Senatorial battles. "I'm a fighting-machine. Nothing tires me. The harder the obstacle, the harder I get."

His life has been too busy for recreation. Not having a campaign fund, he is obliged to meet his political expenses by lecture tours. Last summer he earned seventeen thousand dollars in this way, all of which was swallowed up by the debts of previous campaigns.

The world has been a whetstone to La Follette ever since his boyhood days. His whole life has been a combat. His father died when the future Senator was in the cradle. At fourteen he became a farmer and the head of the family. At nineteen he went to college, supporting himself by all manner of odd jobs, from teaching in a private school to editing the college paper. He was the poorest student in his class, and the ablest.

At twenty-six he was a district attorney—at twenty-nine a member of Congress—at forty-five the Governor of the State. He had defeats—plenty of

them—but he took none of them as final. Three times he tried for the Governorship, twice for himself and once for a friend, and three times he was flung back by the political machines. The fourth time he had a machine of his own—an army of men and women who worked without pay—and he won. Since then he has won virtually every ballot-battle in Wisconsin, sweeping the State in 1904 by a majority of fifty thousand. But he is as poor to-day as when he was the district attorney of Dane County. When he resumed the practise of law in Madison, after a six years' term in Congress, he was practically penniless.

Mention La Follette anywhere in Wisconsin and you will hear stories of his remarkable grit and buoyancy. "Mr. La Follette and I have known each other since childhood," said his wife, "and I have never known him to be discouraged." Nothing can shake his conviction that the people will act rightly if only they hear the facts; and he addresses an audience with the same confidence of a harvest that a farmer has when he sows his wheat.

Gilbert E. Roe, of New York, formerly a law partner of La Follette's, tells of a dramatic incident in the Wisconsin campaign of 1894. "About two weeks before the election," says Mr. Roe, "a meeting was held of La Follette men from all parts of the State. One by one they reported failure and certain defeat. The enemy was too strong—too active—too unscrupulous. There was no hope. When all had spoken, La Follette sprang to his feet, his eyes ablaze and his voice quivering with magnetic force. With a white-hot intensity that I shall never forget, he recited that famous poem of Henley's which begins:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul."

"Then he reviewed the situation and cheered his men. In ten minutes he had swept away their dejection and filled them with new zeal. They rushed back again to the firing-line with such enthusiasm that the La Follette party became from that time a dominating factor in the politics of Wisconsin."

STORIETTES

The Giftie

Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!

SHE was plump and pink and pretty, with a thoughtful brow and a rosebud mouth, and eyes to go with either, as occasion called. Withal, much dwelling on high ideals had lent her face a look of pure strength. She was very young, though three years married—happily married, too, as any one who watched her husband's kindly care of her might know. Yet he was of a slow, prosaic build, and she, with her rosebud mouth, was very young.

She was hurrying along the mountain trail, holding a fat letter tightly. She carried herself with winsome grace of movement, and the half-conscious poise of her head was charming. A carelessly observant man would have seen her captivating smile and her alluring eyes, and have overlooked her brow.

A shower of silver-sounding laughter sounded on the trail ahead. She stopped to listen, and then with a shrug of distaste turned from the path and clambered up the steeper way to camp. It was the cottage crowd who were beyond, with the Ellsworth woman as their life, and she did not wish to know them better. Already they had offered friendliness, but she would none of them, in spite of all the charm their wealth and beauty threw around their summer days. They were not her sort. The Ellsworth woman's siren loveliness held notorious sway over the men whom wealth marked for the snare, and from brief meetings with the rest of the set the thoughtful brow had judged that they had not less of evil, but of charm.

Under the shadow of a great rock she sat down among the ferns and opened her letter. She was prettier than ever while she read. The written words were from the man who had touched her six weeks at the seaside with romance as

faint and sweet as the wild-rose odor that came to her from beyond the ferns. He had managed somehow to give her the flavor with no harmful substance. It was intoxicating, but it did not touch her life with dear old David. It was something apart, like the tremors between the covers of a book. Only, of course, it would not do for dear old David to read the letters; not that there was harm in them—but she knew by instinct that it would not do. She did not ask herself why. She had answered that first note without mentioning it to David, and now she stopped here to read the response which had come so unexpectedly soon. She was surprised at the promptness and the length, and most of all at the subtle undercurrent of emotion. She looked up occasionally to take in the grand sweep of the mountains, feeling a sense of kinship with all that was vital and free; and once she glanced up quickly with suddenly deepening color, as if on guard against comers.

An interruption came. The Ellsworth woman, bending to gather roses just beyond the ferns, spoke a gracious good day. Then, her eyes falling on the many-paged letter, and scanning the kindling face above it, she smiled with quick understanding.

"Reading your letters alone?" with a suggestive arch of her brows and a laugh in her wonderful voice.

The other flushed hotly.

"Home letters will not keep," she lied. "I was too greedy of home news to wait."

She was not accustomed to lie, and it hurt; but she could not brook classification with this woman who was not of her sort.

The Ellsworth woman eyed her with cool amusement.

"Why, then, I'll leave you to solitude," she said, "and to thoughts of—home."

And she vanished through the tangle and joined her companions.

The letter lay long untouched, while she pulled wild roses all to bits and cast away the fragments with angry little jerks. Her wide eyes, staring across the valley, held a horror of realization back of the wrath that blazed in them. She had not moved when the Ellsworth woman again confronted her, looking as nearly apologetic as for her was possible.

"You were not overcordial just now," she said, the same good-will of comradeship in her face, "but I don't hold a grudge, and"—she nodded significantly below—"your husband is coming along the trail." Her eyes were on the fat letter.

The woman of the other sort went white with anger.

"And what if he is?" she countered furiously.

The Ellsworth woman shrugged her shoulders prettily.

"Why—nothing," still with her eyes on the letter, "only I'd thank you to do as much for me. My husband does not appreciate—home letters. I meant it kindly."

She still spoke with smiling interest, but she took her revenge by calmly lingering to cull the choicest ferns and wild flowers; so that the young wife could do nothing, as her husband's step drew near, but thrust the letter into her bosom and go to meet him under the Ellsworth woman's eye.

At supper-time, when David had gone for water, she set her rosebud mouth very firmly and thrust the half-read letter into the camp-fire's flame.

Charlotte Lee Barrows

Staying Together

HANNAH sat alone in her little front room, sewing rows of narrow black velvet on Malona Goodman's new gray alpaca. "For a woman with five children, rows o' black velvet on gray alpaca seems kinder flighty," she was saying to herself. "'Course Malona can do as she pleases; but I'm four years younger than she be, and I wouldn't think o' dressin' in anything so gay; I ain't married, either—but some women is flightier in their dress than others!" She sighed as she threaded her needle.

No one could have accused Hannah of being "flighty" in her dress. She wore at all times gowns compared with which rows of black velvet on gray alpaca really *were* gay! Her hair she brushed smoothly back from her forehead and twisted into a severe tight knot.

"Some likes their hair blowin' round untidy, like people in pictures, but I ain't one o' that kind," she had pointedly observed to Charlotte Owen. Charlotte was a city girl with artistic tendencies, boarding for the summer at Malona Goodman's house. Charlotte was young, and her artistic tendencies found vent chiefly in remarkable sunsets in water-colors, and in an equally remarkable arrangement of her hair—in a waterfall.

She had been inclined to be offended by Hannah's remark, but Malona had laughed and said cheerfully: "Don't mind Hannah. She means all right, but she's been alone so much since her aunt, that was her only relation, died, three years ago, that she's got kinder soured. Not real soured, you know, but just kinder soured. She ain't had nobody dependin' on her to be sweet—and so she's just got out of the way of it," concluded Malona, who had not only five children and her husband, but half the other people in town, depending on her to be what she meant by sweet, and who never had "got out of the way of it."

"I don't see why that should make such a difference," said Charlotte.

Malona smiled. "Well, dearie," she said, stroking Charlotte's hair, which, in spite of its extremely artistic arrangement, was very pretty. "When you've lived a little longer, you will see. It ain't dependin' on other people most of us needs to make us real happy; it's havin' 'em dependin' on us. 'Course lots of us in town depend on Hannah to make our best dresses, but dressmakin' is her trade. She needs somebody to depend on her to make 'em happiness, not best dresses."

"She is making you a new dress now, isn't she?" Charlotte asked, after the brief silence that so often followed Malona Goodman's most earnest words.

"Yes," Malona replied—"a gray alpaca trimmed with rows o' black velvet.

Hannah thinks it's too gay for me, but Jim and the children don't like to see me dressed too sober. I've got to go try it on this afternoon, as well as to take this apple pie over to the poor-farm to old Mr. and Mrs. Halcomb. Would you mind much lettin' Sam and Lucinda go with you and watch you paint? They won't bother you, and they'll be off my mind I just can't take 'em."

"I shall be delighted to have them," said Charlotte; which was very kind of her, for the little Goodmans' ideas of watching her paint were very likely to take the form of upsetting her tin water-cup, jogging her elbow, or telling her that a rattlesnake had once been found exactly where she was sitting.

Serenely unconscious of these characteristics in her children, Mrs. Goodman left Sam and Lucinda with the polite Charlotte, and, holding the apple pie in one hand and her green silk parasol in the other, went to the poor-farm. Then, with a shadow on her usually cheerful face, she went to the little house in which Hannah lived alone. Malona looked at the house with new interest as she walked up the prim flower-bordered path to the front door. It was small, but Hannah owned it; it had belonged to the aunt, her only relative, who had died.

"You must feel real well off, Hannah," Malona said, as she stood patiently before Hannah, who was fitting the gray alpaca. "You've got a good trade, and you own your own house. You must have laid up a lot of money already for your old age."

"Yes," said Hannah shortly, "I have, Malona."

"You'll have more than enough long before you get old," Malona said slowly.

Hannah looked up from the velvet-trimmed hem of the gray alpaca. "Yes, more than enough," she replied. "I ain't one to be a spendthrift. What makes you so uncommon sober about it, Malona?" she demanded, scanning Malona's thoughtful face.

"Well, I've just been over to the poor-farm to take a fresh apple pie to old Mr. and Mrs. Halcomb. They don't have many comforts, and I thought they'd relish it. Then I came straight

over here; and I was just thinkin' how strange the ways o' the world is. There's them too old people, two o' the best ever lived, spendin' their last days in the poor-farm; and here's you—and you're a good woman, Hannah—you've got a home, and you make plenty by your sewin'—and you'll lay up more than you'll ever need."

"And if I do," said Hannah sharply, "ain't I worked for it? The Halcombs —"

"The Halcombs was unfortunate," interrupted Malona. "If they hadn't lent money to people that wasn't honest, they'd not be spendin' their last days in the poor-farm!"

There was a silence, and then Hannah said: "Well, it's too bad, but it can't be helped now." She lifted the gray alpaca skirt over Malona's head.

"Yes, it is too bad," said Malona. "They's such good old people; and they do feel the need o' comforts at their ages, 'specially Mrs. Halcomb—and comforts is scarce in a poor-farm. If I had room, and could afford it," she added vigorously, "I'd have Mrs. Halcomb to my house to stay. But," she concluded with a sigh, "it ain't to be thought of!"

"I should think not!" exclaimed Hannah as she watched Malona, her green parasol aloft, go down the street. "I should think Malona Goodman and Jim had enough to do to take care of themselves and five children, without havin' in old Mrs. Halcomb! Malona was real good to think of it, though. She's real good-hearted, even if she does dress a little gay and use that green parasol—which is flightier than I'd use, and I ain't married, and I'm four years younger."

"I wish Hannah would have Mrs. Halcomb," Malona said that evening to her husband. "It would sweeten her again—and be real nice for Mrs. Halcomb. She feels the need o' little comforts."

They were sitting on the porch, listening to the crickets and talking. Charlotte smiled into the darkness as she asked: "Would she get little comforts at Hannah's?"

"She would that," Malona declared; "Hannah is real good; and knowin'

what her aunt used to like would help her out with Mrs. Halcomb."

"Hannah won't trouble 'bout Mrs. Halcomb," observed Malona's husband.

Strangely enough, Hannah was troubling about Mrs. Halcomb at that very moment. She was sitting in her front doorway, looking into the darkness. The wind, sweet with the breath of her flower-beds, blew refreshingly against her face. She was thinking of Malona's thoughtful words.

"I suppose Mrs. Halcomb does feel the need o' little comforts," she thought, "such as no poor-farm has. Aunt Deborah was that way; she did relish comforts! Malona can't have Mrs. Halcomb there; she can't afford to, and, anyway, her house is so noisy with all them five children! She couldn't do it, but I——" She stopped, and sat for a long time in deep thought. Then she arose.

"I'll do it to-morrow," she said to herself. "I've been real lonesome, anyway, since Aunt Deborah died, though I never knowed it till now! It'll be real nice to have some one to do for besides myself," she added, as she locked her door, "and Mrs. Halcomb was real good to me when I wasn't any more than about the size of Malona Goodman's Lucinda."

Early the next morning she went to the poor-farm and asked Mrs. Halcomb to come and live with her. "I've got more than enough, Mrs. Halcomb," she said simply, "and I'm likely to keep on makin' more. I ain't got no one to leave anything to, so I'm free to spend more than I do. You'd have more comforts to my house than here; and you'd be real welcome. I've been kinder lonesome since Aunt Deborah died."

The tears came into Mrs. Halcomb's faded eyes. "Your Aunt Deborah and me went to school together," she said. "She was a real good woman, Hannah."

"She was that," Hannah agreed. "And you'll come over now, Mrs. Halcomb? It ain't far, and we can go right along."

"First—I'll tell Mr. Halcomb," the old woman said.

Hannah started. She had forgotten Mr. Halcomb! Mrs. Halcomb was a long time in telling him; and Hannah waited in some impatience, for she had

many rows of black velvet yet to sew on Malona Goodman's gray alpaca.

Mrs. Halcomb was very silent as they went to Hannah's house. Two days passed, and she still was very silent. Hannah provided many "little comforts" for her. She was what Malona would have called sweetness itself, but the old woman became less and less cheerful, and finally unmistakably miserable.

Hannah was greatly distressed. She did not quite like to question Mrs. Halcomb; and after trying vainly to discover what troubled her guest, she decided to consult Malona.

"I won't be away more than half an hour," she assured Mrs. Halcomb as she left the house. "I'm just goin' over to Malona Goodman's."

She was gone even less than half an hour. When she returned, Malona and Charlotte with her, Mrs. Halcomb was nowhere to be found! Hannah was almost too alarmed to speak. "She never goes out!" she gasped.

"She's probably out looking at the sky," said Charlotte; "it's so blue today."

"She ain't one to look at the sky," said Hannah. "Mr. Halcomb is more that way."

Malona seized her by the shoulder. "Mr. Halcomb!" she cried. "She's gone to the poor-farm to see him! 'Course you ain't to blame, Hannah, nor Charlotte, neither of you bein' married; but *me*—I ought to have known right off. Come!"

She led the way, and they followed her straight to the poor-house. Malona had been correct. Mrs. Halcomb had gone to see Mr. Halcomb. They sat, holding hands like two little children, and their faces were very bright.

"And I guess I'll stay here, Hannah," Mrs. Halcomb said. "It was real good of you to ask me to live with you, and I did relish your garden-sass and pies, and your down pillow. But me and Luke, we've been together since we was children, and I guess we'll stay together now the rest of our lives—it won't be long. And bein' together is better than comforts."

Hannah looked at Malona, whose eyes were wet, and then she looked at Char-

lotte, whose cheeks were flushed, and then she looked at Mr. and Mrs. Halcomb, whose lips were smiling.

"Yes," she said, "I should think it would be that; and I think you *ought* to stay together. But I leave it to Malona—who's a good woman, if she does dress a little gay; and Charlotte—who's a real nice girl, if she is untidy 'bout her hair—I leave it to them to say if there's any reason why you shouldn't stay together—over to my house. The Scripture says two's better than one, and it stands to reason that three's better than two!"

Elizabeth McCracken

The Second Wife

"So you married me to be a mother to your children!" The wife of six months spoke in a voice trembling with grievous indignation.

Impatiently her husband rumbled his thin, silky hair. "I don't see, Anna, why you need to carry on like this."

"Why did you lie to me?" she demanded.

"I didn't lie to you," he answered calmly. "I never said I loved you. I asked you to be my wife. I admired you, and my children needed bringing up. I thought I might find in you congenial companionship, and we might be happy together. You know that no one can ever take the place of Clara to me."

Mrs. Raymond was silent for a moment with suppressed passion. Then she said bitterly: "I am glad to discover that you did not marry me for my money." A flush glowed slowly beneath his pale, clear skin, and an angry look came into his eyes. "I have spent some of it in being a mother to your children; however, you are welcome to it. Twenty-five dresses have I made with my own hands. I was going to say that I had replenished their wardrobes, but I might better say that I have furnished their wardrobes, for they had none when I came. For the first time in their lives, they look like other people's children. But I am through now."

"Don't you love the children?" he asked quietly.

"They are not lovable," she answered cruelly. "I might have loved them for

their father's sake; but I'm done." She rose slowly and walked toward the door, turning at the threshold. "Do you hear?" she asked. "I say that I'm done with it all now."

If he had realized the meaning of her words, perhaps he would have endeavored to pacify the exasperated wife; but he did not, and she heard only the low remark: "I have had no peace in the world since Clara died."

Clara! Hot tears welled into Anna Raymond's eyes as she went up-stairs to her room—their room. Clara and she had been friends. It was partly through pity for Clara that she had begun to take an interest in Clara's husband, Clara's children. She remembered the house as it had been with Clara—dust, disorder, crying, and confusion. There was always a new baby, pathetically pretty and frail. The children were always shabby, if not downright ragged. The tall, wan-eyed mother had drooped more and more under her burdens until, after the birth of little Eloise, she had faded out of life as inconspicuously as she had dwelt in it, and as uncomplainingly, leaving six little ones to the care of their incapable and affectionate father.

Then Anna Maynard came, one might almost say to the rescue. She sent table delicacies which the slattern who supposedly did their housework would never have made, came over sometimes in the morning for a few hours of mending and sewing for the motherless little flock and their helpless parent, and even helped the eldest boy with his lessons.

Soon it became quite a habit for the children to stop at Miss Maynard's on their way home from school to tell what had happened during the day, or perhaps to be refreshed with a cookie and a glass of milk, or to pick a bouquet from her well-kept garden. They were near neighbors, and by and by Mr. Raymond would walk home with her from church. And he, too, liked to come over for an hour or so in the evening after the children had been put to bed, or on a Sunday afternoon, perhaps to read her an essay or a poem. He had once had an essay published, and it had proved his undoing, for he had spent since then in the preparation of articles not only unaccepted,

but unacceptable, time which, had it been applied to his business, would have enabled him to supply not only necessities but comforts to his brood.

When finally he asked her to marry him Anna Maynard—capable, splendidly healthy, a contented spinster of good income—hesitated but little. She knew his faults, but they endeared him to her; his weaknesses she almost cherished, his vanity she forgave, and she loved him for his kind, impulsive ways, his smooth, white hands, his almost childlike eyes. She blushed as beautifully as any young girl when she answered, with a primness of speech contrasting with her happy eyes: "You pay me the greatest honor, Mr. Raymond. Yes, I will be your wife."

She had thought warmly of the children, and all she would do for them—for his sake. They should have pretty dresses and well-kept hair, and be taught the manners that nice children ought to have. Her money, with his, would enable them to have better things. Of course, it meant that she would have to practise a little self-denial, but one should be more than willing to relinquish a few luxuries for the joy of making beautiful his family and his home—their family and their home.

All this was only a few months ago. Memories passed unkindly through her mind as she emptied drawers of their contents, took dresses from the closet, and packed them in her trunk. The brown silk was her wedding dress. She recalled bitterly the plans made in love that day. The blue Henrietta she had worn on the Sunday afternoon when he asked her the question that had changed all the current of her days. Her hand paused as she held it over the open tray, and her eyes looked into the distance. The sable fur! She had spoken of remodeling it for Nancy, the ten-year-old girl, whose sensitive and unprotected throat was always being injured by the winter cold. "I am glad," she thought grimly as she put it into the trunk, "that I have stopped short of giving away my own clothes."

But when she snapped the lid and turned the key her heart softened, the firm lips quivered, and tears ran down her cheeks. It was sad satisfaction to

remember the twenty-five new dresses for the girls, the neat suits for the boy. Throwing herself on the bed, she cried softly. "But I'll be no man's house-keeper," she thought. "And I've done my duty to them all. It's their own fault now that I'm going away."

Anna went back to her own house, which had been for rent, but luckily was now vacant, and resumed her old occupations, tending the garden, running the Ladies' Guild, entertaining her many friends, doing the thousand-and-one things that a well-to-do, kindly unmarried woman may find to do. When her more daring friends ventured to ask timidly why she had returned to life alone, she answered calmly that Mr. Raymond and she had made a mistake in marrying, and had found that they were happier apart.

But for all the appearance to outsiders, life in the old Maynard house was not as it had been before its mistress went away. The old things had not the same interest now; weeding and watering the garden was slight occupation for the woman whose hands for a few brief months had been so full. In spite of herself, she sometimes listened for the children's voices when the hour approached for their return from school. Once she nearly passed her husband in the street, slipping into a store just in time to avoid being seen by him; and the knowledge that his coat needed brushing and that there was a button gone troubled her for many days. If only she had never married him, she sighed, she might still take care of them all in little ways! But then humiliating recollections flashed over her. She had given all that a true and loving woman ever had to give, and he——

She did not go to the evening services these days; but he did, and from behind her curtains she saw him journey forth every Sunday evening at twilight, a child clinging to each hand, three more following behind, only three-year-old Eloise absent in bed. After they had passed one such evening, unconscious of her eye of scorn, she threw open the door with a sigh and seated herself on the step. It was a beautiful night, and presently the full moon would flood the skies. The sweetness of the hanging

vines and the magic of the world began to dispel the bitterness in her heart. Her thoughts, which dwelt so continually on the wretchedness of their marriage, changed from hatred to regret.

Her reverie was interrupted by a sweet, shrill little cry that made her start sharply: "Mama!"

Down at the gate, peeking through the bars, was Eloise, the baby. Again, softly, wistfully, "Mama!"

Anna rushed down the path, opened the gate, and drew the little one to her arms.

"Baby, darling! In your nightie! Oh, how did you come?"

"Not want to do to bed," said the wide-eyed baby, touching her face and shoulders with loving pats of infancy. "Want my mama. Runned away."

The baby wanted a mama! She felt a half-formed consciousness that perhaps it was enough to be a mother to a man's children, then put it from her. But she cherished Eloise, speaking to her in the loving speech that is sweet in babies' ears, kissing the dear little innocent face, strangely glad of the tiny carresses, and by and by singing her to sleep.

The little one had been lying happily in her arms for quite a time, when she awoke to consciousness of time and place. How to get the child home before the others arrived! She glanced hastily down the street, then sped toward the house in which she had spent so many never-to-be-forgotten hours. The door was open. The servant whose duty it was to watch the house and child had, as usual, given attention to neither, and did not even know that the former mistress came into the hall and with light feet ran up the stairs.

The baby's bed had not been made that day. As Anna looked at it she could not be sure that it had been made properly in several days. Love of cleanliness and order would not let her put the little creature into such a resting-place. She hesitated, then glanced quickly around. Everything was in disorder—nothing dusted, nothing in its place. It made her angry to remember how beautifully kept it had been in her little day. Forgetting time, she laid the

child upon another bed, also unmade, and prepared to shake up the little mattress and cover it with clean linen.

"It's wonderful to find they have any washing done nowadays," she commented grimly, as she found clean sheets; "but, apparently, they don't use them very often." She made the bed, then laid the sleeping Eloise between the clean coverings. The baby stirred, and she bent to lay a motherly hand upon the damp curls and to kiss the warm cheek.

"Good night, baby," she whispered. "Good-by." She turned to go out of the room.

In the doorway stood her husband, watching her, and her heart stopped with a shock. She was about to ask him coldly to let her pass, but instead came an unsteady explanation of how the baby had come. It was hard to be stony when suddenly confronted by a not-dead love. In the midst of her confused words she hesitated, and he did not speak. He was looking at her with different eyes.

Then he stammered slowly, speaking with dry throat: "Don't go, Anna. The—the children need you."

Her face hardened. "It seems that they do," she said. "If you will let me pass, I will say good night."

"Anna!" he cried, "I need you, too—not only they. For myself I want you."

He caught her close in his arms as she approached the door, despite her feeble resistance.

"I didn't know how I cared for you, Anna. I thought it was just for them. And it was at first, but now it is selfishness. I want you to stay for me."

She looked into his dumbly appealing eyes, felt the touch of his lips upon her forehead, and the warm color flooded her cheeks as it had that Sunday afternoon.

"Say—say you love me," she whispered eagerly, touching the soft, thin hair upon his brow. "If it is true, tell me."

"I love you, Anna," he answered.

She smiled gladly, proudly.

"Then," she said, "I'll stay to be a mother to your children—and, your wife."

Mary L. Bray